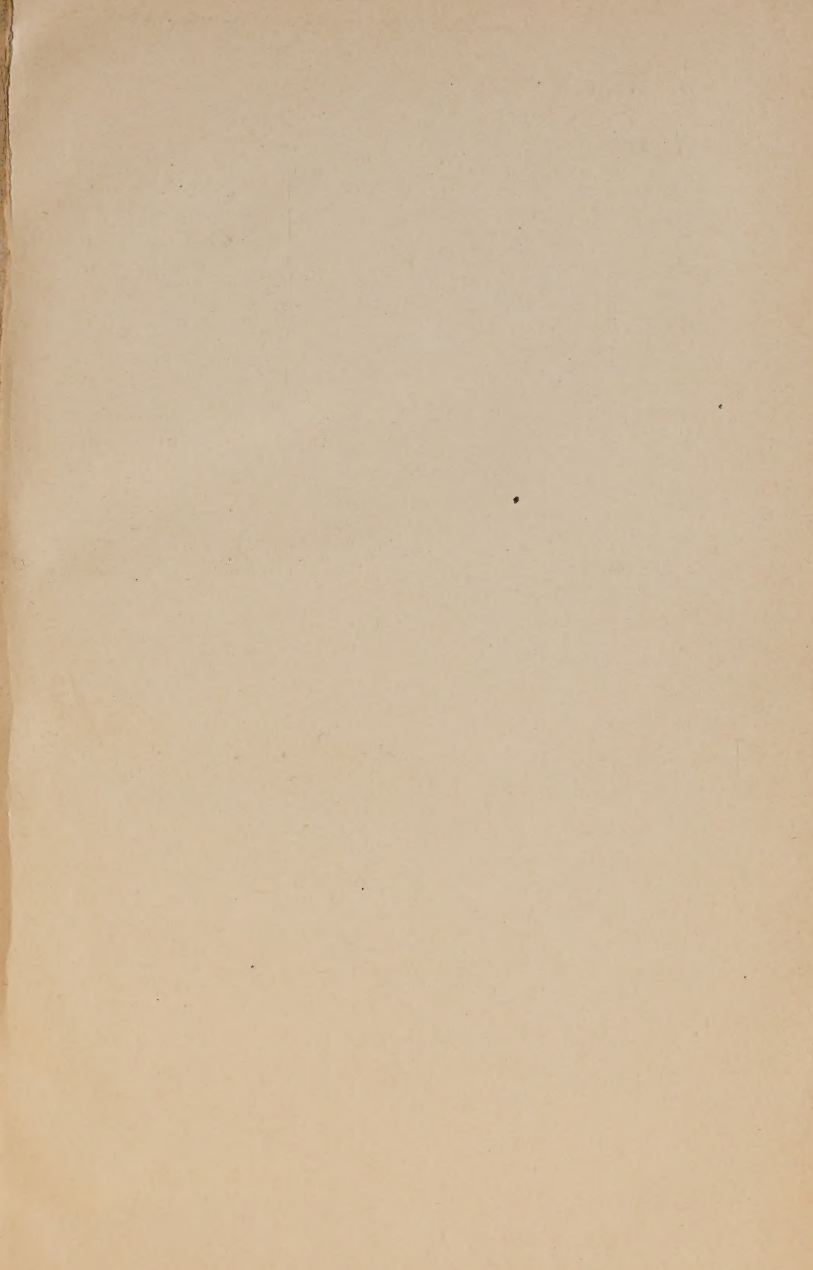
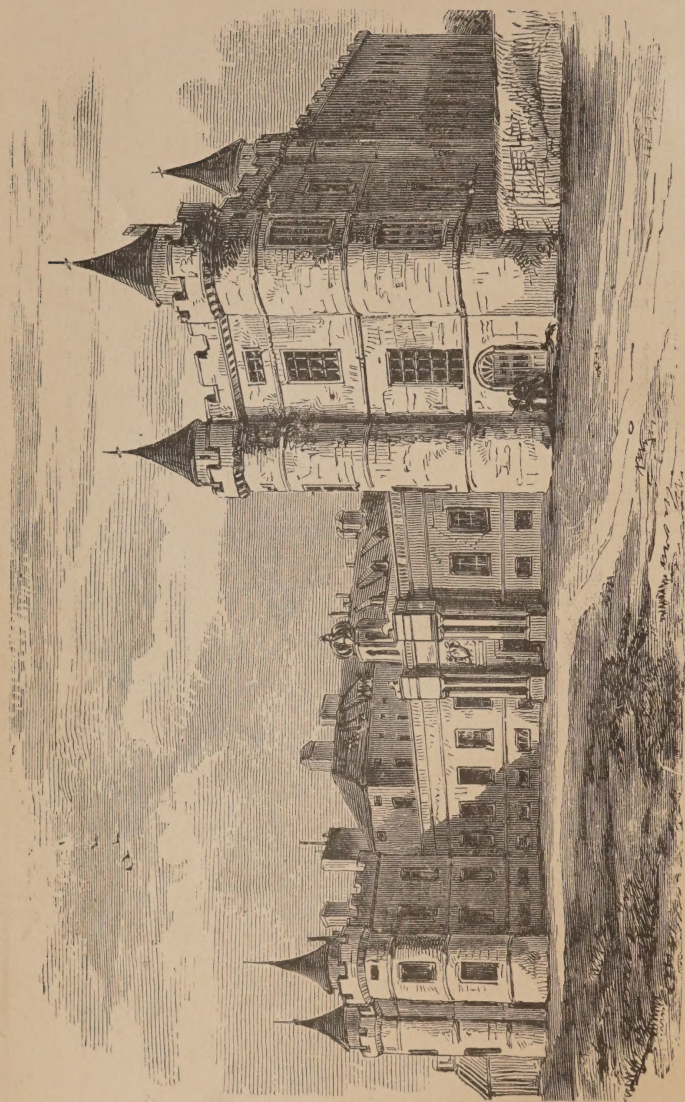


No 2267.73







Holyrood Palace. — Frontispiece.

THE
AFTERGLOW OF EUROPEAN
TRAVEL

2267.73

BY
ADELAIDE L. HARRINGTON

BOSTON
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This volume is dedicated to those countrywomen whose sympathetic companionship in Italy and Switzerland will ever be recalled with fond remembrances; and to those at home whose absence was the chief regret of the tour.

NOTE.—This book was originally intended to be privately printed. When at last I was induced to publish—it is so difficult to close one's ears to the importunities of friends, even though sober judgment tells us they are as prone to be blind to faults as they are to magnify merit—it was with the understanding I should be spared destroying the continuity of our tour by a merciless pruning. Moreover, were these descriptions any less fervid, they would not be true representations of what I saw, or of what I think, as they continually rise before me in the Afterglow.

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The Afterglow of European Travel.

SCOTLAND.

ON the evening of the 27th of June, 1879, the deck of the *Anchoria*, of the Anchor line, was crowded with a large party in charge of Dr. Tourjée, of which my son and I were among the few who represented the Empire State.

Just ten days after we had seen the shores of Long Island and the Neversink Highlands melt into the twilight mist, a heavy fog kindly lifted and revealed the Irish shore. Passing over the details of our experience in passing up the Clyde, on the next day, the first interview with Custom House officers at Greenock, the visit to Glasgow, I will hasten on to the beautiful metropolis of Scotland, in the north of Mid-Lothian.

Sitting here in the seclusion of my own home library, and taking a retrospective view of that, to us, memorable tour from New York to Pompeii, I do not know as I can recall any land which afforded me more unqualified enjoyment than that of which Edinburgh is the capital. A combination of circumstances combined to produce this result. It was the first earth we trod after a dreary, rainy voyage. It was a land rich in legend, history, and song, interwoven with my earliest thought of the Old World. It was the birthplace of men whose names were household words from childhood.

Europe is so vast, so diversified, that, after having made the grand tour, enjoying Art in Italy, Nature in Switzer-

land, Romance in Venice and on the Rhine, History in Rome, and the unique experience of being brought face to face with a tangible antiquity, contemporaneous with Christ, at Pompeii and Herculaneum, it may be invidious to pronounce this fragmentary portion of Great Britain as of paramount interest to any other part of Europe. Nevertheless, the characteristics mentioned, joined to the American-like features of much of the scenery, and the sterling qualities of the inhabitants, are powerful attributes in making the recollection of Scotland one of unqualified delight.

As we entered Edinburgh, the impression that there were indeed three thousand miles of ocean between us and the brand-new cities of our own land, was perhaps as novel an emotion as was experienced in the entire trip. What we call antiquity is something so purely relative, that it is not easy to say what is really old. We call the historic rock at Plymouth, or the event with which it is associated, a reminder of very old times; yet what an interregnum lies between that and the day when the Central Park obelisk was first placed on its site at Heliopolis.

But when we looked on Edinburg Castle, and realized that there the pious Queen Margaret, grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, died in 1093, we felt that at last here was something really old, although so many hundred years younger than ruins we were soon among on the Rhine and in Italy. I was too much absorbed in my own observations to note the effect of this quick transition from a country so new as ours to one whose early history is too remote to be clear, upon the other members of our party, largely made up of clergymen, teachers, and business men. I do not think the reverence for antiquity is innate to the average American mind. We are so full of vitality, so bent upon making the most of the great present, that there is but a feeble

disposition to recognize the claims of a historic past. Again, with us the mercantile spirit outranks all other; more than one churchyard besides that at the head of Wall street, in the midst of the restless life of American cities, and which hold hallowed dust, are looked upon with envious eye by the real estate speculator, in whose vocabulary such a word as reverence or sentiment has never entered.

Any thing more unlike the unrelieved level of New York, Philadelphia, and London, than the irregular surface of Edinburgh, could scarcely be imagined. For picturesque and romantic effects, no city, not even Genoa or Naples, can exceed it. The Castle dominates the city, the western terminus of the ridge running through the town of which Holyrood Palace is the eastern extremity. It is a perfect nest of misty legends and veritable curiosities. To the latter we should have been glad to devote a week of study, instead of the few hours the exigencies of excursion-laws allow us. From the Castle the basaltic rock falls away in a ragged incline very similar to the slopes reaching from the Hudson half-way up the perpendicular rocks of the Palisades. When King Edward I., of England, held the Castle, a sturdy band of Scotchmen resolved on retaking it; a young patriot who had been accustomed to scale the heights, returning from visits to his *inamorata*, led thirty men up the rocky paths, who made such vigorous use of their battle-axes, that it was not long before they were in possession of the coveted garrison.

Intervening between the main portion of the Castle and High street, is a wide esplanade. As we crossed it, a regiment of soldiers was being drilled. My son, perhaps too strongly entrenched in his opinion of the superior tactics of the military institute whose uniform he wore, pronounced the soldiers "an awkward squad," an expression, I trust, that will not lead to any rupture of the

amicable relations existing between Her Majesty's government and our own.

On the south side of this extensive pile, in a quarter occupied as a palace by Queen Mary, we visited a room where her son, James VI., was born. Near by is another apartment where we had our first peep at insignias of government which it is not probable will ever be held in the archives of our republic. The Crown Jewels of Scotland are few in number, but compensate in historic interest. I looked in vain for the tiny crown which pressed the baby brow of the infant Mary Stuart; but there was the one which six centuries ago Robert Bruce wore after the memorable Bannockburn. The jewels are enclosed within glass, and further protected by an iron cage which extends to the ceiling; so there was little danger of these royal emblems falling into our republican hands. The interior of the Castle we found to be an interminable series of corridors, low-vaulted ways, chambers and galleries, into which we should not have dared to venture alone. It ranks with the old hotel we occupied at Verona as among the most mysterious interiors seen in our tour.

The points of view are so numerous, each with its distinctive claim to a special beauty, that I shall omit that which we had from the side of Mons Meg, the odd three-hundred-year-old cannon on the ramparts. I give the preference to that from Calton Hill. Here your eye follows the noble estuary of the Firth of Forth out to the commencement of the German Ocean; the banks were clothed in the most beautiful green I ever saw, realizing my ideal of "England's fadeless green" which we had yet to see; these banks fell away in a perspective of gentle undulations; far-reaching expanses of park and woodland went out to meet the Grampian Hills; over us was the stately isolation of Arthur's Seat, and around us the wild loveliness of Salisbury Crag, where Salvator

Rosa might have found a home if denied the Abruzzi. These, and a score of other attractions, enchain the eye while gazing upon the outlying portions of the pictures, while for a foreground we have the Old and New City, with their endless variety of architecture, as composite as the English language, but — may we not add? — more harmonious. With a glass we see the May Lighthouse at the edge of the east horizon, while in the dim west rises the bold head of Ben Ledi, reminding us of the White Hills of New Hampshire. Up and down the Firth sail numerous craft, at this distance dwarfed to toy vessels moving with the precision of mechanical figures in a model. Over all hangs a peculiar blue mist I have noticed in no other latitude; as much a phenomenon as the prolonged day.

In returning to our hotel, we drove through one of the streets upon the ridge. Looking down the precipitous side to the Cowgate, vistas of narrow lanes were rapidly passed, which afforded an opportunity to mark the extraordinary character of the dwellings on these steep slopes; the fronts are often ten stories, while the rear may be only four or five. Most of these buildings are of great age, with quaint gables, small windows and basements bearing the same relation to the top story as the stem of the toadstool to the crown. The effect of these densely populated slopes at night, seen from below, is in the highest degree picturesque; towers, spires, roofs and monuments are seen silhouetted against a luminous Nile green sky, while the lights in ten thousand windows rise in terraces to High street, like diamonds upon a mountain of ebony.

The thrifty Scotch are not so devoted to the purely beautiful but that they have partially destroyed the natural charm of Salisbury Crags by treating it as a common quarry. The original condition of this district must have been far more beautiful than now, for it was

then covered with fine timber growth; so plentiful was this, that every man removing it was allowed the privilege of extending the upper stories of his house over the street. The summit is about six hundred feet above the sea, and admirably commands the older portion of the city, showing with effect the sharp rise of High street from the vicinity of Scott's Monument to the Castle.

Edinburgh claims the title of a Modern Athens on topographical as well as scholastic grounds. Nature seems to have designed the Castle site for an Acropolis. The National Monument intended as a memorial to the Scotchmen who fell in the land and sea fights consequent upon the French revolution, was commenced as a literal restoration of the Parthenon at Athens; but it appears to have fallen into that languishing state which often befalls the work upon our own national memorial at Washington. This work, which is a little north of the Nelson Monument, was conceived in a grand spirit; the twelve pillars are colossal, each costing five thousand dollars. Burns and other famous sons of Scotland are honored with appropriate statues and monuments in the Metropolis, but all inferior in beauty and grandeur to that which perpetuates the memory of the man of all others who needed such a memorial the least; for is not all Scotland a living, breathing monument of the great Wizard of the North, who seized the dry bones of history and antiquity and gave them vitality?

The site is one eligible for the purpose, and which was without doubt carefully chosen by the architect with reference to striking views of the work from various points. The style is in the extreme of the florid Gothic; in fact, every architectural device consistent with a single order is exhausted, both within and without. The photographs of it are so common that there is no need of a detailed description. The architect, George M. Kemp, like our late lamented President, was a man who rose

from humble life: through his enthusiastic study of those ideals in stone, Roslyn Chapel and Melrose Abbey, he advanced from the ranks of a common artisan to be the designer of one of the most beautiful monuments in the world, and within twenty feet of the height of the shaft at Bunker Hill. It almost defies criticism; and if disembodied spirits are allowed to return, I can fancy that of Sir Walter animating the effigy of himself by the side of his dog Maida, and feasting his beauty-loving eye upon the tribute of his countrymen. When will the merchant-princes of New York do as much in Central Park in memory of Washington Irving?

Edinburgh is full of Scott's personality. The house in which he was born is shown on the west side of George's Square, the rear windows looking out upon the Meadow Walk, where he rolled and tumbled in boyish glee. On every side are haunts where the germs of his transcendent genius were first developed. How inimitably have been described his juvenile rambles at Sandyknowe and Smailhome, where the young ewe-milkers pranced over the crags like wild colts, with the embryo novelist on their backs! Among the most touching of the souvenirs of him at this period, is a verse in a characteristic school-boy's hand, endorsed by his mother's words, "My Walter's first lines." There is no library in the world that could contain the works written by the author of that verse. Not a workday in the year but that some Edinburgh printing-press is throwing off something relating to Sir Walter Scott; truly is this the land of Scott and Burns.

In 1822, George IV. visited Scotland, of which event there are several memorials in the Capital, among others King George IV.'s Bridge, a much nobler work than the man for whom it is named (England has had the last of that kind of Kings; recollect it, Albert Edward). It rests upon enormous high arches, below which is a portion of the city itself. The residents along the lines of

the New York Elevated Railway complain of the passengers looking into their kitchens and parlors; but here on King George IV.'s Bridge, you look down the chimneys, and peep into the attics. After the forests are all levelled, where shall we flee for a tolerable privacy?

As our carriage halted a moment near St. Giles Church, at that point which permits a glimpse of the bustle and life of High street, a genuine piper in the now somewhat rare Highland dress, was blowing his pipes in the asthmatic manner which had distressed us now and then the other side of the Atlantic. Of all noise-producing implements, the American accordeon, the Scotch bagpipes, and the Alp-horn, I class as those most calculated to reconcile one to a partial deafness. Victoria is said to permit a piper to blow airs of Scotland every morning beneath her windows at Balmoral, a degree of queenly forbearance I believe to be unprecedented. It was something of a coincidence that this piper should appear just at this particular quarter. I would rather write of the Irish and Welsh harp, but it is decreed that I should tell of the legend which declares that there is a subterranean passage all the way from Holyrood to the Castle, which a bold piper ventured one day to explore, playing a triumphal air as he entered the upper end. A curious crowd followed this Highland Orpheus, guided by the harmonious (?) strains that floated back to them in the dreary vault; when the piper reached the point nearest St. Giles, the sounds suddenly ceased, and were never heard more; and of the bold piper there is not anything further known to this day.

But the legend that most caught my fancy in the "Auld Lang Syne," was that of the two Scotch sisters who occupied one apartment as though thick walls divided them. A chalk-line was drawn through the centre of the room over which neither must cross, nor could a word be exchanged between those two of the nearest kin. Picture

those maidens side by side before the big open fire-place on a winter's night, each caressing her favorite black cat! The popular belief is that this enmity grew out of a controversy upon some question of church discipline, in which both forgot one of the most divine of injunctions. How many churches, how many families and neighbors, are living day after day by the side of the chalk-line? Can they afford it?

More than one in the long line of carriages that drove out to the house of John Knox, facing the Canongate, professed the faith — with a little more conservatism — he so rigidly observed. Our reception, notwithstanding, was an exceedingly inhospitable one; the rain was pouring in torrents, and we found admission to be impossible, and had to content ourselves with a view from our carriages of the exterior, a quaint old home where he lived from 1559 to his death in 1572. Over one of the odd windows is a figure of Knox in the act of preaching, at that moment receiving such a drenching as we hope the original was never visited with.

It is a long way, to be sure, from John Knox to David Hume; but there in St. David street you may see his house. After he became fashionable, when his pen yielded him five thousand a year, he moved hither, a quarter then not built up. The street was already dedicated to St. David, but not as yet designated by the usual sign. One morning his zealous housekeeper, who was aware of the hostility of the more rigid of the Edinburghers to her master's skepticism, was astounded at seeing "St. David Street" painted on the corner of the house, and at once concluded that it was a meditated reflection on his heterodoxy. With great haste she ran into her master's study with a bitter complaint of the outrage. "Tut, tut," said Hume, when he comprehended the matter; "never mind; many a better man than I has been called a saint."

We will leave it to the reader's imagination to conceive the effect produced on the pedestrians by two hundred Americans, of both sexes, of all ages, and representing nearly every State of the Union, whirling over the streets of the metropolis of the "North Countrie." We attracted less notice here, however, than in Glasgow, where the same amount of staring was bestowed upon us as the pilgrims from Ohio, Illinois, and Wyoming received at the Philadelphia Exposition.

On, on, we ride, utilizing every moment of our stay; past homes of opulence; now peeping down the crooked narrow alleys of St. Mary's Wynd and Deep Wynd, from which rise the abodes of the wretchedly poor, ten and twelve stories in height, the windows often stuffed with rags, with here and there a flower-pot, or old pitcher with a blossom, indicating the struggle of some poor soul, for higher things. There is not the miserable squalor you see in the Ghetto at Frankfort, or in the low quarters of Naples, but there is poverty in Edinburgh beyond what we had thought possible.

In contrast to these scenes is the beautiful suburb of Newington, about a mile from the base of Salisbury Crags; the pretty, often elegant houses stand back from the street, with handsome yards enclosed by iron railings and adorned with vases, all indicating a quiet and refined taste.

Not far from here we were surprised to come upon a device which did not repeat itself even in the most Catholic countries of the Continent; this was a double cross on Torn Church. We did not enter, although it is a spot of no common interest. Who do you think was married here? You have sung her sweet name an hundred times, for Annie Laurie was a *bona fide* maid, and at the altar of Torn Church gave her hand to the Laird of Craigdarroche, forgetting the poor soldier dying in Flanders to whom she had given "her promise true,"

and who for her sake was willing to "lay me down and dee."

But I am warned by these increasing pages of manuscript that if I continue to ramble around this delightful old city, the company of my readers is by no means assured. So, if you will go back to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, we will wind up another day of sight-seeing. Of course there is the Castle again. You can no more escape it than the Boston or Washington domes. Read all the descriptions of the varied views of Edinburgh — which, by the way, is Edinboro' with the natives, they never having taken kindly to the Teutonic *Edwin's Burgh* — you can find, and realize how numerous and beautiful they are.

Now we are here, let the poet speak for us :

" Say, stranger, what clime of the South hast thou seen
So meet for a poet — a painter — a queen !
But the curtain of twilight o'ershadows the shore,
And deepens the tint on the blue Lammermoor ;
The tints on Corstorphine have paled in their fire,
But sunset still lingers with gold on its spire ;
The Roseberry forests are hooded in grey,
And Night, like his heir, treads impatient on Day —
And now, gentle stranger, if such be thy mood,
Go welcome the moonlight in sweet Holy-Rood ! "

Yes, poet unknown, gladly would we "welcome the moonlight in sweet Holy-Rood ;" but here on the very threshold of our tour the exhaustion attendant upon rapid sight-seeing is already making sad inroad upon sentiment and enthusiasm, and one and all crave something more substantial at the end of this summer day than moonshine. An hour later we are all seated at long lines of tables, discussing a Scotch supper that would, in profusion and variety, have done credit to the traditional "tavern days" of New England ; there were hot and cold meats, fish, not forgetting Scotch herring, eggs, ham, pastry, and a species of marmalade — my

utmost skill in kitchen accomplishments would not permit me to name the articles of which it was composed.

Our next objective point is Holyrood, a heavy, somewhat plain stone palace, a quadrangle with circular towers, often likened to an old-fashioned pepper-box, at each corner. The present surroundings of Holyrood are in no degree regal; the fumes from neighboring gas-works and distilleries penetrate to the very windows where once leaned the most beautiful, the most unfortunate, of women and queens. With its bold background of crag and hill, the Palace has a romantic aspect in harmony with the historic deeds with which it is so tragically linked. What a procession was that I mentally reviewed as I stood before the main portal of this structure, to which I had been an imaginary visitor long years before my literal eyes beheld it. But of all that train none stand out in such clear relief as the "Queen of Tears,"

"the beauteous Queen,
Upon whose heart, like canker in the leaf,
The worm of many sorrows revelled."

When, a few days later, I stood in Westminster Abbey by the side of the two superb mausoleums, so much alike in general design, which cover the handful of dust that once was Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth, I thought how little the emotion elicited at the sight of the recumbent figure of the proud Tudor, how few educated women but would look with moistened eye upon the silent effigy of her rival.

The picture gallery first attracts our attention as we enter, a noble apartment with a long line of portraits of Scottish kings of most ignoble aspect, painted by one de Witt of Flanders, who, it is said, was never paid; judging from the execution, they were painted by contract. This was the first picture gallery in Europe we had entered; the conclusion was that the Louvre and Vatican were yet

a great way off. They brought to mind a story I do not recollect to have seen in print, of a rural artist who painted a score of portraits of his neighbors in one day and placed them along the garden fence to dry, carefully affixing the name of each original for identification.

Queen Victoria has a suite of rooms in the palace, which she occupies on her way to and from Balmoral, and which she had visited a short time prior to sending her late message of condolence to Mrs. Garfield. For these rooms we cared little, and hurried on to enter those which are pervaded with the almost tangible presence of Mary Stuart. Her reception-room is first shown, with carved walls and panelled ceiling containing armorial devices and initials, but I could not find the French lilies which ought also to have been there. The stately bed in this room, hung with embossed velvet, had upon it an embroidered pillow; in this bed Charles I. had slept; and the Pretender, before fatal Culloden, also had occupied it. Mary's sleeping chamber was next entered; on the west side is the bed, with faded hangings and tassel so worn by time that a tolerable wind would reduce them to threads. The crimson velvet counterpane is so worn that there are spots larger than one's hand through which you may see the linen beneath; a specimen of her needlework, just as her fair fingers left it, is shown, very faded, but better preserved. From what we see in this room we can form an idea how the relics at Mt. Vernon will look two centuries hence, when they have attained the present age of those at Holyrood. Cold must be the heart that does not feel a thrill when standing over the blood stains of Rizzio on the stairs where he fell, pierced with fifty-six dagger thrusts. At first we were as skeptical as many others regarding these stains; yet it is not altogether impossible. There is a seat in the old Tenant Church near the battlefield at Monmouth, New Jersey, on which a dying soldier was laid, the soft pine of which absorbed so much of his

blood, that no effort, it is said, short of destroying the seat could remove.

I know not how to account for the stoicism of many of our party when viewing these vital memorials of the most sad and interesting epochs of history, unless they have descended from the original Indian settlers of our land. I verily believe that the hands of a majority of the Yankee housekeepers who visit these chambers, are aching to fling open the casements, and have "a good cleaning up." Where the old tapestries, the bed-hangings, and the blood stains would be after their shakings and scourings, it is not easy to say.

Holyrood Abbey is a part of the Palace, and a ruin of great interest and beauty. A portion of the walls, built in 1129, are yet intact, and two windows in the roofless chancel, through their elegant tracery, give a lovely glimpse of the blue sky beyond. Some broken slabs mark the spot where once stood the altar; through the interstices blades of green grass are peeping out, on the very spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, gave her hand to the handsome but worthless Darnley.

Before we leave Holyrood we are taken to the centre of the square to view the fountain built by the late Prince Consort: it is a beautiful work, ornate in curious carvings; but there was not much comfort in viewing the waters of a fountain, however beautiful, when the heavens were pouring down torrents which seemed to threaten a second deluge. Jupiter Pluvius, so far, has certainly had us in his keeping; we landed in a rain, sailed up the Clyde in a rain, had been caught in divers showers in various parts of Edinburgh. When we were told at Callander that the annual rain-fall in that district was sixty-six inches, we had no reason to doubt the statement, for it appeared as if half that depth had fallen since our feet had touched Scottish soil. Fortunately, the morning of July 10th, set apart for a pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey, dawned bright

and clear, and after a ride of thirty-seven miles, we reached this famed spot, somewhat disappointed to find it in close contact with a rather seedy suburb of the town of Melrose. The town, on a smaller scale, repeats the picturesque combination of the antique and modern seen at Edinburgh; on some houses are seen stones bearing the letters I. H. S., doubtless pillaged from the Abbey — strange relics in this Presbyterian land. Next to Holyrood Abbey, this was the first grand ruin we had seen, and, of course, our admiration was correspondingly intense. No words can describe its beauty — the delicacy and elegance of the architecture, the fidelity to nature of the infinite variety of sculptured foliage and flowers of the interior. What wonderful stone is this, to lend itself so readily to the chisel, yet resist the elements! A twisted garland of blossoms and leaves over a door leading to one of the cloisters, stands out in such relief that I thought it could be removed as easily as we take down our church decorations after Christmas. To stand in the nave, the only roof of which is the blue vault of heaven, and look up to the east window, the most idyllic in the world, is a memory for life. If Sir Walter did not come here by moonlight, as some claim, he should never be forgiven. You recollect his exquisite lines in “The Lay of the Last Minstrel:”

“The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone.”

But here we catch the poet tripping, for the east window is in no sense an oriel. The rest of the picture is a photograph:

“Thou wouldst have thought some fairy’s hand
’Twixt poplar straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.”

The Abbey is a perfect mine to the antiquary. Sir

Walter said of it, in this respect, "It is as rich as a Still-ton cheese, and, like that, the mouldier the better." After you get beyond the mean dwellings near the ruins, you emerge into a beautiful pastoral plain, with the gentle Tweed winding its way through banks rich in lilacs and laurel.

A brief ride brings us to Abbotsford, the "romance in lime and stone" the great novelist built for his home. The spot is not strikingly beautiful, but sylvan and pleasing. When Sir Walter purchased the estate, a common farm-house stood on the site, known as Cartley-Hole. The mansion, as is well-known, is a mosaic made up of "bits" collected from nearly all the historic buildings and localities of Scotland: over one entrance we saw a lintel taken from the old Tolbooth at Edinburgh, with this inscription:

"The Lord of armies is my Protector;
Blessit ar thay that trust in the Lord, 1575."

The interior we found a perfect museum of curiosities of exceeding interest, which I shall make no attempt to enumerate. None were viewed with more earnestness than the cross Mary Stuart wore at her execution. It is of silver, inlaid with pearl. The library is a splendid room, where we should have been glad to linger. Upon a table in the spacious dining-room there was a large punch-bowl full of dried rose-leaves, of which I was presented with a handful. A friend has since sent me leaves from the grave of Irving, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. I intend forming them into a wreath, not only as a souvenir, but as emblematic of the delightful harmony of these gifted ones, when Irving and Scott wandered here over the fields, by the side of the Tweed and Gala water. What must it have been to sit at the feet of Scott, and hear from his own lips, as Irving did, the legend, lore and rhyme of which his mind was such a rich deposit! How his love of quaint humor revelled in such stories as that

of the old fellow who, after sheep-shearing, used to go up to Edinburgh to attend to his lawsuits; at the inns where he stopped on the way, he insisted upon paying double for each meal and lodging, giving as a reason that he knew the lawyers would get all his money, and he wanted to make sure of accommodations on his return home.

The next day we took a special train for Callander, bound for Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. The former is a lovely lake, sleeping quietly below lofty cliffs partially covered with beech, pine and oak trees; it looked very blue, clear and cold. From this lake the city of Glasgow is supplied. We crossed the Loch in a tiny steamboat to the other end, where carriages were awaiting to transport us through the Trosachs. These were odd vehicles made expressly for the rough road over the rocks, something like a square box, with four seats, besides that of the driver, holding sixteen persons, and drawn by two, sometimes four, strong and handsome horses. The ride was in the highest degree enjoyable, although the scenery of this mountain-vale is less striking than that of the White Mountain Notch. It received the name Trosachs from the bristling appearance of the rocks and shrubbery which characterizes this lower range of the Highlands.

After dining at the Trosachs Hotel, we returned to Loch Katrine, sailed past Ellen's Isle, and on leaving the boat, took carriages for the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes," Loch Lomond. Looking back, we could see the summit of Benvenue, and near it, Benawn, the sentinels that nature has placed to stand guard at the entrance of the defile leading to Loch Katrine.

Lomond is indeed a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-three miles in length, varying from a half mile to five miles in width, suggesting features of the Swiss lakes and the Hudson Highlands; at one end it is gemmed with thirty little islands, of similar character to those of the Thousand Isles. The entire region is the most famed in

Scotland, but the world never awoke to its beauty until Scott's poem of "The lady of the Lake" made it a Mecca for all lovers of the picturesque. Where may we look for an American Homer to give immortality to the beauties and wonders of our Yellowstone and Yosemite?

It was past noon on July 11th when we took train from Callander for Stirling, and we were due in Edinburgh at half-past seven, a trip of fifty miles, and Stirling Castle to visit in six hours. The ride was of much interest, the country less sterile than we had expected, the late spring and excessive moisture imparting to the fields of oats and other grains a delightful green. We had no time to devote to the old town of Stirling, and our inspection of the Castle was of the most cursory character. It stands upon a lofty, almost impregnable bluff in the midst of a spacious plain. What stirring scenes have taken place on the fields before us! A small boy was our guide, quite a juvenile duplicate of Irving's cicerone, Johnny Bower, in his loquacity and zeal. He took us to the room where James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas; an adjacent closet had a window with the Douglas arms; also a door opening into an underground passage, which we explored for a considerable way, taking care that our little guide was kept within a reassuring distance. An interesting collection of relics is in the Douglas room—the communion table used in the Castle by John Knox, and the Knox pulpit. The view from the ramparts recalled many portions of the Mohawk Valley, although bolder. This part of the fortress was built by James V.; the façade is adorned with carved figures, a singular mixture of historical and allegorical characters, much in the manner seen in the Heidelberg Castle quadrangle, but in less correct style. The impression left on my mind by these figures was very unpleasant regarding the taste of the father of Mary Stuart. Almost under the shadow of the Castle wall, near the garden, an amateur Scotch

warrior of five or six summers, in bare feet and uncovered head, was drilling a little regiment of Stirling lads and lasses, to the lively rubadub-dub produced on a tin pan doing service as a drum; the innate imitative instinct in children doubtless leads to a similar daily display after the drill of the soldiers stationed at the Castle.

In leaving Scotland, I must express my regret for not having more opportunity for better acquaintance with its people, of whose honesty and intelligence a lively remembrance is retained by our entire party.

KENILWORTH.

KENILWORTH has had some remarkable visitations, but it may be doubted if so large a party of Americans ever before marched upon it as that which landed here on the morning of July 12th, 1879, just as the kitchen chimneys began to send out their smoke of the breakfast fire.

Some idea may be had of the celerity of sight-seeing in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, when it is stated that in the previous thirty-six hours we had sailed over Lochs Katrine and Lomond, rode through the Trosachs, visited Abbotsford and Stirling, and taken our farewell of Edinburgh. But even this will be surpassed when a tramway is laid through the Louvre and Vatican, where a less number of minutes are devoted to works than years the artists took for their completion. A special train leaving Edinburgh at half-past eight in the evening, consisting of eighteen saloon carriages and drawn by two engines, brought us within sight of the village of Kenilworth at six next morning. The Queen and Castle Hotel was not equal to such a crowd, and our breakfast was provided in a sort of rustic bower, which all those romantically inclined thought quite in harmony with the associations of the neighboring ruins. Romance, however, was not allowed to interfere with a vigorous discussion of the merits of our first English breakfast, for which our night-ride from Scotland had left us in condition to heartily enjoy.

It was fitting that we should approach this spot from

the "North Countrie," the home and haunts of the great wizard who has made Kenilworth the seat of his most bewitching romance. It is difficult to say what part of Great Britain is not classic ground to the American; but if there is one district more than another that is paramount, it is Warwickshire — the "Heart of England" — every rood of which is identified with events and personages interwoven with our most cherished traditions, and to enumerate which would be to swell these lines into a volume.

In our haste to "do" Kenilworth and Stratford, how few of us stop to think that the very banner of our Republic had its origin here! When Lawrence Washington had his home in Warwickshire, in the reign of Henry VII., the family devices were emblazoned on the windows of Seekington Church — the red-striped bars, the star-like mullets, and the spread eagle of the crest. These heraldic emblems have all disappeared from Seekington Church, but are restored in the Stars and Stripes, which typify the nation founded by the descendant of the Mayor of Northampton, and which England has so lately draped in sable, when her queen laid the wreath of honor on the bier of our beloved dead.

There is little in Kenilworth village to keep us: a long wide street, with cross lanes, old-fashioned houses, whose windows and doors were filled with healthy-looking women and round-faced children, some of the latter at this early hour appearing in that incomplete juvenile toilet chronicled in the old nursery ballad — "one stocking off and one stocking on." Over the well-shaded roofs is seen the tall chimney of a tannery or brewery which many a novice takes for Cæsar's Tower of the ruins which is situated on a gentle swell west of the village. In one way and another, the inhabitants are said to receive ten thousand pounds annually from tourists, the larger part of which may be set down to the credit of Sir Walter

Scott, for to his pen the modern celebrity of the Trosachs, Lochs Katrine and Lomond, and Kenilworth is due. Indeed, so far as the latter is concerned, the million ignore any history prior to the Elizabethan era, although Kenilworth Castle was three centuries old before Queen Elizabeth saw it, and had withstood sieges in the bow-and-arrow days before cannon were invented. Nine tourists will recall here the imaginary woes of Amy Robsart — who had been dead fifteen years before Dudley entertained Elizabeth in 1575 — to one who will name a single exploit on and around these walls in the stirring days of Henry III. and Edward I. The same at Stratford, which had its local lions before Skakespeare, but who is now the Alpha and Omega. Delightful as Scott's "Kenilworth" is, and must ever be, one cannot be blind to the great license in some historic details. Young Raleigh is made to quote the line in "Midsummer Night's Dream," so flattering to Elizabeth —

"Fair vestal, enthroned of the West,"

when Shakespeare was a barefooted boy of eleven, at least twenty-five years before he could have written the play. With much more propriety he might have brought the boy Shakespeare into the presence of Elizabeth during the Kenilworth festivities; and with his peerless pen what a scene would have resulted! Preparations for this event had been in progress for months; all Warwickshire was as much stirred by it as the United States were in regard to the Philadelphia Exposition. A less susceptible lad than Will Shakespeare, living within four hours' walk of Kenilworth, could scarcely escape the contagious excitement.

As a ruin, Kenilworth is eminently satisfactory.

Without any of the ornate architecture and sculpture which so greatly beautify Heidelberg Castle, Kenilworth

nevertheless fills the eyes from the massive character of its walls, often sixteen feet thick; the irregular outline of its crumbling, ivied towers; its fine studies of light and shade, when the morning sun falls upon the east projections in liquid gold, while recesses lie in sombre shadow, the entire ruin robed in a tissue of romance moving the heart of every sentient being. There was some excuse for our enthusiasm. Melrose and Holyrood abbeys had only increased our appetite for ruins by "what it fed upon," and we were in happy ignorance of the surfeit of this kind of diet in store for us on the Rhine, from Cologne to Mayence.

There are three periods distinctly traced in the ruins — the Norman, in Cæsar's Tower; the reign of Edward I., in the grand banquet hall built by John o' Gaunt, and the Elizabethan, in the Leicester buildings, added by the favorite earl in 1571, and which, owing to the poorer quality of the stone, are the most destroyed. Standing within the court, looking up to the blue sky, the eye taking in the whole range of the lofty towers, as perpendicular as when the mason left them, the indications of each story can be traced in the sockets where the beams rested, and by the fire-places over which stray branches of ivy weave a vernal screen. The Kenilworth ivy is extraordinary in its luxuriance beyond what I have seen elsewhere. The trunk of that on Cæsar's Tower is over two feet in circumference. The ruin would lose more than half its beauty divested of this parasitic growth.

One of the best views at the Castle is that from the nobly proportioned windows of the Banquet Hall, of which Scott has given us one of his historical cartoons as it appeared when the maiden queen sat here enthroned, surrounded by England's beauty and chivalry. But desolate enough now is this hall, which was then the scene of such regal splendor; the night bat darts in and out at its pleasure, and no steps echo between the gigantic walls but

those of Volneys like us who wander over the broken stones to meditate upon the past, and in imagination restore the pile to its ancient glory. From these windows you look out upon the area of seven acres, which formerly was enclosed within the walls of the castle; beyond, a wide expanse of meadow, upland and gentle heights, crowned with wood, fill the eye with a pastoral beauty beyond what we had ever seen. Although the middle of July, the grass was as fresh as that of the finest American meadows in May, giving us the first realization of "England's fadeless green," to which the famous Tapis Vert at Versailles can bear no comparison. As soon as the eye passes beyond that point where the blades of grass are distinct, the whole earth is literally a carpet of green velvet, with a glow soft as that of porcelain. The cattle we saw scattered over the landscape were those round, sleek, bovine matrons the painters love, often in picturesque assemblies that would not require the least change of grouping for the most effective transfer to the canvas; when we pass them they look at us with their dreamy eyes as if intimating that in consideration of their good master, the heir of the Earl of Clarendon, the present owner of Kenilworth Castle, we have the right of way. There was such a spirit of idyllic repose over the spot that we were sorely tempted to linger beyond the allotted time, which did not allow us to visit the Church of St. Nicholas, whose spire we could see rising over a clump of foliage near the old gateway of the ruined abbey founded by Geoffrey de Clinton nearly seven centuries ago. It was difficult to realize that London with its "madding crowd" was but a hundred miles away from these quiet scenes, where the hum of bees, the call of the cowboy and the singing of summer birds are the only evidences of animate nature.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

ALTHOUGH but about twelve miles from Kenilworth to Stratford by the cross-country roads I have supposed the boy Shakespeare to have taken, it took us two hours to reach it by rail, via Leamington and Warwick. The ride was one not soon to be forgotten, and there are few things I desire more than to journey through this garden land in an open carriage, halting at every thatched cottage, every ivy-netted church, and every stately hall of which we catch the most tantalizing glimpses beyond far-reaching parks and through avenues of stately oaks. The day was faultless; the wood-crowned heights of the uplands made an horizon bounding the fertile expanse, crossed by paths, hedges and roads numerous as the articulations upon a leaf. Tiny streams emptying into the Leam and Avon flash their curling silver threads, often hid for a moment by stone bridges of a single arch of greenish stone, with their patches of lindens adding to the combinations of coloring.

When Shakespeare's house stood in some danger of falling into the hands of a speculative Yankee, the British nation was roused into taking such action as would preserve all the memorials of the poet connected with his birthplace. From the amount of curiosity our party elicited, it is possible we may have been looked upon as American invaders who were bent on carrying off, *vi et armis*, all the Skakesperean relics. Those of us who could not get under the roof of Washington Irving's inn — the Red Horse — were provided with dinner in the adjacent bowling-alley, which, perhaps on the whole, was more

comfortable than any apartment of the inn would have been.

Aside from the Shakesperean associations and Trinity Church, there is nothing in Stratford to excite enthusiasm; a thousand American towns of equal size are more neat and elegant, for there is no indication of wealth or taste, or of great antiquity; the majority of the dwellings are positively mean, occasionally redeemed, from a picturesque point of view, by diamond-paned casements, or a porch with clustering roses. There cannot be much that was standing in the poet's day, for the buildings were mainly of timber, and the village has suffered from repeated conflagrations. There are two or three principal streets, with lesser ones crossing at irregular distances. About half-way down Henley street we come before a nondescript low structure of timber facings divided into squares like a huge window sash, with the spaces filled in with concrete; a wooden porch with slanting roof extends over the door and for a little distance each side; above this, a quaint old window, of greater breadth than height, and over that a dormer on the main roof. This is the birthplace of William Shakespeare, the front of which is a restoration, and presents a neater appearance than it did in his day. The first room we entered was the kitchen, with a big beam running through the low ceiling, and a fire-place at one side considerably larger than Mary Stuart's room we saw at Craigmillar Castle, in the environs of Edinburgh. There can be but little doubt that here John Shakespeare and Mary Arden sat in the winter evenings, with a huge log from the Welcombe Hills blazing on the flagged hearth, the light of which fell in flickering waves upon the faces of their children; in the shadow of a remoter corner perchance sat the "Child of Destiny," who traced in the embers the foundations of those creations which are for all time. Perhaps, with equal probability, we can picture him on one of those long-

ago Christmas mornings, coming hither with nervous eagerness to discover what gift had been mysteriously deposited in his stocking suspended beneath the mantel-piece. Did John and Mary Shakespeare have a prescience that these rude rooms would become a Mecca more eagerly sought by the great of all nations than the proudest abodes of royalty? There are two bedrooms, of no special interest, on the same floor as the kitchen; a narrow flight of stairs leads us to a door through which we enter into the room where the poet is thought to have first opened his eyes in the world of which his genius was to be the proudest boast. Although every portion of the house open to the public was filled, there was the same impressive silence that is so eloquent in a dwelling where funeral services are in progress.

But if we are to believe the popular Stratford traditions, not all visitors are so undemonstrative as our party. Persons on being shown the room are said to have burst into tears; others to have fallen upon their knees and kissed the floor; while a mercurial Frenchman is reported to have rolled over the bare planks in his ecstatic emotion. There is probably too good foundations for the stories of attempted abstractions of relics, which are now as jealously guarded as the crown jewels, one portrait of the poet in the house being locked in a safe every night. The building is isolated from others to lessen the risk of fire, and none is ever built in it; nor can the most inveterate smoker light his cigar beneath the hallowed roof. We were shown all the relics, including the traditional school-desk of Shakespeare. As the skeptics have thrown so much doubt over the authenticity of these, we shall not enumerate them.

The most curious feature of the premises is the always-noticed web of autographs of celebrities and nobodies which covers every portion of the walls of the birth-cham-

ber. When Mary Hornby, the tenant of Shakespeare's house in 1815, was obliged to vacate in consequence of her rent having been raised to a point beyond her forbearance, to spite her successor she whitewashed the walls, covering with her remorseless brush the names of all the pilgrims inscribed to that date. The chagrin of the dame who succeeded her vanished when she found that Mrs. Hornby had omitted to put any glue in her wash, so that the coating was easily removed, and the pencil inscriptions restored, but again buried beneath an untranslatable maze of later autographs, so overlaid and intermixed as to be as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would be to a savage.

Through a back entrance we emerge into the garden, in which are many of the plants and flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's works, the majority indigenous. We then proceeded to New Place, on Chapel street, to view the site of the house in which Shakespeare died, and which was so causelessly destroyed by Rev. Mr. Gastrell, together with the mulberry tree of the garden of which so many relics have been made, including a chair owned by Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett. New Place is now the property of the British nation, the grounds to be ever kept open to the public; eventually it will be a very lovely garden.

We now approach the only structure in Stratford which boasts any architectural beauty, Trinity Church, where our poet's ashes lie in undisturbed repose. A long walk extends from the road to the porch, affording a noble perspective of lime trees whose arching foliage the sun was powerless to penetrate. The spot is indescribably suggestive; it has inspired thousands. Mr. James Walker, in his elegant work upon Stratford and its gifted son, relates the exclamations of Ralph Waldo Emerson when passing up this walk, over which Shakespeare carried his children to be baptized, and which was the last spot of earth outside of Trinity Church that knew his senseless

form when the mighty spirit had returned to Him who so wondrously endowed it. What unwritten volumes must there be of thoughts of kindred minds! "What king," said Mr. Emerson, "has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

The older portions of the church date back to the fourteenth century; it is built in the form of a cross, its gray stone walls and numerous massive windows harmonizing with the rich green of the foliage. The yard is filled with old stones and monuments of Stratford worthies. How calm they rest here within sound of the Avon's murmuring flow! In the noble chancel is the well-known grave and the tablet which has been engraved and photographed to such infinity as to be as familiar as the tomb of Washington.

So much has been said and written of Shakespeare's grave that I shall only record my speculations as I stood over that near by of his wife. To the critic and antiquary I leave the task of deciding if Shakespeare's married life was happy. If it cannot be proved that it was, it cannot be proved that it was not; the mere fact that Anne Hathaway was six or seven years his senior proves nothing. Have we not seen the most famed of modern English ladies give her hand to an American whose years she outnumbered two to one? Is it too much to claim that William Shakespeare's wife had estimable qualities? The character of the poet's eldest and favorite daughter, the wife of Dr. Hall, is established by the last will of her father, and in the forcible epitaph on her tombstone:

"Witty above her sexe; but that's not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.

Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
 Wholly of him, with whom she's now in bliss.
 Then, passenger, hast ne'er a teare
 To weepe with her, that wept for all?
 That wept, yet set herself to cheere
 Them up with comforts cordiall.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread
 When thou hast ne'er a teare to shed."

Now let us read the touching tribute Mistress Hall paid her mother, which proves that Anne Hathaway had the warmest love of her children; and one who was so good a mother must have been a devoted wife. The original lines are written in Latin, and have been faithfully translated as follows:

"My life and infant nourishment, mother, to thee, I owe;
 This stone, alas! for so great gifts is all I can bestow.
 Oh that some pitying angel would the massive stone remove!
 And, as Christ's body rose, to me restore the form I love!
 But vain my wish! Christ, quickly come, that, when thy saints arise!
 My mother, now entombed here, may join Thee in the skies."

This inscription is given in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire" as originally carved on the blue stone. In the year 1707, a person by the name of Watts was buried in Mistress Hall's grave, and this quoted epitaph obliterated to make room for one commemorative of the intruder. On the sixth day of September, 1844, the Watts' epitaph was cut out by the same chisel that restored Mistress Hall's arms and filial tribute.

Five hours after we bade adieu to Stratford from the old stone bridge whose Gothic arches are mirrored in the pretty Avon, the dome of St. Paul's, rising above the homes of three millions of people, was before us as we approached the metropolis over the London and North-western Railway.

MANY WORLDS IN ONE.

ABOUT 1850 there was issued by an American publisher an edition of Peter Parley's observations in London, which in the superiority of its illustrations was a sort of *avant-coureur* of the multitudinous books of a similar character with which the children in the last quarter of the nineteenth century are favored. I have not seen the book since as a child it was only less cherished than the "Child's Own Book," that compilation of marvellous tales of the mystic world; yet how distinctly do I at this moment see each of those engravings in "Peter Parley,"—the Achilles Statue in Hyde Park, the Tunnel, the Bank of England, the Abbey, and the hundred other points of interest in a city which every American hopes to live long enough to behold.

Standing here in the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's, just below the Ball and Cross, the highest point we dare venture, four hundred feet above the level of London Bridge, something of the old-time spell comes over me. You will recollect when you stood on the stone roof of Girard College, in the memorable summer of 1876, as you looked over the most numerous habitations of man that can be seen in a single American city, for, with a less population, Philadelphia contains more dwellings than New York, you exclaimed, "What a world of houses!" But here, your eye taking in the circuit of fifteen miles around Charing Cross, as you analyze the component parts of London you say, "How many worlds in one!" For a country whose oldest city has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, we can claim populated

centres of such magnitude as to be almost extraordinary in so new a country. London and Paris, with centuries of civilization before the continent we occupy was known in Europe to exist, should not be brought into comparison with our capitals, in respect to population, with any other sentiment than to gain by it a relative idea of extent. The city of London, within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the London School Board contains a population of 3,885,641; equal to that of the six largest cities of the United States.

It is with emotions never before experienced that we contemplate this exhibit of humanity in the concrete—the World of many Worlds. What concentrations of piety and vice; wealth and poverty; Sybaritic luxury and soul-sickening squalor; learning and ignorance; thrift and improvidence!

Slowly, step by step, do we make the circuit of the gallery above the great dome, in vain attempting to measure the scene expanded before us; the eye comprehends it better than the mind. Never in the pulpit of the cathedral below us, was there preached such a sermon on the importance of humility, as comes to us here in the roar of London streets. Let those who think their existence of importance to the world, stand here for an hour, and consider what infinitesimal atoms the greatest are. Nations rise, mature and perish; dynasties are born and expire; but the London world goes on the same, each hour waxing mightier—a great monster with a hundred claws grasping at the outlying country, which it devours. At what limit will it stay? In one decade, from 1870 to 1880, eight hundred thousand souls were added to its population.

The clock on the southwest tower of St. Paul's is a curiosity, from the ponderous character of its mechanism; the minute-hand is eight feet long, and weighs seventy-five pounds. A quaint inscription on the bell reads:

"Richard Phelps made me, 1716." Save to strike the hours, this bell is never sounded, except at the deaths of any members of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor, should he die in office. We little thought that the first deviation from these rules would so soon occur by the tolling of St. Paul's bell at the death of a murdered American president.

Nearly all the stereotyped wonders of London are seen under favorable auspices. Our excursions to the suburbs were limited to a visit to Sydenham, where we found it so difficult to get away from the Crystal Palace. But as we are only on the threshold of the doorway that leads to the marvels of the Continent, we are warned to be sparing of our delight until the cliffs of Albion are left behind.

BELOW THE SEA.

OUR backs are now turned on London and its thousand wonders, and we are fairly started for the Continent. Had I been travelling upon my own responsibility, I should have chosen the all-sea route from London for Holland, by which we could have enjoyed a trip down the Thames. The boats of this line, the General Steam Navigation Company, leave St. Katharine's dock, and are popular with the travelling public. The Harwich route is that we follow, which takes us across the whole county of Essex. The districts we pass a few miles out from the great metropolis are exceedingly rich; the fields are in the highest state of cultivation, and the cattle appear as if they were the prize animals of a thousand fairs. A ride of sixty-six miles leaves us at Harwich, where we embark on a comfortable, but terribly crowded boat.

The passage across the North Sea was not marked by any event of importance. The few hard days' work in and around London ensured the necessity of all the rest we could snatch before entering upon the main objective point of our trip — the tour of the Continent. We were roused very early by the melancholy tolling of a bell, which proved to proceed from one attached to a bell-buoy. This led one of the younger members of our party to conclude there was a hotel somewhere in the middle of the North Sea, as he had heard one of the bell-boys. We now catch our first glimpse of the Continent, a wide stretch of low land, a few dwarfish trees such as are seen on the south shore of Long Island, and, further

inland, the lazy swinging arms of numerous windmills. A slight agitation in the boat is perceptible as we pass over the bar at one of the mouths of the river Maas, where at low tide the water is but about seven feet in depth. The few towers and spires of the quaint old town of Briel are clearly drawn against the morning sky. It is twelve miles from Rotterdam, with a population of five thousand, as much given to nautical pursuits as the inhabitants of Nantucket. Queen Elizabeth once held a mortgage on the whole town of Briel as security for the loans she advanced the Hollanders during the Spanish persecutions, and which was held until 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death. A little further progress takes us abreast Schiedam, a name so identified with a certain beverage. It is hedged in with windmills, and two hundred distilleries are engaged in converting grain—which is more needed for bread—into a popular intoxicant. While I am penning these lines all Europe is much agitated over the supposed diseased condition of American imported pork; I would ask what must be the condition of the thirty thousand pigs annually fattened upon the vile refuse of the Schiedam distilleries? The tall chimneys and long low buildings we see here belong to the white lead factories and rope manufactories.

It is with feelings of no ordinary interest we approach Rotterdam, which even before we land has given evidence of life and customs most novel to an American; quaint old houses, canals, drawbridges, boats loaded with every species of commodity, the flags of all nations among the shipping mingling in commercial amity with the Stars and Stripes, for there is an active trade between Rotterdam and the United States. A direct line of steamers from here to New York was opened in 1872.

My ideas of Dutch stolidity had undergone considerable change even before reaching our hotel, by the movements of the lively population; cattle stampeding through

the streets on the way to be shipped; huge baggage-wagons thundering past; steamers puffing and blowing; bells jingling and tolling; girls from lofty gable-windows shaking carpets; bales of merchandise ascending and descending, attached to the ropes pendant from tackles a hundred feet above the canals; dogs, asses, and men and women, dragging along heavily-loaded carts; canal boats gay as floating rainbows drifting by, some with flower-pots in the cabin windows. All this we note before reaching our quarters at the Victoria Hotel, where we sit down to the best breakfast since leaving America, where the last hotel in which we had been domiciled, singularly enough, enjoyed such a Dutch appellation as the St. Nicholas, while this is so distinctively English in its title. The strawberries at this breakfast were delicious, and I know not how to account for the assertion of a celebrated English authoress, that the Holland strawberries are without flavor. The most fastidious lady could find nothing to cavil at here at the Victoria; the table-linen is immaculate, and the napkins of such size that two of them would make one equal to those aprons the older New England housekeepers used to wear — of blue and white checked stuff — reaching from the chin to the feet. From the perfect cleanliness of everything about the hotel, we can believe all the stories of Dutch neatness, even to those of Broeck, where the cows' tails are tied up that they may not soil the tiled walls of the stables, and where the rose-leaves are flung into the canal that they may not litter the streets. What an enviable condition is this compared to that of our grand Empire City, whose people are at this moment on their knees begging the Albany magnates to so legislate that the seeds of pestilence and death may be removed from their dirt-heaped thoroughfares.

After breakfast we saunter forth for a glimpse of Rotterdam life. The canals, of course, are the most

striking feature, and momentarily recall my distant home, where the vast flotillas of inland commerce pass us daily and nightly along the Erie Canal. The Dutch barges are more unwieldy than ours, but much gayer in their decoration. Indeed, there is no lack of color anywhere in Holland, the Dutch Venice-land, although colors here lack the softness and harmony which robes the Queen of the Adriatic. Rotterdam must be a paradise for house painters and decorators; the houses are evidently freshly painted every two or three years, and I fancy that the white-lead factories of Schiedam find a profitable home market. Some of the house fronts look like an upright show-case of ribbon-boxes; the door and window-frames, the sashes, cornices and finials all in different colors, and so clean that they would bear the Yankee test of wiping with a cambrie handkerchief. What freaks a March wind may perform in the Dutch capitals I cannot say, but at the time of our visit it was a very adroit speck of dust that could elude the vigilance of the cleaning brigade; the fronts of the dwellings are washed by a machine with hose, and if the passers-by are not on the alert, their garments will receive a portion of the falling spray. The city is so intersected by canals that it appears to be one great harbor. The draw-bridges are bewildering in their frequency; the tender lets down to the barge a bag or pocket in which the toll is deposited. It appears to me that tolls, either on water or land, belong to a past age; they were long since abolished on American turnpikes, and on the Rhine; and a petition is now before the Legislature of New York, to make the Erie Canal free.

Holland, as is well-known, is below the sea. It is environed with enemies whose encroachments nothing but the most sleepless vigilance will keep at bay. The sea assails her in the face, while the Rhine and its offshoots watch to seize her by the back. The natural order of geography is here reversed; the fields, or polders, are often twenty-five

feet below the keel of the vessel which sails past them. In most countries the study with engineers planning canals is from whence to get their water; in Holland the utmost ingenuity is exercised how to keep it out. The cities of other lands are in continual dread of destruction by fire; in Holland the ever-present threatening danger is water. The sides of the canals appear solid, oftentimes have a wide road each side lined with large trees; but a rat may bore its way through, making an orifice which, if not closed, will enlarge until the whole surrounding region is inundated. There are two inundations of Holland on record in which one hundred and sixty thousand perished. Sailors of all nations are met in the streets of Rotterdam, adding much to the cosmopolitan scenes on every hand. I was unable to learn what is done here for their spiritual welfare; but I saw enough to convince me it was a field for good mission work in their behalf. While the out-door life of Rotterdam is eminently picturesque, it is in perfect harmony with the prevailing architecture of the older portions; although we detected an incongruity in buildings with side walls in the style of the sixteenth century, but with modern fronts, reminding one of an octogenarian beau in the wig of a youth of twenty. The statue of Erasmus interested me; it is a fine bronze near by his birthplace (in the market-place), which is now used as a shop for the sale of cabbages and turnips—a circumstance quite destructive to the poetic reverence we entertained for the spot.

Our four hours' limit for seeing this interesting city had now expired, and at two in the afternoon we took the train for the Hague, the Dutch Washington. Had I not been desirous to study the country, the slow pace of the train would have been wearisome. The Dutch express trains are not so fast as American accommodations. It has been amusingly said that the conductors do not permit speed, in order that tourists may have the impression that

the country is much larger than it is. The cars are very comfortable, the road-bed level as a table, consequently there is scarcely more motion than on a North river steamboat. It was quite novel to travel by railway without perceptible motion or noise, for the road is so elastic, with no hills to reverberate, the wheels appear to be rolling over velvet. The country we are now passing through is brilliantly green, intersected in every direction by ditches and canals, the former serving as hedges. In the fields not cultivated the grass had been freshly mown. In others, herds of noble cattle were quietly feeding. Ten miles from Rotterdam we pass Delft on the river Schie; but the ware which formerly gave so much celebrity to the town is now surpassed by English competition.

Dear, delightful Hague! It was not my fault that poor tired nature did not permit a complete enjoyment of your manifold attractions. The tourist from America who travels on the wing as we do, and fancies he or she is to have a three months' exemption from bodily fatigue, will be as much deceived as our poor boys in 1861, who started to subdue the Confederates in the spirit of entering upon a Southern holiday excursion. To combine rest and profit as much as was possible, I sat at the window of a room enjoying the lovely view—the meadows beyond the canal, the background of heavy timber, the green arcades formed over the streets by the trees which meet in fraternal embrace, and through which, here and there, could be seen the yellow bricks of the street pavement, looking almost like specks of golden sunlight. After dinner I summoned resolution to join others on a visit to the Queen's Palace in the Wood. My stock of superlatives for expressing admiration were all exhausted long before arriving at the palace. Elegant squares, richly shaded streets, imposing residences, gardens blazing with color, are some of the impressions of that delightful drive. I shall never question the veracity of the native author who

said the Hague "had a tree, a flower, and a bird for each of its eighty thousand inhabitants." The approach to the palace of the late Queen (a most interesting character) is through a stately park of oaks, dotted with flower beds, and artificial lakes on which swans are seen gliding with a haughty air as if conscious of their aristocratic surroundings. The exterior is plain, but once over the threshold of the stately entrance, the eye is ravished with the exquisite elegance of the interior. We had visited numerous castles and cathedrals in England and Scotland, but this is the first *live* palace we have entered, and it was truly our beau ideal of a palace. Yet beautiful as it is, death could knock as loudly at its gates as at the door of the humblest cottage, and its late royal occupant had to obey the universal mandate. The dining-room has a dome in the centre; the wood-work is admirably carved and painted white. The Japanese room is the repository of the furniture made in Japan and presented to the Queen, and which was her favorite room. She was a superior woman, a contributor of brilliant papers upon miscellaneous subjects to French and German reviews; it is said that she addressed a letter to Napoleon III., in which she predicted the misfortunes France subsequently experienced. The Queen held large estates in her own right which were bequeathed to her son, who entertained for her the most devoted affection. Her love of letters is indicated by the portrait of Motley, the only portrait in the room. In the superb ball-room, however, are found many valuable paintings, including masterpieces of Rubens. A table of rare workmanship is also found here, and beyond an open door we have a vista made up of the flowers and shrubbery of the palace garden, which it was difficult to leave. It was not so much the costliness of the palace and its contents that elicited our admiration, as the faultless taste exhibited, to the minutest details.

The picture gallery in the Maurits Huis, or House of Maurice, would interest all lovers of art. It contains the famous cattle piece of Paul Potter, familiar by its frequent copies, etchings and engravings, none of which, however, preserve the startling vitality of the original; the principal figure appears ready to leap out of the canvas, and I should scarcely dare to wave a red shawl in its face without being sure of a safe retreat. This young genius was a frail man who died of consumption before his thirtieth year. I do not think any person can look upon Rembrandt's "Anatomist" with pleasure, unless possessed of such morbid tastes as led Byron to make a drinking-cup of a skull. Yet the merest tyro in art instantly recognizes the hand of a master in the matchless grouping and coloring and effects of light.

Our next stage brings us to Haarlem, where we were promised a rare treat in hearing the long-famed organ. Programmes were distributed by the conductor on the train, with a list of the pieces to be performed; but on reaching the Cathedral we found a marriage ceremony in progress which considerably curtailed the performance for our melody-itching ears. The novelty of a Dutch wedding was not sufficient to atone for this unlooked-for abridgement; and but few of us, besides one or two susceptible youth, that were not heartily glad when the bridal *côrtege* departed. The organ and the playing cannot be understood save on the spot. The whole range of melody, from the dripping of silver rain to the explosions of an Alpine thunder storm, was sounded by that king of instruments. I longed to withdraw to one of the lofty galleries and out of sight of all mankind drink in those strains which would enchant the ears of angels. Had I obeyed this impulse I should have been left behind, for our party had to leave for the Amsterdam train before the concert was over. We are now in the commercial

capital of Holland, and one of the wealthiest cities of the world. Amsterdam is in no greater danger from drought than its sister cities; the river Amstel runs through it, and the Zuyder-Zee fills its numberless canals, and flows beneath its two hundred and ninety bridges, and laves the shores of its ninety-five islands. The approach is over very low and swampy ground, which in case of an attack by a hostile foe can be flooded, and the enemy meet the fate of Pharaoh and his hosts. Built upon piles driven through the spongy surface, it is little wonder that so many of its houses have a habit of fraternizing; for many a gable is seen nodding to its neighbor, so near that an ordinary plank could be stretched from window to window. All sorts of curious costumes, quaint customs and novel life greet you here as at Rotterdam, but more national than at the latter city. The house-gables fronting the street remind us of the engravings of Albany in the old Knickerbocker days. They are of brick and very high, many of six stories, terminating in a little window just under the dizzy peak. No American housekeeper would ever feel at home in these houses unless provided with elevators; the stairs are not quite as perpendicular as a ladder, but at a sharper incline than are ever seen in America. The signs afford infinite amusement to those who can read them; one signifies that the occupant's calling is to "wake up" people,—a sort of human alarm clock. Many of the merchants dwell in houses along a canal facing their stores and warerooms on the opposite side, an advantage for keeping his eye upon his employées no Fifth avenue merchant enjoys. Save in the Jews' quarter, the city is as clean as those we have elsewhere spoken of. The short skirts of the women and amplitude of the men's garments were new to all of us who had not seen emigrants from Holland at Castle Garden; the former were met in the streets with arms and necks bare,

and often with indescribably bizarre head-dresses. I never tired of watching the movements on the canals; some of the barges laden with fruits and vegetables were pleasing to the eye, and when their freights are arranged in the markets they afford real studies, being grouped with consummate taste for effect. What a treat it would be to visit those resorts at night and see the plump women bargaining with their customers, shielding their candles with their hands, the divisions of the fingers marked by crimson lines, as you see in the market scenes of the Flemish school. But all the women of Holland are not engaged in occupation which affords any pleasure to the beholder; they are often seen dragging carts and boats, sometimes yoked with a man, painfully tugging along a heavy barge; again a cow and a bullock would perform the same service.

The Dutch must be a forgiving people, and have evidently forgotten that their famous Admiral Von Tromp once tied a broom to his mast-head and vowed to sweep the English from the North Sea. Here at Amsterdam we rest at the second hotel in Holland at which we have stopped named after the ruler of England. But the most vigilant inquiry is not rewarded by finding any memorial in honor of Spain, whose terrible butcheries in the Netherlands by the Duke of Alva can never be wiped from human memory.

We are ready to indorse nearly all we saw in Amsterdam, save the unpleasant condition of the water in the canals, and the stench which rises from them. The canals here are not so bright and pure as those between Rotterdam and Haarlem, and where the additional advantage was had of contrast with green meadows. In winter the canals of Amsterdam are a scene of the utmost gayety, with half the population on skates. This is something more than an accomplishment for pastime, for a great deal of business is accomplished on skates. In the time of the Spanish war

the citizens of Haarlem put their skill in skating to good service. A fleet of Dutch vessels was frozen up near the city and the Spaniards, thinking to make an easy capture, were met by the crews which skated out and quickly dispersed the assailants by their rapid movements, and causing considerable wonder to the Duke of Alva, who was unused to such tactics of war. The following day a thaw set in, allowing the fleet to escape; the thaw was succeeded by another frost, which again closed the channel, preventing pursuit. The Duke now ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and the Spaniards were soon as expert upon the ice as the Dutchmen.

I left Holland with an unsatisfied state of mind. I believe there is no portion of the Continent less known and understood in the United States; and until very recently it has been comparatively ignored by its near neighbors, the English. I have never dared to tell certain friends of New England that while at Rotterdam I failed to visit Delfthaven, from which sailed that little craft bearing the seed from which was to spring the mighty republic whose possibilities for Christian grandeur are without limit. Carlyle, who did not like us, could say — "Thou, little Mayflower, hadst in thee a veritable Promethean spark of the greatest nation on the earth; so may we name the Transatlantic Saxon nation."

There is no part of the Continent to which I would more gladly return for a thorough survey than Holland. Within a decade it will become the fashion for tourists to throng its territory as they now overrun the Swiss valleys. Aside from its unique geographical features, New Englanders will be attracted here for the land having been the first refuge of the Pilgrim Fathers when the British Parliament passed an Act to compel obstinate persons to attend the national church; New Yorkers will wish to visit the home of the founders of New Amsterdam. The officers of the Rotterdam Library have almost daily applications from

Americans for information concerning their Dutch ancestry.

In literature, science and art Holland does not sustain the renown of its past ; but its memorials of those whose names the world will never allow to perish are fondly cherished. We do not expect to visit any country where there is more thrift and content, less misery and want, than in this land below the sea.

We are now on the train from Amsterdam for a long night-ride to Cologne and the Rhine. The Rhine ! Will the dreams of our youth be realized ? Time will tell.

WALKS IN COLOGNE.

IT would have been a marvel if a party so large as ours in travelling over a vast continent, and by so many modes of locomotion, should not have encountered more or less peril. With the exception of the awful storm in mid-Atlantic, on the *Circassia*, the most imminent danger to which we were exposed was on the wearisome night-ride from Amsterdam to Cologne.

There are no sleeping cars on the Continental trains, and during the two months we spent between Edinburgh and Pompeii, I do not think I had a dozen hours of sound sleep in the many nights spent on board of railway trains. Goldoni relates that he had an infallible sleep-inducing resort in a dictionary he was compiling of an old Venetian dialect. I partially succeeded in gaining the same result by overhauling my notes and jotting down the impressions. While thus engaged, a few hours out from Amsterdam, I managed to get into a half-dozze, from which I was aroused by an eccentric motion of the car, and instantly reached forth to grasp the cord which invariably runs along the centre of the ceiling of American railway cars, but which here is outside, beyond the reach of passengers. Unable to give an alarm, I sat for some moments apparently self-possessed, but in reality in great trepidation. It was not until some terrible moments later that the cause was discovered; a wheel had broken, and we had been whirled a long distance just so much deficient in the proper running gear of the car. Nothing but the circumstance that the car was in the centre of the train, preserved us from accident, and perhaps from a terrible death.

The Rhine at Cologne is a sober body, who turns his back upon his gay youth and revelry, and enters upon the staid respectability of maturer years. The river here is considerably over a mile in width, with a channel varying from thirty to fifty feet in depth.

Were it not for that marvel of architecture, the Cathedral, there are several churches at Cologne which would repay long and frequent visits; but the Cathedral exhausts all the interest and enthusiasm. Mrs. Stowe's advice to tourists not to take more than three of the Cologne churches before breakfast, is judicious, for they draw heavily upon one's vitality. St. Peter's not only contains Rubens' great masterpiece of the crucifixion of the Patron Saint, but near it is the house in which the artist died. The painting was presented to the church by Rubens, in acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of his baptismal register. There is a tradition that the authorities were chagrined that the donation was not in a form which would have augmented the treasury. Upon learning their discontent, Rubens offered twenty-eight thousand crowns for the work. This at once aroused the heads of the church to a better appreciation of the painting, which from that day to this has been the delight of the connoisseur. When in the possession of the French, a copy was made of it in the Louvre, and which is yet on the back of the original.

While Americans are the most popular travellers in Europe, from their numbers and generosity, I think the cicerones must often curse them in their hearts for their lack of credulity, and especially for their stoicism over cherished relics. What little veneration we had in theory for relics of saints and martyrs, has been almost wholly extinguished by the exorbitant demands upon our faith at Cologne. At this rate, by the time we reach Rome we shall be the most incorrigible of heretics.

My chief regret on a visit to the Church of St. Ursula,

the world-renowned depository of the bones and skulls of the eleven thousand British virgins slain here by the Huns, was that I had not made my purchase of the genuine Jean Marina Farina, in order to be better fortified against the ghastly spectacle, and the consequence to the olfactory organs. In vain did I make research for the remains of the fifty-nine thousand virgins, for, if the tradition be true, there were sixty thousand of these adventurous maids who accompanied St. Ursula from Britain to her destination at Bretagne.

The Cathedral, like the Alps, should be taken by gradual approaches, in order that the mind may be in a proper receptive condition to judge of its architecture, which, more than any other structure I have seen, realizes the expression "frozen music." A grand view of the exterior is afforded from the parapet extending along the river in front of the beautiful gardens at Deutz, on the right bank: that is, on the east side, as the terms right and east bank are so named for their location as you descend the Rhine. From Calais to Naples you can find no building which so unites Youth and Age as the Cologne Cathedral.

A nearer view of the exterior than that afforded at Deutz does not lessen the impression. Standing here beneath the shadow of its massive gray walls, some portions crumbling with decay, others hid by moss and ivy, while the later portions have the appearance of being fresh from the mason's hand, I felt that it would not be possible to see elsewhere a more majestic work of man, or one which would excite such varied thought.

The ground plan is the usual cruciform. Including those of the portico, there are upwards of one hundred columns, four in the interior being thirty feet in circumference, the peers of those at Karnak. But it is not until we have passed beyond the main portal that we begin to realize the superiority of the design. It is said that the

original architect intended that the nave and choir should present the appearance of a petrified forest. It may seem presumption in man to attempt to embody such an ambitious dream, almost the infinity of space in tangible form, but surely it is here accomplished as nearly as it may be by finite hands. I have been told of not only women but men of such susceptibility that, when gazing up these ever-ascending columns to the flowing branches of their capitals, in the vault half-hid in the mists of distance, have been unable to control the emotions which overpowered them. We stand in the dark shadows of the nave, at the right of the entrance, nearly as petrified as the stone and marble effigies looking down from their lofty niches. Through the transept came a flood of crimson, green and purple light; shafts of illuminated dust radiating from a window of painted glass, itself as high as an ordinary church; these shafts falling obliquely upon the pavement, seemed the veritable Jacob's ladder, and one would scarcely think it a miracle to behold the ascending and descending angels. Falling away on either side is that wonderful perspective of "palm trees in stone," which all the splendors of St. Peter's at Rome can not obliterate from memory. Beyond, stretch chapel after chapel, altars blazing with the gems of Asia and Africa, until the aching eye rests upon the vanishing point, the high altar with its golden coffin containing the bones of the Magi, over whose skulls are written with rubies their names — Caspar, Melchoir, Balthasar; these relics are seen through a railing of exquisite workmanship, inlaid with gold and precious gems.

Not until the peals of the distant organ fell upon my ear did I wake to the knowledge that I was an inhabitant of this every-day world, and moved from the spot where I had stood so long enchained by the sublimity of this matchless pile. What must have been the mind of the man that conceived this marvel? How the glories of the

Apocalyptic vision must have hung over his head. How apposite the words, written in Latin, upon a minor tabernacle decorated with seven columns, and quoted from the Proverbs of Solomon: "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars." The work upon the altars and lesser portions of the interior, the designs of men of different centuries, is naturally incongruous, and does not harmonize with the original plan; but nothing short of positive barbarism can destroy the principal effect. My advice would be to those who have cherished a lifetime ideal of St. Peter's to go to Rome before Cologne, in order that they may enjoy a fruition of the same without abatement by comparison in architectural majesty with its rival on the Rhine. It mattered not that it was a temple dedicated to another faith than that of mine. I could exclaim with Dr. Prime, when gazing upon the scarcely less marvel of the Seville Cathedral, "This is the temple of the Living God."

In two of the side chapels service of some kind was in progress, from one of which came forth the music of a chant of ravishing sweetness. I thought it to be a boy choir; it might have been, however, that I was prejudiced to that conclusion from the recollection of a beautiful song that was uppermost in my mind:

"Oh, sweet and dim the light and shade
Across the minster stealing;
I heard the grand old organ played,
The anthem upward stealing;
One boy's sweet voice above the rest
I heard so clearly ringing,
The angels must his dreams have blest,
To teach him such sweet singing."

Going into a shop after our visit to St. Ursula's church, whose walls are hung with ivy, in whose foliage the birds are happily domesticated, I made my first purchase of eau-de-Cologne, in the city of its manufacture and identified

with its name, which we trace to Agrippina, the wife of Cæsar Claudius.

The traffic in eau-de-Cologne is enormous; there are some half-dozen factories in the city, each claiming to manufacture the genuine article. The sales are said to amount to a sum equal to thirty millions of dollars annually. The result ought to sweeten and purify the whole world, but there are quarters in Naples in which I think it is unknown.

The gardens at Deutz, to which allusion has been made, form an attractive resort for the populace of Cologne. The effect of the brilliant colors of the ladies' dresses in conjunction with the blossoms of rare exotics, is very fine. The zoölogical gardens are so near that the howl of an irate lion often penetrates here — a sound somewhat more formidable than the imitative roar of *Snug the joiner* in "Midsummer Night's Dream." There is much less restraint among women in public places in Germany, particularly at Cologne, than in American cities. Good humor and little regard for conventionalities appeared their chief characteristics.

When I retired to my room at ten o'clock I felt that I was considerably the richer for my experience in this antique city. The night was dark and a dismal rain was falling. Throwing my window open I looked out towards the Rhine, which on the morrow I was to explore. It seemed like those fleeting recollections of half-remembered dreams to think that I was really on the banks of the witching stream of legend and romance.

THE RHINE.

THE Rhine! The Jordan is dear to us for its immortal association with our Lord; the Nile carries us to the birth of history, art and letters; the Thames, the Hudson and Mississippi, each have their mighty claims, either for our admiration or wonder. Yet to the Rhine are we constrained to agree with the Germans that it is the Father of Rivers. There are isolated portions of our pride of the Empire State which stand unrivalled for their beauty and magnificence, and were the Rhine divested of its vineyards, its legendary lore, its ruins and castles, and its untold wealth of historic association, the Hudson might then be declared the equal, by some the superior, as was the case by a late English writer with reference to the natural scenery of the two streams. Let me here add that both the Hudson and the Rhine need more study than a steamboat trip from Albany to New York, or from Cologne to Mayence affords, in order to properly estimate their natural features. I have found that the Hudson has grown upon me the more that my opportunities increased for enjoying its manifold beauties, and no doubt it would be the same with its transatlantic rival.

To the intelligent American who has not yet entered Italy, the Rhine yields a hitherto unknown pleasure. It is the first tangible grasp of History, for on its banks stand the memorials of men and nations coeval with the advent of the Christian era.

As we entered the boat at nine o'clock on the morning of July 21st, the dreary rain was yet falling. Nothing

daunted, we made ourselves comfortable, and resolved no "coigne of vantage" should escape us in our ascent.

As some may read these lines who have yet in store the delight of a foreign tour, I would ask them to bear in mind that in going from Cologne to Mayence you sail in the same direction as in descending the Hudson from Albany to New York, with this difference, that on the Rhine you are going up stream, and that the distance is about twenty-five miles less.

The progress of our boat is steady but slow, in consequence of beating the current : thus we are afforded time for viewing the principal points of attraction as we pass. Bonn is the first town of note we approach, situated on the left bank, upon a gentle eminence rising from the river.

An enthusiastic admirer of the novelist, Herr Auerbach, author of "The Villa on the Rhine," points out a residence at Bonn as the original of that introduced in the fiction ; it is said to be the estate of a German who made a fortune in America. What a bonanza is our land to the Irish and Germans.

As we continue our progress upward, the retrospective view is charming. We have on board a little Parisian lady, as bright as a tin pan taking its airing on an outdoor shelf in a summer morning's sun. She is restless as Ariel, and darts hither and thither, scattering bits of comment and gossip, as a wren hops about dropping bits of sticks. Every new perspective opened by turning a curve in the stream is heralded by fresh ejaculations, all of which are variations of her key-note — "*Mon Dieu, que c'est beau !*"

Four miles from Bonn bring us to Godesberg, on the same bank. A high wind accompanied the rain that beset us at the start, and at this point compelled many to retreat from the deck. This gives an additional force to the old legend told of Kreuzberg, now in sight. It is

said that his Satanic Majesty was one day passing here in company with the wind, and tiring of such airy escort, invited Boreas to wait for him while he called upon the owner of an estate they were passing. His Majesty, however, failed to return, and the wind has been waiting for him ever since.

We are now entering a portion of the stream which realizes our ideal Rhine; here rise the Drachenfels, one of the volcanic group of the Seven Mountains, on our left; at the right is pretty Rolandsdeck, and the island of Nonnenwerth, so near that we can almost grasp the foliage of its shores hanging so lovingly over the Rhine, enamored with its own beauty. The highest of the Seven Mountains does not exceed fifteen hundred feet, but they impart a picturesque character to the region indescribably charming to the eye a little wearied with the flatness of Holland and the Rhine below this point. When Nature lingered here she was in a sportive and happy mood. Here she stands as Lady Bountiful, lavishing upon earth her choicest favors. What the views must be from these heights, each capped with castle or ruin, the imagination can conceive, even if the eye, as in our case, is denied the sight. But if we cannot ascend the Seven Hills, we can drink our fill of the beauty on either hand.

I find it easy to believe the story of Roland and the beautiful Hildegunde, while the nunnery in which she took the veil is visible from our boat, as we peep through the little vistas which allow us glimpses of Nonnenwerth, lying in the stream like an emerald in a bracelet of silver.

Beyond a gentle detour of the river we discern the little valley with the poetic name of Heisterbach Mantle, in whose green bosom lies the ruin of an abbey which is sufficiently intact to testify to its former beauty and extent. This is the Abbey of Heisterbach, the site of which, says the legend, was chosen by an ass. The monks

first built their chapel upon a neighboring height, but desiring a warmer spot they packed the ecclesiastical property that was portable upon an ass, with the resolve to build wherever the animal should halt, which happened to be in this little Eden of a valley.

In the forward part of our boat are seated six or eight men around a table, and drinking wine or beer with a zest that betrays their nationality. They appear utterly oblivious to all else about them; their faces are as round as the full moon, and at every fresh story or anecdote they laugh with such abandon that their entire bodies quiver like a dish of blanc-mange.

Not all the charms of the Rhine could induce our company to neglect the slightest excuse for eating, the Rhine air is such an appetite generator. A lately published history of Yale College tells of the students in earlier times, who stood at the table while a blessing was said, at the conclusion of which two forks would be found sticking in each potato. The impulse at a Rhine steamboat dinner is scarcely less aggressive.

The river was not so green as I had read. It is possible that its color varies in accord with atmospherical conditions. The heavy rains may have caused the argillaceous tint as we saw it. Wherever seen in shadow it was glassy and black as ebony.

The ridge rising over Remagen is named the Victoria-berg, in honor of the Crown Princess of Prussia, the daughter of Victoria; the sunset view from the Victoria Temple is described as of transcendent beauty, commanding a wide expanse, and long stretches of the Rhine reaching north and south in graceful sinuosity. My resolution, made many years before, that when I should go up the Rhine I would stop at Remagen for a week to make excursions into the valley of the Ahr I am forced to rescind; the laws of excursions are arbitrary, and perhaps it is well they cannot be broken by individual prefer-

ences ; although I believe my desires are something more than mere whims.

Just before reaching Andernach we catch a glimpse of the railway train flying along near the river, on its way to Cologne ; its progress, however, does not seem so rapid as the express trains on the Hudson, nor the track so well guarded, for on the latter road there is a watchman stationed at every mile. Our boat, also, can bear no comparison with the steam-propelled palaces of the Hudson and the Sound, which for elegance and magnitude have no parallels in any part of Europe. When within sight of Neuwid we saw the famed Eperler-Ley, a basaltic rock rising to a height of over seven hundred feet. The spectacle of a barren rock yielding delicious fruit is something unique. Its whole surface is covered with vines planted in baskets, the earth constantly replaced as the rains wash it down the declivities. No doubt the heat emanating from the dark basalt is conducive to the prosperity of the vine on the south and west sides. This absorption of heat is well understood by horticulturists, and in China the garden walls are painted black to anticipate the slower maturity of nature.

No matter how zealous and faithful the tourist may be, it is impossible to give more than a momentary glance to places of absorbing interest on the Rhine in the manner we travelled ; while localities of secondary interest one is forced to ignore altogether ; localities which would have charm and interest for the leisurely tourist.

Abreast of Neuwid our thoughts are carried to our beloved land so far away ; its fresh-looking roofs and the white buildings nestling amid green gardens are quite New England like at this distance ; its modern appearance is in striking contrast to the neighboring antiquity of Andernach. And there is every evidence of the content and prosperity of the majority of American towns at the North in and around Neuwid. No less pleasant is it to

note the Christian amity in which the disciples of such varied faiths dwell here, children of one Father. The Protestants are in the majority. The Moravian women, in their neat robes, with white neckerchiefs covering their bosoms, so easily distinguished from the maids, who wear red and blue ribbons, remind me of our Shakers. The environs of Neuwid are composed of fertile orchards, meadows and vineyards, which were clothed in all the luxuriance of midsummer. Industry and thrift are as perfectly indicated in this vicinity as in any section of our own land I can name. Here, from our point, you can see churches occupied by Catholics, Lutherans, Moravians, Calvinists and Jews. I doubt not the Bible Society of Neuwid had the new Oxford revision of the New Testament as quick as the most zealous theologian in New York or Boston.

Between the small fishing hamlet of Irlich and Neuwid we encounter a stench which could be nothing less than an importation from Hunter's Point on the East River; it was the only portion of the Rhine where the late purchases at Cologne were brought into general use.

Our boat is now passing over that portion of the river which receives the waters of the Moselle, the Bride of the Rhine, who rushes into the arms of the tawny groom with such force that he would appear to be unable to hold her; for the bright waters from France are discerned for quite a distance from the confluence before they mingle with the darker tide of the Rhine. But it is not Hymen who has his worship here; Bellona reigns. Indeed, if the god of war should choose an abiding place it would be at Coblenz; it cannot be that a beseiging army could get a foothold here unless it dropped down from balloons. The batteries of Ehrenbreitstein, the Rhine Gibraltar, upon the opposite shore, command the approaches by the river north and south, as well as the Nassau road. The Mayence road is swept by the guns of Forts Alexander

and Constantine; while the highway from Cologne and Treves, on the Moselle, is covered by Fort Kaiser Franz. When will the Prince of Peace hold undisputed sway? There is something almost humiliating in the sight of these frowning batteries, in the midst of scenes where all should speak of harmony and concord with Nature. When the shepherds were listening to that glad song echoing over the hills of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good will to men," the foundation of these fortifications were being laid; and never since have they ceased to stand a memorial of man's lust for dominion and power. By the side of the same slopes that yield God's choicest fruits rise the black chimneys of the foundries that forge the Krupp cannon and other terrible engines of war.

From the ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein are had two grand vistas, the Moselle and the Rhine. Coblenz from this point is imposing. Palatial buildings of both antique and modern look, rise proudly on the bank facing the Rhine. A noble stone bridge with fourteen arches crosses the Moselle and connects Coblenz with Petersburg.

Ehrenbreitstein is tritely compared to a couchant lion with its eyes fastened upon France. Everything here has such a martial aspect we almost unconsciously take a march along the steamer's deck as we turn our faces southward.

COBLENZ TO OBERWESEL.

COBLENZ is the half-way stopping-place between Cologne and Mayence. We are yet in sight of this Rhine Gibraltar when our boat is passing the isle of Oberworth, on which is a farm-house, originally occupied as a convent. The island is about one hundred and twenty-five acres in extent, and appears to be a rich and fruitful spot. Opposite this island, on the right bank, is situated Pfaffendorf, a quiet-looking village, taking a summer nap in the shade of large trees, and flanked by orchards and vineyards. The boat stops at Capellen just long enough to give us a peep into the mouth of the river Lahn, which in the remote perspective reveals the wild and romantic character of its banks, beautifully undulating hills gradually swelling until they are lost in the eastern horizon. The famed and fashionable Ems is but a few miles up the Lahn, but which we are obliged to forego a visit, hoping to have an equivalent pleasure in our stay at Wiesbaden.

The Castle of Lahneck looks proudly down from its mountain nest over the sylvan valley which Goethe so much loved, and which, since the completion of the railway, has been thoroughly explored by the tourist and artist.

The hull of a large boat lay inverted on the shore at Capellen, in which some round-faced peasant children were playing; their staring eyes peeping out from the entrance to their "Peggotty Palace," which had been made by digging away the sand, were irresistibly comic.

We appear here to be in the heart of the hilly portion

of the Rhine, which rises on both sides of the stream, forming the most delightful combination of earth, rock and verdure possible to conceive. The river is so wide that it has the appearance of a placid lake, which only the wheels of our boat disturb, although we are continually passing the various water craft ascending and descending, laden with fruit, vegetables and miscellaneous freight. The immense timber rafts, to which so many writers make allusion, did not appear in that portion of the stream we sailed; they are said to have a decided Western or Mississippi aspect to American eyes.

After leaving Brauback, as we look ahead, we appear to be entering a *cul de sac*; the river is completely shut in by a sharp and long detour it takes to the east, and but for a few Rhenish characteristics along the banks, we could easily fancy we had entered the Highland Hudson, especially as no outlet is visible, and the west bank is very similar to the Palisades, so that we here have two characteristics of our home river united in one spot on the Rhine. This detour is the most eccentric on the river; and as we advance, the rocks become more weird until the defile is positively gloomy. Upon emerging from this circuit, where the river is more fretful and rough than any portion below, we are greeted with the sight of two tall spires rising from the town of Boppard at the right, a place of ancient renown, and associated with legends of the Knights Templars, which have been so beautifully embodied in the songs and romances of Adelaide von Stolterforth. A row of prim but stately poplars extends along the river in front of Boppard, and imparts a peculiarly quaint look to the locality, less cheerful than other sections of the Rhine, but perfectly in harmony with the rocky bend we have just left behind.

The view looking down stream from St. Goar is decidedly Rhenish, to which the two castles called the

"Cat" and the "Mouse" add a picturesque outline. They were formerly the seats of two men who did not live in amity, and the "Cat" watched the "Mouse." The lover of legends and ghost stories can have his fill in this vicinity. One of the most interesting is that relating to the beautiful wife of a noble at Rheinfels, who was murdered by poison instilled into her sacramental wine by her husband's chaplain. For his crime he was publicly burnt at Cologne in 1472. Not every ghost story has so good foundation as the one which preserves the memory of the poisoned countess.

There are not many spots on the Rhine which exceed for loveliness and tranquillity that lying near St. Goar on the left bank and St. Goarhausen directly opposite. But scarcely have we had opportunity to note the beauty of the view, both north and south, when we enter another defile more formidable than that above Boppard, the river contracting to a breadth of but nine hundred feet, and whirling and dashing along in a manner too much suggestive of the swift currents at Hell Gate before the late blastings. This turmoil is not wholly caused by the rocky foundation over which the river flows, for it has a fall here of about five feet to the half-mile. This spot is instantly recognized as one of which poets have sung in all ages — the home of the Loreley. The different versions of the legend of the siren who lured the boatman into the whirlpool are too numerous to be even mentioned here. It is the old story of men going to destruction as they blindly follow the call of pleasure.

The salmon caught in this part of the Rhine are esteemed for their flavor; they are not so numerous as in those days when the servants of the nobles at St. Goar and St. Goarhausen would not engage in services unless they should not be compelled to eat salmon only every other day — a stipulation quite unnecessary now, as the steamboats have frightened the fish away.

The Castle of Schomberg — Fair Mountain — is in view approaching Oberwesel; also the Jungfrauen, or "Virgins," perpetuating a poetic legend of seven lovely countesses of the Schomberg family. These ladies were so obdurate that they saw with indifference the neighboring knights much distracted by their charms; for their cruelty they were changed into the seven rocks we see — a warning to all hard-hearted maids. Judging from some movements on the boat among the younger passengers, I think the maidens of the party will not deserve the fate of the stone ladies in the river. As an offset to this legend, we have that of Gutenfels Castle, which derives its name from that of a beautiful woman a great emperor loved.

As we pass Oberwesel, one of the ladies on board resumes her sketching with industrious strokes. We cannot see her outlines, but are none the less assured the subject of her artistic labor is the noble tower of Ochsenthurm, which was certainly built down here by the river's bank to catch the artist's eye. Nothing could be more picturesque. It only lacks the ivy of Kenilworth or Heidelberg. The tower is a perfect stone cylinder, and above its battlements rises a hexagon, from which a magnificent panorama must be unfolded, could we but climb to it over the steps indicated by the small windows we see rising in a spiral line from the base to the summit.

At this point a little fleet of vegetable and freight boats coming down from the Upper Rhine, caused a few moments' delay of our boat, and as we were quite near the shore, afforded opportunity for a longer view of this interesting locality than we could otherwise have.

During our temporary halt at Oberwesel, as the boat swung around in obedience to the pilot's turn at the wheel, a regular Dutch sloop was brought into view. It looked as if it had just floated out of the canals at Rotterdam, and was clean enough to serve a Broek

housekeeper for a reception-room. In color it was positively nothing short of a floating rainbow. It surely was the same vessel we had seen at Rotterdam moored to the quay, which an old man in wide breeches rolled up to the knees was scrubbing with such industry as made the deck shine like a mirror. But if this is the same craft, the cleaning to-day has been in another direction. Hanging upon a line stretched on the rigging, are various garments belonging to a sailor's wardrobe, yet dripping with their late ablution. From their awkward arrangement, they were evidently not hung by a woman's hands. The Dutch men-washerwomen probably do not take the pride that their German sisters are reported to do, when at their semi-annual washings they borrow or hire of their richer neighbors extra linen, in order to make a better display, and excite the envy of the passer-by.

CAUB TO BINGEN.

THAT class of American tourists who grumble because they cannot go through the Vatican and Louvre on a tramway, would not care to travel the Rhine any less rapidly than we are reluctantly forced to pass over it. Those whose leisure permits sometimes follow the carriage-road, halting at the various points of interest, as taste and inclination prompt. What accommodations they obtain at the quaint wayside inns, whose old signs we see here and there hanging over the river-bank, I have no means of knowing; but I believe they do not enjoy much reputation for comfort or cleanliness; as we sail past, however, they lend an enhanced effect to the landscape. They belong to another age than ours, and appear to have no affinity with any locomotion besides the foot-wanderer, and the lumbering stage-coach; there are centuries of time between their moss-covered roofs and the revolutions of our boat-wheels, and the shrieks of the Cologne express engine.

Did Mr. Baedeker when he wrote of the Castle of Gutenfels that "the Shoolmaster Muller at Caub has the keys," imagine how quaintly that was to read to an American girl to whom the Rhine was as remote as a river in dreamland? And here before us are Caub and the Castle, and, possibly, the old "Schoolmaster Muller."

One must travel far to see a prettier view than that made up by Caub and the Castle of Gutenfels on our left as we ascend, the former interesting for overlooking the

spot where Blucher crossed the Rhine in 1814, the latter for its pictorial beauty, in no degree lessened by its story. At this castle formerly dwelt a German emperor who, already wedded to a lovely woman, had the misfortune to be smitten with a neighbor, the beautiful Countess Beatrix of Falkenstein. Heaven so willed it that the empress died, leaving the emperor to marry Beatrix;—quite a parallel case to that of the lately assassinated Emperor of Russia and the Princess Dolgourki.

The Pfalz, built on the Rhine in front of Caub, is the most nondescript structure you see during the entire trip; a stone tower of not very great height, but otherwise huge, surrounded by lesser towers and walls. A capital site for a toll-house, however, the purpose for which it was undoubtedly constructed. It was here that in 840 Louis le Debonnaire turned his back upon the *ennui* of imperial sway and splendor, and laid down to die where the murmurs of the flowing Rhine might chant his requiem.

Notwithstanding that Bacharach is christened in honor of Bacchus, and has done such solid service for the god, it has a respectable and sober appearance which belies its equivocal reputation of the elder day. Times and manners change; the oldest and most respectable of Massachusetts towns that once exported an intoxicant bearing its name to all the corners of the globe, is now best known as the seat of a prominent college.

Was it because Beethoven was born among Rhine ruins that he has embodied such peculiar descriptive power in his "Ruins of Athens?" And they have even built an artificial ruin along the banks (at Rossel, is it?), just because, I suppose, it was the only eligible spot on the river where there was not one in the natural course of things. To build an artificial ruin on the Rhine is something like sending a tub of water to Niagara.

How much to be regretted is it that so many of our

Indian names of rivers and lakes have not been retained; they are as poetical as many on the Rhine, such as the Wisper and the valley of the Wisperwind (whispering wind) we are now approaching, indicated by the town of Lorch at the mouth of the Wisper. The valley is a sort of a natural Æolian harp, as the wind is thought to have a peculiar pensive sound as it floats down from the north-east.

The day was far advanced as we neared Lorch, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and in a region once infested by fairies. Over it is the Devil's Ladder, a lofty rock where a legendary hero climbed to find his inamorata who had been stolen by the gnomes, and hid away in the mountains. This was the home of Ava, the fairy who invented weaving, that she might clothe her lover. An amusing story is told of the *sang froid* of an Englishman lodging at a Lorch inn, which took fire during the night. The host and servants pounded frantically at his door, while the guest hurled anathemas at them for their zeal in disturbing his rest for such a trivial cause. Resuming his sleep, the people of the inn transferred their energies to extinguishing the flames, which they finally accomplished.

Ammannhausen tells us that we are now at the gate of the "Garden of the Rhine," the Rheinau. Already the mouth of the Nahe is in view, just as we lose sight of the Rhine as it takes an acute angle to the left. If possible, the vineyards appear more luxuriant than those below. Here at Ammannhausen is made, I believe, the only red whine in the Rhine vineyards. But of this some of our gentlemen coming from the dining-cabin, can give more reliable information.

The people we see at the occasional landings — that is, the common class of the natives — are exceedingly grotesque; many of them can only be described in Yankee parlance, "outlandish." Yet I should be mindful of the probability that my own Leghorn flat worn in 1879, may

be no less ludicrous and mirth-suggesting to a not remote posterity. I seem to hear a *coterie* of merry girls of the early part of the twentieth century, screaming over the discovery of "Aunt Addie's Leghorn" under the Mansard roof, for alas! we shall have no old-style attics and garrets then. Amongst these quaintly attired groups we discover no ideal Gretchens, although there are not lacking fair-skinned maids, with peach-blow cheeks, and corn-colored hair hanging down their backs in single and double strands. Not unfrequently there comes on board a Dutch Holland family, the heads of which have that solidity and rotundity seen rarely in New York outside of Fulton Market stalls. What would Mr. Worth do with one of those good dames, or the Parisian tailors with her husband?

Cologne, however, outside of Holland, is the locality most frequented by Dutchmen, and with the German river people from the Upper and Middle Rhine, add immensely to the peculiar features of life in the market places of the city. A party of these at Cologne, mixed up with a few Finlanders, gathered around a grotesque individual in buff breeches, red vest and black velveteen jacket, who was vociferously haranguing the gaping crowd before him. He proved to be a vendor of rat-catching powder, and could we but have understood the arguments of the charlatan, we should doubtless have learned that Bishop Hatto might have averted his dismal fate by investing in a purchase of a dozen bottles of his compound.

THE RHEINAU.

FAIR "Bingen on the Rhine!" At last, with the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem in hand, we are in sight of the shore and hill; there is the debouchement of the quiet Nahe, the Klopp towers, and the slope of St. Roche, whose groves of oak each returning August are resonant with the mirth and revelry of the annual fête. It was fitting that we should pass this idyllic spot just as the mists of twilight were veiling the little town and hiding the perspective of the Nahe beyond the ancient bridge; it was an hour of all others most suited to the character of the spot. There are some features of the scenery in this vicinity which recall the views from the Palmer House at Nyack-on-Hudson.

The Rheinau! Who but the painter-poet may describe it! This valley, the home of the vine, extends from Bingen to Mayence, a distance of about twenty miles. Take a broad ribbon of bluish silver, and dot it with circlets of emerald tint, and you have the river with its islands — one to every half mile. The "Bingen Hole" is another Hell Gate, although, as in East River, the obstructions have been gradually lessened by blastings since 1830.

Alluding to East River, I am reminded that the chain of villages and rivers along the right bank, on these golden miles between Bingen and Mayence, stretching like a chain of pearls, is of a very similar character to Astoria and Ravenswood, and those charming estates intervening. For the distances, however, to complete the home par-

allel, you need to take the north shore of Staten Island, from Clifton to Port Richmond, and the proud heights along Palisade avenue at Yonkers.

Notwithstanding the wealth of the owners of these Rheinau estates, their gardens are less extensive than those of corresponding character in the American locality named; the earth is too precious to be dedicated to Flora; Pomona is the goddess in whose honor the hills are wreathed; for, as I have said, this is the home of the vine; not the vine of Italy that grows spontaneously and twines its arms around the trees from whose branches its luscious fruit hangs in festoons and garlands, but the vine of commerce, as prosaic here as the potato-bed at home; for grape culture in Germany is not what theoretical poetry paints it. At a little distance the fields of vine are not unlike an equal surface of ground covered with hills of growing corn. Work, stern, earnest, persistent work, alone brings the fruitful harvest here; and even that in some seasons is rendered futile by causes beyond man's control. The tobacco grower along the Connecticut valley meadows who has his all invested in the maturing crop, is not more anxious and sensitive concerning September frosts, than the vineyard proprietor of the atmosphere or elements which may rob him of his vintage.

No American farmer understands the laws of cause and effect better than the shrewd Charlemagne did a thousand years ago. He had discovered from his hundred-columned portico of Eugleheim, that the snow on the heights of Ehrenfels melted earlier than on the neighboring slopes. Here, then, was the location for a prime vineyard. Plants were at once ordered from Burgundy and Orange; and from that day to this the fruitful vine has never ceased to testify to the wisdom of Charlemagne.

There were those among us who had made the Rheinau

the subject of special study; to these the region was one of absorbing interest, and fatigue was not allowed to interfere with noting every point.

Away up on the slopes lie the vineyards of Rauenthal; they are on the west bank, where the sun lingers the livelong day, instilling into its peerless fruit that delicious flavor which won its wine the name of "Queen of the Rhine," at the late Paris Exposition. Thousands, among whom the writer is glad to be classed, who never use wine as a beverage, are, nevertheless, familiar with the name Hattenheimer, from the frequency it is seen upon wine-cards at hotels. The vineyards of Hattenheim are on the side of the Taunus heights, which fall away in beautiful terraces towards Bingen.

But the claims of all these brands to superiority are stoutly contested by the Johannisberg lords, who keep the national colors flying from their towers to show when they are at home, in emulation of royalty itself. This noted château was once a monastery, and its wine is interwoven with the history of monks and priests, as are most of the Rhine vintages. History gives record of a missionary monk who floated down the Rhine in a wine-cask, and preached from it to the fishermen when it came to shore.

It may appear inconsistent for one who has long worked in behalf of temperance to take so much interest in the wine culture of Germany; and perhaps it would have been better to have devoted this attention to the sugar-beet culture of the empire, which is one of the great industries of the land, excelling the results we have attained in this direction at home. Some concessions, however, must be made to the poetical tastes of a lady tourist; how can we ignore a beverage with the title of the "Bride of Steinberg?" Not that brides are rare as black swans: there are several on the boat; and unless all signs fail, there may be others by another

season recruited from the ranks of our own party. Well, at Hattenheim ("Hatto's town") is a very large cask — what a paradise for coopers must Germany be! — containing one hundred gallons of a choice brand of wine, which is named the "Bride of Steinberg," and which in one season sold for twenty-five hundred dollars. Not a very extravagant price, however, for a bride. Does it not remind you of the old mint-master who put his daughter in the scales at her wedding, and balanced her weight with Pine Tree Shillings?

The Gotsenheim vineyards lie between us and Johannisberg; they are reported to contain nearly five hundred different kinds of grapes. Fortunate we are so many weeks in advance of their maturity, and are thus spared having to taste so great a variety of luscious fruit. It is not stated if each yields a distinct brand of liquor, yet were it so, it is not probable the wine-tasters need any commiseration.

Only sixty or seventy acres, yet what a princely revenue they yield — these slopes of Johannisberg, which are never out of the eyes of the sun until he goes to bed behind the Black Forest. And so precious are the grapes that they are jealous of the very birds, and the laborers would as soon think of entering the château and stealing some of the Metternich pearls, as to forage in the vineyard. There is a story told of the Rothschilds having once bought the Johannisberg vintage of one season, and closed the cellars, selling only a limited amount. It is natural for the world to seek what it is denied, and all Europe was soon wild for this wine; not a royal banquet could be complete without it, and the entire vintage was eventually converted into an incredible amount of gold. The fruit is allowed to remain upon the ground until it is nearly rotted, and is carefully picked up by long forks made for the purpose. As the vintage does not take place until November, we had no

opportunity of witnessing the festivities which attend it, and must take on trust the enlivening narratives of others.

The vintage is looked forward to by the Rhine peasantry with all the nervous anticipation of pleasure with which the New England boy counts the days intervening between the April Fast Day and the Fourth of July. No matter if the crop be a failure, the festivities must go forward all the same. •

The apple orchards we passed on the Rhine and elsewhere in Germany, looked thrifty, but the fruit did not appear so large and of such varied hues as our own, which certainly is unequaled for size and flavor. The distinguishing feature of the Rhenish landscape, as compared to that of England or America, is the absence of animal life. For a long time I knew not how to account for a sense of something lacking, until it became apparent that there were no flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. More cows are to be seen in a twenty-mile drive through the Mohawk Valley than along the whole length of the Rhine. When we did see here any of these animals which add so largely to our comfort at home, they gave no satisfaction, for they were invariably yoked to the plough, or dragging a heavy load only fit for the ox or horse.

There must be cattle in Germany, but where they are pastured is a query to the traveller. The fine cattle of Holland would contribute much to the beauty of the Rhine landscape.

The view, from the deck, of the right bank of the Rheinau on the north side was unique. The evening was sufficiently advanced to give a peculiarly novel effect to the almost continuous villages and terraced slopes as we passed. Small gardens, with vine-draped pavilions, extend to the water's edge, and back of which we see lights twinkling in villas and the cottages of the vine-

dresser. Here is a marine wall of stone, whose foundation is washed by the current, which fences in a noble property, and over which hang luxuriant foliage and vines, their long tendrils dallying with the swift-rolling stream. The island of Rheinau, no doubt a little paradise by day, is dark and silent as we glide past. More animated is the shore of Eltville, with its gay-lit mansions, the favorite retreat of wealthy families.

A straggling row of lights outlines the long street of Winkel, at one extremity of which Goethe once dwelt in the summer residence of a citizen of Frankfort, and where he received the letters of Bettina mentioned in the "Correspondence of a Child." The summer home of Robert von Hornstein, who composes here his charming melodies, is pointed out, but we can distinguish nothing save a mass of black foliage to locate the nest of this songster.

I had supposed we were to land at Mayence, but the terminus of the trip is at Biebrich, a few miles west of Mayence; thus we are deprived of a visit to the ancient and interesting city and its cathedral containing the monument of Count Henry von Meissen, surnamed Frauenlob, which signifies he sung "the praise of woman."

"We shall land in ten minutes!" is the message that goes from one end of the boat to the other, repeated in half a dozen languages. Books, satchels and wraps are hastily gathered up, and in about the same order as the animals entered the ark, we file out upon the landing at Biebrich.

Biebrich Castle is a long, somewhat low structure of reddish stone, which quite recently was staked by its princely owner, and lost at a single throw at the gaming-table. Its site is finely placed at the base of the Taunus range, which falls away to the west, far as the eye can reach, in undulating perspective. Between the castle and the river is an avenue, shaded by a double row of thrifty trees, which by day must be the most charming of promenades.

From this esplanade you command the Johannisberg height and the whole Rheinau perspective. Americans familiar with the sylvan loveliness of Hampstead harbor, on Long Island, will discover a corresponding beauty here in the undulating contour of the hills on the north shore of the Rheinau.

Although we afterwards had distant glimpses of the Rhine, from Heidelberg castle and other points at Biebrich, we felt that we were taking our long farewell of a stream never more to be forgot.

HOURS AT WIESBADEN.

UPWARDS of twenty carriages were used in transporting our party from Biebrich landing to Wiesbaden, four miles beyond. We had to run the gantlet of a group of idlers surrounding the carriages, and whose appearance was the most unprepossessing of any crowd we saw in Germany.

The night drive to Wiesbaden was through foliage-lined streets, and over roads where the grand old trees met over our heads, shutting out the star-lit sky beyond. The carriage we occupied was about in the middle of the line, and in the ascent of the hills the lights of the carriages in advance disappear around the winding road, while those behind were seen like the links of a huge glittering serpent. The air was as fresh and cool as a September morning, and despite our long boat trip from Cologne it was impossible not to experience an elasticity of spirits resulting from the novel scenes through which we were passing. Never before do I recollect of hearing birds sing in groves at night; possibly they were awakened by the crackings of the whips of our drivers, an art they appear to have acquired to perfection, and which can be compared to nothing but the early Fourth of July morning explosions of Chinese fire-crackers in a Yankee village. In this style we continued our night march on Wiesbaden, whose fashionable guests were probably little dreaming of such an approaching army of invaders from the far West.

Suddenly there comes a halt; the carriages in advance, one by one, by some mysterious agency, stand motionless

in the middle of the road ; those in the rear, by the natural inability to proceed, are equally inert.

“ Who’s hurt ? ”

“ What is it ? ”

“ Do get out, George, and see what the matter is. ”

“ I wish we had waited at Biebrich until morning. ”

Such are some of the exclamations of the party, whose heads are popping in and out of the vehicles.

“ The mountain quaked and forth came a mouse ; ” the Jehu of the first carriage had halted at a wayside inn for a glass of lager beer !

Again we are in motion, and slowly the *cortege* files past the inn, whose doors and windows are filled with big round faces of men and women who have evidently thrived on the sale, or consumption, of the beverage which was the cause of our late detention. How they stared, straining their short necks in order to see the head and rear of the procession at the same glance. Would not a party of equal numbers of French or German tourists, riding along the moonlit Hudson, be no less a spectacle to the villagers by the wayside ?

By half past-ten we were seated at our dinner at the Hotel Victoria, from which we did not rise until midnight — extravagant hours for such plain republicans. There was not another day of our tour which is equally memorable as that spent between Cologne and Wiesbaden. The next morning finds us up at five, at which hour a refreshing bath at the hot springs was enjoyed. What a boon would that same bath have been a few weeks later, when blinded and crazed with the dust between Rome and Naples !

It would be difficult to select a site for a mountain summer resort to equal that of Wiesbaden. On the south slope of the Taunus, in a region of gardens, the earth carpeted with richest verdure, beneath which is generated in Nature’s crucible the medicinal waters which are a pana-

cea for many of the ills to which the human system is subject. The Taunus is no stripling; at Filberg it is three thousand feet above the sea, and it borders the Rhine, the Lahn and the Main for a hundred miles. Even in the populated region around Wiesbaden we can see it has thick woods and forests which have all the wildness of the mountain valleys in the vicinity of the White Hills in New Hampshire. At Frankfort there is a Taunus Club, upon the same principle as the Alpine, which makes annual excursions into the remoter parts.

Wiesbaden is the world's Sans-souci. The horn of plenty overflows here; and it has no little end. Disease and pain are here, as elsewhere, but every comfort which wealth can provide to mitigate their power is on all sides. The gambler no longer curses this Eden, at least to the outer eye, although it is probable there are sumptuous haunts within the town where the practice still prevails. The croakers who foretold that if the authorities prohibited gambling at Wiesbaden the place would lose its prestige and decline, were refuted by an increased prosperity. No sooner was the disreputable bane removed, than wealthy families moved hither, and the population has increased annually until it has become a cosmopolitan city of forty thousand. The gayety of Saratoga, the "dash" of Long Branch, and the brilliancy of Newport, are all merged into the daily life of Wiesbaden. A visit to the Cursaal in the evening is like taking a page out of the "Arabian Nights;" music, fireworks, illuminated fountains, combine to minister to the amusement of thirty thousand tourists who gather here each summer from all parts of the globe. It is quite excitement enough for our sober tastes to sit within a sheltered arbor upon the margin of the lake, and watch the kaleidoscopic scene; the endless procession of brilliant toilets past the flower-beds, past the clusters of the trumpet-tree, with its lily-like blossoms, hanging like floral candelabrum, and upon

which falls the soft glow of crimson, blue, and golden tints from colored lamps.

On the lake, fairy gondolas are darting to and fro, between which glide stately white swans with an aristocratic air, as if disdaining to display visible agency of motion.

The Taunus road, beyond the Cursaal, affords a charming walk or drive; from it you have a view of the Paulina Palace, until lately the residence of the widowed Duchess of Nassau, of which principality Wiesbaden is the gem. Its Alhambra-like towers rise above rich gardens and groves upon a gentle eminence. In another part of the environs we see the Greek Chapel, or rather that portion which is not concealed by intervening groves of chestnuts and limes; it is a conspicuous landmark from its architecture, so novel after the Gothic ruins of the Rhine. Quite a good idea may be had of this chapel roof by placing the blue and gold Russian dome of the Colt factory, below Hartford, upon the cupola of the New York City Hall, then transfer that to the centre of the Art Memorial building at Philadelphia, with a smaller dome of the same pattern, at a less height, at each corner. The effect is decidedly Oriental; it was not until we reached Venice we saw anything so suggestive of Constantinople.

I wish I could send all the *nil admirari* people to the grove on the Neroberg, which overlooks the Nero valley and Wiesbaden; if, after an hour's study of the scene spread before them, they do not throw off their stoical indifference, they are indeed incorrigible. I did not visit Windsor Forest, but it can have no nobler oaks, and I am not sure but Herne, the hunter, was not an emigrant from the Neroberg. The green upon the moist meadows of England is not more vivid than that we tread here in the latter part of a hot July. Although it will be six weeks before the vineyards attain anything like maturity,

they already tell what will be the glory of the vintage, when

—“the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing.”

That nothing should be lacking here to fill the eye, that most picturesque of crops, the hop-vine, is seen converting sightless poles into spires of lovely verdure, and hanging in graceful garlands from the boughs of many a tree. From the Neroberg we have a nearer view of the Greek Chapel, upon a portion of which it is built. It was erected in 1846, by the Duke, in memory of his wife who died the previous year; she was a Russian princess, which accounts for the Russian-Greek style of the beautiful memorial. The road from Wiesbaden to Mosbach, the village which adjoins Biebrich, is lined with four rows of superb horse-chestnuts. If there are any opponents to the tree-planting societies which are on the increase in various parts of our land, let them ride from Wiesbaden to Mosbach, over this road, and “forever after hold their peace.”

Let us not leave the gem of the Taunus, the “City of Idlers,” without a glance at the children who form so conspicuous a feature of life at Wiesbaden. Spoiled pets, as I fear they are, the offspring of butterfly mothers, they nevertheless charm us by their inborn elegances and graces. I was continually reminded of Titian’s garden party at Venice, when he invited all the children of his noble acquaintances to assemble at his garden. Here rare gifts were presented them; costly banquets were spread for their entertainment; the fairest maid was crowned Queen of the Flowers, while delicious music floated out from unseen balconies over the heads of the sylphs dancing beneath umbrageous trees. From a window of his palace, Titian watched the pastoral scene,

storing in memory each expression of joy and delight which illumined the faces of his little guests, and which were to live again in the countenances of cherubs and angels upon his immortal canvas.

Here at Wiesbaden, after the morning bath, when the elders have retired for a siesta, an artist might have a similar opportunity for the study of child-joy among these human pinks and roses, with here and there a lily so delicate as to give rise to the fear that an autumnal frost would wither it. Yet our admiration is checked with the thought of the probable future of girls reared amid scenes of such gayety as these; the lovely bloom of childhood robbed of its delicate freshness by constant publicity which is so destructive to the purity of "children of larger growth." The moralizer need go no further than the parlors of fashionable American hotels to realize the truth of this.

I have nothing but eulogy to write of the Wiesbaden baths; the effect is in the highest degree invigorating, and I doubt if the buoyancy of the Dead Sea is any greater, for it seemed literally impossible to sink. Fortunately, I had no occasion to test the remedial virtues of the Springs, but which I feel assured are great; the water is so nauseous from being so hot that it is necessary to allow it time to cool before it can be drank. I could not imbibe enough of it to ascertain if it tastes like chicken-soup, as some have claimed.

An idea may be had of the antiquity of the Wiesbaden Springs from the fact that a work was published concerning them more than two centuries ago.

There were probably in the year of our visit, 1879, forty thousand visitors. The number who also make it a winter resort, increases each season, and which includes many English and American families.

To enumerate the various springs of Wiesbaden and vicinity, with the properties of their waters, would be

equivalent to writing a pharmacopœia. Nassau boasts that no other equal surface of the globe contains waters of such remedial virtues, each a panacea, it is claimed, for some special disease. About ten years ago the bath at Schlangenbad attained great popularity. The Springs are eight in number, and flow at the base of one of the highest ridges of the Taunus.

The natural loveliness of the spot, the shady approach from Wiesbaden, its seclusion, the facilities for undisturbed recreation and exercise in the adjoining forests, and the excellent accommodations at the baths, combined at that time to make it a little republic sacred to women of nervous temperament.

But this little Eden is such in a very literal sense; for in the neighboring woods are found snakes of the same species that annoy one at Heidelberg, and which may be the cause of nervous ladies having abandoned their claim to the exclusive use of Schlangenbad (literally Serpent Bed). Let me have the candor to confess that these woods are not altogether free from hornets, and the quick darting dragon-fly which I more enjoy examining in an entomological cabinet than in their native lairs.

HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

A NARROW plateau above the Neckar. Here is built the town, backed by hills some German returning emigrants have carried home from their American settlements — at least, they look very much like old acquaintances of the New England and Middle States. We reached our hotel about an hour before sunset, just tired enough to welcome any accommodation that promised a tolerable rest. The town of Heidelberg is one long street, from which radiate gloomy lanes and thoroughfares. Nothing more opposite to the brand-new appearance of an American town could be conceived. Remove the students and tourists, Heidelberg would be quiet as Pompeii. There is a very lively population, however, in the gymnasium. We visited the church of the Holy Ghost, in which the Catholics and Lutherans worship, only separated by a partition—a tolerance rarely seen in either hemisphere.

In the evening, our conductor, Mr. Crunden, procured a piano, and had it placed in the parlor of the hotel, and those of the party who were so inclined, had an opportunity of enjoying a waltz to German music on German soil, while others found more congenial pastime in an evening ramble along the Neckar. On our arrival we had been informed opportunity would be had to have washing done; from our experience I should hesitate to recommend the German laundresses, especially those of Heidelberg; when our pieces were returned, it was a question if they had passed through any cleaning process;

but the exorbitant charges left no doubt but that our property had passed through the hands of the proprietors. In the kitchen and laundry the Germans must never be mentioned with the French. The proverb that "The German feeds, but the Parisian dines," is a trite one. It is said many housekeepers in Germany boast of having but two wash-days in the year, which is enough to make all the aunt Ophelias of New England exclaim: "How shiftless!" Such a custom may imply a very large wardrobe, but there is something indescribably repugnant to the American matron in the imaginary contemplation of a pile of soiled household linen, the accumulation of six months. The recollection of this somewhat checked the admiration which otherwise we should have felt for the picturesque effect the women and girls washing clothes in the Neckar gave to the landscape.

Some geographers have estimated that nearly three thousand streams, great and small, are absorbed by the Rhine, between St. Gothard and the sea. Of these there can be none more lovely than the Neckar, which, for the entire distance we saw, flows through a natural garden.

The University dominates Heidelberg as Harvard does Cambridge, and the local pride in the institution is unmistakable. I do not see how society here can be otherwise than charming.

There is said to be a small garden-house at Heidelberg, built out of the scaffold upon which Karl Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, was decapitated at Mannheim. The executioner came from Heidelberg, and as the scaffold was his perquisite, he removed it to his native city. There were some features of this assassination of a parallel character to the attack on President Garfield; although the murderer of Kotzebue was immeasurably the superior of the wretch at Washington. I was not sorry to miss the executioner's garden-house, nor the

residence of Kotzebue at Mannheim, where the blood-stains are reported to be still visible after the repeated ablutions the walls have had since their owner died in his daughter's arms, in 1819. In all his numerous tragedies, could he have conceived a more dreadful end than that of his own? How frequently do we have occasion to realize that the true incidents of life exceed in tragic horror the creations of fiction.

For beauty of location and surroundings, Heidelberg University is not surpassed by any similar institution on the Continent, although I believe the student who desires to avoid exciting influences, would be better placed at Bonn. Architecturally, the University has little to boast, the building devoted to anatomy having the most claim. The library is very rich, containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, rare manuscripts, and other bibliographical treasures, including a translation of Isaiah by Luther, and in his own hand; portraits of Luther and his wife may be seen in the palace of Frederick IV. at the Castle. The University was founded in 1386, and at once the glory of learning illumined a region already lustrous for its imperial splendor and natural beauty. The duel-ground, of which so much has been said and written, is a secluded spot, as accessible as Hoboken, the scene of similar encounters in the Hamilton-Burr days. There are not wanting those who stoutly defend this barbarous custom of slashing and cutting the human form divine beneath the walls of a Christian university.

In justice to the faculty at Heidelberg, it should be mentioned that the evil has been recognized and exertion made to suppress it, but without avail. Let those who are not willing to admit it is an evil, stand by the tear-watered graves in the cemetery at Bonn, which cover the youthful students who have been killed in duels. I do not think this matter has received the American protest

it deserves. In 1864 there were forty young Americans studying at Heidelberg; therefore, we have an interest beyond mere sentiment in a custom which has long since fallen under the ban in our own country. It would be a good service if some of our public men, who are well-informed concerning German University life, could bring this thing home to the people. In the month of June, 1881, the United States Minister at Berlin, stood before an assemblage in that city, and boasted that it was not to England that Americans sent their sons to acquire a higher culture than their own institutions afford, but to Germany. Had he no rebuke for this notorious evil? I cannot answer for German mothers, but I know not any in my own country who desire their boys to acquire manliness by the practice of brutality. It seems incredible that when the dawn of the twentieth century is ready to burst over the horizon, that bull-fights in Spain and duels at Heidelberg are the few customs which remain to blot the record of civilization and humanity.

The life of the Heidelberg students is not sombre; the neighboring villages and picnic grounds on the Neckar are made lively in their hours of recreation; their gay-colored caps are seen flitting through the castle woods like the plumage of swift-winged birds; they roam through the Schwetzingen garden, flinging rose-leaves in the silvery cascade that runs away from the cupids and dolphins sculptured around the temple of Apollo; their oars drop liquid pearls into the Neckar; for them the golden wine rises to the goblet's brim and they quaff it to the dregs. This is outside life. We know that the students of Harvard and Yale are not always singing college songs upon the green.

Since our visit to Heidelberg, the first admission of a woman to the Berlin University has been recorded. She is under the special tuition of Professor Virchow, a famous scholar. The fact that this woman is an Ameri-

can has a special significance in connection with forces at work in some of our leading universities, and which foreshadow the end. Yet, what can women of the nineteenth century do more than to recover the ground she held in Spain and Italy three centuries ago? It is not necessary to cite the histories of Lucia de Mendrano, Veronica Gambarà and Cassandra Fidelis. Nor is Heidelberg itself lacking in evidence, as the tomb in St. Peter's of Olympia Morata will show; she who combined the intellect of Margaret Fuller with the charms of Ariadne.

It affords some amusement to see the various members of our party return from a half-day ramble amid such rural haunts as abound around Heidelberg; the ladies usually loaded with floral trophies gathered by the way. The gentlemen have an eye for color; and although there is a large delegation of the unmarried, not one seems disposed to advertise his loneliness by placing the *horn blume* in the button-hole of his coat; for under this local name do we recognize our old friend of Yankee flower-gardens, "bachelor's-button." I believe the English call it "ragged-robin." Here are half a dozen English lads just up from the cool Wolfsbrunnen, in ecstasies over the trout which are plentiful there as figs in a drum. The children tourists in Europe would alone make a great army. Many are in charge of tutors and governesses who appear to enjoy the tour with as much zest as their pupils. The educational advantages of such early travel ought to be rich in results.

It may seem a trifling circumstance to record here, nevertheless the reception at Heidelberg of the first New York papers we had seen since leaving England, was the cause of more delight than would be credited, save by those who have been similarly deprived of home intelligence. It is really quite exasperating to see how our great nation is ignored by the European daily press. The marriage of a German grand duke, whose principality would be

swallowed up in a single county of New York, will elicit columns of comment, when the affairs of a nation of fifty million people, who are exercising the mightiest influence upon the world since the Romans under the Emperors, are dismissed with a single paragraph. I admit that there is a certain scholarly dignity in the London press which forms a striking contrast to the license of our own; but in enterprise, vivacity and entertainment, the American press is, and must ever be, far in advance of that of Europe.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

ARE not the pleasures of retrospection almost as great as the primal enjoyment? No lapse of time can ever eradicate the visit to this most beautiful ruin of Europe. The recollections of those red-letter days upon the Rhine and Neckar rise up before me so tangible that I can scarcely realize two summers have gone since I was in Germany.

Heidelberg Castle and adjuncts, ruins as they are, interest more than the most sumptuous abodes of living royalty. Where may we look to find nature and art more happily wedded? In the groves of the Neckar, Shakespeare might have written "As You Like It;" on those grand old trees Orlando might have hung his love-revealing couplets. Ah! those Heidelberg woods. The most idyllic effect beneath yon sheltering canopies: the mossy earth you tread spangled with silver patches of light; the murmur of babbling brooks, chiding the tiny boulders that impede their way to the sun-bathed Neckar; gentle slopes carpeted with ferns and herbs which diffuse sweet perfume.

Stealing away from my companions, I wandered alone through these Arcadian woods. An inexpressible feeling of repose and content fell on my heart. It was a dream of my early childhood revived and embodied; and yet so much a dream that I found myself pinching my arm to realize if I were indeed awake in this every-day world. Just below me was the Wolfsbrunnen (the Wolf's Well) the reputed haunt of a gypsy fortune-teller who had been

torn in pieces by a wolf. It was no wonder that in these woods the vision of Little Red Riding-Hood returned; the gypsy was her grandmother. And, yonder is the grassy knoll where the robins covered the Children in the Wood with the leaves they had brought in their tiny beaks; and surely, from that arch in the crumbling tower we see through the long perspection of oaks, stole forth the cruel uncles on their murderous errand. Great as are the afflictions of after life, can any sorrows equal those we experience in childhood over fictitious woe? There is no cynicism, no materialism, no pessimism in children. God makes the child; the world makes the man and woman.

We speak of the Castle of Heidelberg and there is called up to the untravelled a single majestic pile. It is really a square of palaces of widely different dates, embodying centuries of grandeur, epitomes of history, the home of the emperors from the time of Rudolf. Although the origin of the Castle dates so late as the thirteenth century, to one unfamiliar with its history it appears to be the meeting-ground of Pantheism and Christianity. David looks benignly down from his ivy-vined niche on the colossal Hercules; the Christian Graces smile upon the heroes and heroines of mythology. For nearly six centuries have portions of these noble walls stood a target for the lightning's bolt and the artillery of man. But war and time have been powerless to annihilate the work of the electors. The statues which stand headless, some with only the torso, around which the pitying ivy weaves a veil as if to hide the terrible wounds, are the type of the main structure; for, although portions appear as if completely undermined, ready to fall to the earth at the slightest agitation, the grand façades still proudly look down on the wondering tourist who feels that he has but two more ambitions to be consummated: to stand at Granada before the Alhambra, and to view the ruins of Baalbec from the heights of the Lebanon.

Each succeeding elector must have vied with his predecessor in exhausting every device for effect in stone. The portal of the palace built by Otto Henry would alone repay for a visit over the Atlantic. No wonder its purity of style and elegance of proportion are attributed to Michael Angelo. Kenilworth without its Cæsar's Ivy and the romance thrown over it by Scott, would have little to excite enthusiasm; in Heidelberg Castle, history, art and architecture unite to form a picture in stone upon which the scholar, the poet, and the artist may never tire to linger.*

As I am not writing a history, it will not answer for me to take the reader through the towers, some twenty feet thick, along the battlements, into balconies and subterranean vaults, under massive portals, through vast halls and corridors, beneath gateways leading into courts from which you see no egress, courts into which fair ladies in gold brocades looked down from their medallion-crowned windows upon their noble lords clad in glittering armor. Alas, what is glory! The very names of the mighty ones are unknown but to the antiquary and scholar. All that is mortal of them could be held in a baby's hand. Do not these crumbling stones, these Titanic walls men vainly thought to be impregnable, teach that only One is eternal? How forcibly do the meditations of Volney upon the plains of Syria, come to mind. He sits gazing upon the fallen pillars of Palmyra and exclaims: "Good God! from whence proceed such melancholy revolutions? For what cause is the fortune of these countries so strikingly changed? Why are so many cities destroyed? Why is not the ancient population reproduced and perpetuated?" I wandered over the

* I do not know if the magnificent exteriors of the Castle have been reproduced in lithography, the only art that could adequately copy them. They will be found elegantly engraved in the folio entitled, "*Monographie Du Château Heidelberg*," Paris, 1859.

country; I traversed the provinces; I enumerated the kingdoms of Damascus, and I dreamed of Jerusalem and Samaria. "This Syria," said I to myself, "now almost depopulated, then contained a hundred flourishing cities, and abounded with towns, villages and hamlets. What is become of so many productions of the hands of man? What is become of those ages of abundance and of life?"

Did the prophecy "For I will destroy your high places," "The palaces shall be forsaken," recur to the doubter, who in his meditations was unconsciously fulfilling a prophecy uttered by the inspired writer thousands of years before he was born?

What admirable use has Keith made of this remarkable incident in connection with the prophecy: "The generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say when they see the plagues of that land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it, wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?"

To the reflective mind, Heidelberg Castle is literally "a sermon in stone." Where could Luther's grand old hymn, "A strong Castle is our Lord," be sung by pious voices with such appropriateness as before these roofless walls, the mightiest ruin of the empire that gave him birth?

Captivating as are the rambles through the interior, at any glimpse I caught from the windows of the shaded walks, I was tempted to follow them at once, they so eloquently suggested groves where the light of day in summer finds feeble entrance; delightful refuge from the sunny slopes now hazy with the midsummer's heats.

Before we leave the quadrangle, the tower built by Frederick V., King of Bohemia, in honor of his wife, Princess Elizabeth, granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, became the object of special attention for our

Boston friends ; not only for its romantic associations, but for the beauty of its design. We had so lately left the rooms at Holyrood, once occupied by Mary Stuart, whose misfortunes will ever perpetuate her memory, that a memorial of her near descendant was invested with an interest it might not otherwise have claimed. Her marriage with Frederick was auspiciously celebrated at the court of her father, James I. of England. At Heidelberg the regal couple were received with acclamations, and entertained by gorgeous pageants. Young, beautiful, gifted, surrounded with luxurious splendor, she might, but for her ambition, have here enjoyed as happy a life as mortal need attain. In an unfortunate hour the crown of Bohemia was offered her husband, who hesitated to accept it. But the blood of the Stuarts was aroused, and Elizabeth had no word but this: "I would rather eat dry bread at a king's table, than to feast at the board of an elector." She died a pensioner upon charity.

To the lover of ruins, Heidelberg Castle is positively enchanting. Those who desire to see it in its present picturesque decay, must be expeditious, for there is a proposal made to restore it in all its original architectural splendor. One of the paths from the town leads directly into the garden of the Castle, which was laid out in 1804, but chiefly remarkable for its magnificent views of the town and environs. I have seen an excellent engraved representation of the ancient garden as it appeared in 1620, which shows more beauty and elegance than that of to-day. The garden-terrace is a point much sought for by tourists; it constitutes a fine promenade, with a prospect of the most attractive part of the Castle. The entrance to the vault containing the renowned Heidelberg Tun, is a huge portal in the substructure of Frederick's palace; as you descend the steps, you are watched by grand statues of the great ones of Germany, from that of Charlemagne to the last of the sixteen Electors. The

Tun looks like a section of the huge tower outside, which is eighty-two feet in diameter, and which all the powder of the French failed to wholly prostrate in 1689. You have no reason to doubt the guide's story that the Tun holds a third of a million bottles of wine; you would as soon question the capacity of the Croton reservoir. The gigantic hogshead lies upon its side, a flight of steps leading to the platform built over it, which affords space for a large dancing party. A venturesome youth of our party entered the cask, and when satisfied with his savory explorations, attempted to emerge through the bung; his progress was arrested by the mischievously inclined, who kept him in durance until he earnestly plead to be released. One of the scholars considered it a capital opportunity to extort a confession of the state of his affections for *in vino veritas*.

The preference of the views from the Castle, I give to that unfolded from the "Altar," or great balcony, in the palace of Frederick, which commands the valley of the Neckar to the north; but for our farewell prospect of a region which none should explore too thoroughly unless prepared to settle down there "under their own vine and fig-tree," let us ascend the old stone steps, through the interstices of which green grass and blue violets peep out, to the road lined with grand chestnuts leading to the Molkeneur, or "Whey Cure," nearly three hundred feet above the earth; and in consequence affording the sight of a broad territory. Still, it is not until another mile is climbed to the tower on the "Kaiserstuhl," nearly a thousand feet above the castle, that one has attained the real outlook at Heidelberg. Here the valleys of the Rhine and Neckar, the dense forests of the Odenwald, the Taunus range, the Black Forest, and the garden lands of Germany, are spread out with all the distinctness of a map in relief; to the south, the view is not lost until the eye rests on the dim spire of Strasburg.

Reader, if you are not weary of Heidelberg, come up to the "King's Seat" with us on that midsummer afternoon. Is it not a picture of warmth, peace, and serenity? Truly, a golden picture, for there is a strata of burnished gold and purple in the already half-ripened corn mingling with the green of the more tardy husks. The sunbeams, softened by haze, fall gently on the red castle towers, which throw their lengthened shadows far down the grassy slopes. White and cream butterflies make their erratic flights from bush and shrub. The "drowsy hum" of bees mingles with the chirp of unseen field insects. Here and there are patches of color so bright and varied that one might fancy there was a neighboring factory that here laid out to bleach its calicoes, gay-dyed, in imitation of Joseph's coat. These are the poppy fields, similarly cultivated in Yankee gardens of the olden time.

Was it because we had so recently received news from home, combined with so many home elements in the landscape—the corn-fields and orchards—that a symptom of that depressing disease, *nostalgia*, assailed us here on the heights of Heidelberg? The view, divested of its architectural features, and more Southern luxuriance, is not unlike that from Mt. Tom, looking over the Northampton and Deerfield meadows, save that the Neckar takes an acute angle in lieu of the more graceful contour of the Connecticut's ox-bow. Both views are noticeable for the absence of the unsightly wooden fences which so often in our own land mar the otherwise beautiful expanse of field, upland, and meadow. From this outlook we have our parting view of the Rhine which flashes along the west and south horizon like a chain of silver lakes—the intervening spaces lost in its circuitous flow. But who may have the temerity to write a farewell to this theme of song after the adieu of Childe Harold!

SOUTHERN GERMANY.

OUR first halt after leaving Heidelberg was at Stuttgart, pleasantly located at the base of lofty hills, two miles from the Neckar, by which the city has communication with the Rhine. Take a saucer, break off one-third of the rim, place Stuttgart in the centre, and you have a topographical idea of the city and environs.

We visited the Royal Library, rich in books and containing a cabinet of rare medals, nearly twenty thousand in number. A colossal statue of Schiller, designed by Thorwaldsen, testifies to the universal admiration the Germans have for their great poet. A brief ride brought us to the summer palace of the king, the most perfect and regal residence we saw in Germany; the various halls and saloons are finished in light, yet magnificent Moorish style, and the windows vie with the most admirable paintings; they contain flowers so exquisitely drawn and colored upon the glass that you involuntarily declare that they are growing outside the windows, in the gardens beyond; yet when you enter the gardens, you find exotics of such extraordinary beauty that no art could copy. We spent several hours in these gardens; and I had a kindred sympathy with one of the young ladies who wished she might be left behind. I think we all looked over our shoulders as we departed very much in the manner Adam did when he was forced away from Paradise.

Our time is up, however, and on we speed for Ulm, where we see the great rival of the Rhine, the stately,

majestic Danube, but which at Ulm makes no pretension to beauty or sublimity. It looked yellowish, and excited but very little interest, although the citizens of Ulm claim that its scenery is grander than the Rhine. It is not unlikely that the less-trodden paths of European travel—Portugal, Spain and Holland—will soon become the rage, when the tide will turn towards all the now neglected nooks. Then we may expect the Danube to come in for its share of popularity; wonderful legends will be unearthed or invented, and its beauties painted so vividly by artists, and its charms sung so eloquently by poets, that the traveller whose choice lies between the two rival streams will be forced to cry—

“How happy could I be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away!”

The most glowing imagination would fail to recognize the traditional river nymphs in the stout washerwomen, with tucked-up skirts and bare arms, we saw soaping, rubbing, sousing and wringing the contents of their huge baskets in the stream. If the ochre tint could be changed to blue, what a saving in indigo might be made! The women appeared happy, stopping every now and then to laugh and gossip; doubtless they found as much matter for comment in us as we in them. Less happy appeared the women in the streets and outskirts of the city, performing the most menial out-door labor, a spectacle we could never learn to contemplate with any feeling short of positive pain. God never designed any member of the human family to do work only fit for beasts of burden.

The streets of Ulm are as circuitous as those of the old part of Boston. The houses are quite lofty; frequently the roofs contain two and three tiers of windows, which are small and quaint, but which impart a picturesque effect calculated to catch the eye of the artist. The less

pretentious buildings in the vicinity of the bridges are so scantily supplied with windows that we concluded there was an onerous tax on glass.

The ride from Ulm to Munich was by far the most pleasant we had in Southern Germany. The country we traversed is delightfully interspersed with poplar groves, meadows gemmed with wild flowers of blue and yellow blossoms, and occasional pastures where shepherds are seen with their dogs guarding the feeding flocks. Heaps of peat are ranged along the fields, reminding us of the conical piles of salt hay on the New Haven meadows.

I say that the ride was pleasant, because it afforded an admirable opportunity to see the agricultural features of the country. A people who can make one pound of sugar from two pounds of beets, know something of agriculture. As we journeyed past these highly cultivated fields, I wondered if there was any woman-proprietor of them who managed her farm with profit while residing twenty miles distant from her lands; if there be, I should be glad to know the secret of her skill. Several American ladies have published books narrating their profitable experiences in farming, but the reader need have no fear of my adding to the number; although I believe I have done better than Horace Greeley, who declared that the potatoes he raised cost him three dollars a bushel.

The railroads in Germany are usually well-built; more thoroughly enclosed, as a general thing, than our own. Many of the small towns have little gems of station-houses, with small windows filled with plants half hid behind low-hanging cornices that look as if they were cut out by saws that form our parlor ornaments, the use of which serves to keep so many of our American boys out of mischief. Over these cornices are trained lovely vines, thus converting a prosaic business structure into a bower of beauty. Mr. Ruskin has condemned the taste which leads to the decoration of the interior of railway stations,

on the ground that no one lingers there longer than necessity compels; it cannot be that he has ever been detained for an hour or more in the cheerless rooms of the average buildings of railway corporations.

As we roll over the somewhat monotonous plain of heath and fir upon which Munich is built, a twilight sky, pure as an opal, hung over the city. Our quarters were very handsome, in the Hotel of the Four Seasons, in the New Maximilian street, the fashionable promenade of the city.

Two hours after our arrival I was enjoying something dearer than all Europe can give, for I was dreaming of home and my youngest boy beyond the great sea.

Munich is at once one of the most delightful and exasperating cities; delightful for its art, exasperating because you cannot describe it. A year's residence at Munich is the noblest art education to the amateur the world can furnish. I came here with less anticipation than I brought to any European capital; I left with unqualified admiration.

But, O stranger, set not up your tent in Munich unless you are of the elect. Why, unless you know all the schools, from Thebes to Desseldorf, or can go blindfold through the Glyptothek and name each statue by its bumps, there is no hope for you here. The citizen cannot paint his house except in a manner to satisfy the authorities that the colors not only harmonize, but are effectively contrasted with those of neighboring structures.

One of our American artists has sneered at the assumption of Munich to be the Modern Athens, and says that beer, not art, is the presiding deity. A woman's visit to the capital of Bavaria does not allow her to engage in the argument; the institutions we visited were not dedicated to Bacchus; yet in candor it must be added we came to know the dinner hour by seeing the

streets filled with workmen and children hurrying to and fro with the favorite beverage in every style of utensil.

No better evidence was wanted that the school-reading books of to-day are not those of an earlier time, than the circumstance of repeating the line from "Hohenlinden."

"Of Isar rolling rapidly,"

awoke no memories among the younger members of our party; consequently our geographical knowledge that Munich is situated on the left bank of the Isar, lost its poetic force in the parlor, and we shortly after retired, after a glance at the brilliantly-lighted street, filled with gay promenaders of both sexes, who appeared to be on the best of terms with themselves and the world; in fact, justified the assertion of C., that "they didn't care whether school kept or not."

Breakfasted at nine, and at ten took carriage for the Old Pinakothek, not far distant from the New Pinakothek.* The first is devoted to antiques and masterpieces of the middle ages, mainly copies; the new gallery is assigned to the display of contemporary art. The arrangement of the paintings, according to schools, each having its own saloon, is admirable; the light is perfect and the works of the greatest interest. We viewed them very much as the New York merchants "did" the Centennial Exposition, arriving at Philadelphia at ten o'clock in the morning, returning at five the same afternoon. Thus the reader is spared an account of some four thousand paintings, statues and frescos of which I should

* New and old gallery or deposit of paintings. Glyptothek, deposit of sculpture. When President Felton of Harvard University was in Munich, Professor Thiersch of that city told him that these titles were considered to be his invention; they were not liked by the public. "On returning from a walk one day," continued the professor, "I found an inscription on my door, written in large letters, '*Nepiothek, a gallery of fools.*' I took it down and sent it to the old king, who nearly went into convulsions with laughter."

have omitted description had our stay been longer; the Alps cannot be carried off in a bushel measure, nor these in a lady's satchel. After leaving the Rubens-room, my notes were little more than the title of Mr. Hepworth's novel—"!!! " a hundred times repeated. I may, however, be allowed to say here one word—yes, I hear the voice that says, "Be very sparing of notices of pictures and statues," but—in regard to the copies of the old masters at Munich; it may be treason to say it, but with few exceptions, they are more satisfactory than the originals. The reader will perceive I have not attained that art knowledge which enables one to grow ecstatic over a canvas which is as expressive on its back as on its face.

We were a year too early for the "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, which is accessible by easy transit from Munich. But the world is not likely to remain in ignorance of the decennial representations by the art-loving peasants of the Bavarian Alps; upwards of forty books have been published in relation to Ober-Ammergau and the miracle plays since Miss Howitt attracted notice to the representations of 1850. The performances of 1880 were witnessed by visitors from all parts of the globe, many of whom engaged seats six months in advance.

The attempt to produce a miracle play of similar character in New York was abandoned, a triumphant illustration of the power of a united public, clergy and press in preserving the sanctity of the Passion of our Lord, which could not fail of gratifying every sincere Christian. Whatever may be the excellence, in an art sense, of a tableau reproducing Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," we can never be brought to contemplate such a spectacle with any other sentiment than horror. It is a well-known fact that the early Christians immured in the catacombs at Rome, carefully avoided any representation of the crucifixion in their rude paintings; and in only two instances have they attempted to indicate the presence of the

Almighty, which was done by representing a hand emerging from clouds.

Munich appears to be exceedingly popular with female art students, many of whom are Americans. The facilities for study and copying combined with cheapness of rent and living, and excellent teachers, are probably not excelled in any other art-centre in the world. There are about fifteen hundred artists in Munich; I have recently read that there is a corresponding number of book and newspaper printers in Boston.

Models abound in Munich, men and women visiting the studios importuning to be employed. It is told that young girls who sit for peasants and picturesque characters command higher pay than the old women who now and then are introduced on the canvas. One model, a man upward of ninety, is a Munich celebrity; his venerable face and flowing beard fit him for the personation of saints and memorable personages of sacred history. He is reported as having accumulated quite a little fortune in his profession.

It is easy to single out the Bavarian peasants who come into Munich daily from the surrounding country. Their costume is quaint and appearance healthy. The woman I had so many years associated with the musical appeal to "Buy a Broom," did not present herself, although in the market there were other women who sold every commodity, from pins to cabbages. The market scenes in nearly all the Continental cities are unfailing sources of interesting study. The arrangement of fruits, vegetables and flowers often indicates really elegant taste.

After our visit to the Royal Palace, we could pardon Gustavus Adolphus' infringement of an important commandment when he wished he could remove it to Stockholm for his own use. The older portion of the magnificent pile was finished by Maximilian I., in 1616; the great wing designed by Von Klenze, the new palace, was begun

in 1826, and is consequently one of the latest built of the royal palaces of Europe ; the façade is four hundred feet in length, in style a copy of the Pitti Palace.

Our prejudice against King Ludwig, the father of the present king, was considerably lessened after inspecting this monument to his incomparable taste ; it is doubtful if there is another palace on earth so truly superb. The ball-room, the hall of flowers, the king's room, the queen's room — but who can analyze the rainbow ? Suffice it to say that positively all that art and matchless refined taste can combine to do is here accomplished. Yet I know not if all this splendor is shadowed when we enter the old palace and pass through its suites of drawing-rooms, banquet hall, throne room — grand, with bronze statues of Bavarian princes ; if the roc's egg were only here it would be a realization of Aladdin's palace — marble, malachite, porphyry, porcelain, ormolu, around you and under your feet — all the celebrities of mythology and poetry hovering over your head upon the painted ceilings ; halls and corridors extending for eight hundred feet ; a marvellous perspective of statuary, painting, rose and satin wood, and chandeliers which reflect the light that falls upon their pendant ornaments in a thousand iridescent hues. Blinded and dazed, you enter the Hall of Beauties, where art gives immortality to beauty in thirty-seven portraits of the most beautiful women of modern Munich, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. The only collection in the world of a kindred character is in one of the imperial palaces of Russia — portraits of the most lovely peasant girls of the empire, representing fifty provinces. Yet greater marvels are in store for us as we pass on to the Antiquarium, where it is almost certain that Starr and Marcus have sent all their treasures to be stored ; in the chapel the altar (adorned with candelabra, statues, and vases) is of silver, the organ of ebony and gold, the pyx lined with diamonds, pearls, and

rubies. The drapery of the statue of the Madonna, is of solid gold, and the diamonds in her crown are beyond computation. There are two caskets in this chapel, enriched with cameos and turquoises, one of which contains two precious pictures by Jean d'Aix la Chapelle; the other, of plain solid gold, weighing twenty-four pounds, encloses a painting in enamel of the "Resurrection and Paradise." The blue diamond shown us here is extraordinary; I believe connoisseurs pronounce it the nonpareil of colored precious stones; it is attached to the Order of the Golden Fleece, and when held to the sun, is a miniature electric light. The Palatinate pearl, half white and half black, is a rare curiosity, but is quite put in the shade by the statuette, in an adjoining cabinet, of St. George and the Dragon; the group is twenty-four inches high; the shield is of enamelled gold, the horse is agate, the dragon of jasper, and the whole work adorned with two thousand emeralds, diamonds, pearls, and rubies.

What a contrast to all this splendor and beauty were the relics shown us of saints, consisting of repulsive heads, hands, and toes! From these ghastly objects we gladly turn away to enter the apartments of Charles VII., magnificently adorned with rich furniture and massive mirrors, the curtains and bed-covering worked in gold thread, the united labor of forty persons for fifteen years.

With aching brains and weary feet we were all now ready to retreat to the hotel, and on couches of less costliness than those just left behind were glad to obtain rest at the close of this memorable sight-seeing Saturday.

Sunday morning was ushered in by a rain as dreary as that which fell upon us at Cologne; but we braved the elements after breakfast, and went to the cathedral, where we were fortunate to secure eligible seats. The congregation presented a very pictorial appearance, in

consequence of the gay and brilliant colors of the ladies' dresses, almost festive compared to the sombre aspect of an American congregation. The services were impressive in form, and had we understood the language, there can be no doubt they would have been really enjoyable; at least we felt in a more worshipful frame of mind than when wandering from shrine to shrine, sometimes getting into places where we should not be and doing things we should certainly not, had we been better informed. The music was good, and the organ remarkable for power and tone. The present king is greatly interested in music, and the entire populace appears proficient in the art. From the cathedral we went to the Old Pinakothek, studying the grand masterpieces until three o'clock, when there was a general departure for dinner. The storm cleared away at five, giving an opportunity to all who desired to visit before sunset the cemetery, Longfellow's God's Acre, and the Germans' Friedhof — Court of Peace.

Invigorated by our Sabbath rest and the purified air following the storm, a large party of us entered carriages for a drive to the Rumeshalle — Hall of Fame — a noble Doric structure, a little distance from the city, upon an elevated site. In front of the classic porticos, stands one of the wonders of the world, the gigantic statue of Bavaria, beyond dispute the tallest woman in existence, sixty-six feet in height, and standing upon a pedestal thirty feet high. It was a mistake in placing the statue so near the Hall of Fame, which is dwarfed by its gigantic proportions. At the foundry at Munich, where the Columbus bronze door of the United States Capitol was cast, they tell you that twenty-two adults and two children were seated at the same moment in the head of the model of Bavaria; at this moment her bust weighs thirty tons, cast from the cannon captured at the battle of Navarino, drawn up from the depths where they were

sunk by the Turks. The pose of the figure is majestic; in her left hand she holds aloft a wreath of laurel, the right resting upon an immense Bavarian lion. The drapery is full, imparting harmonious dignity to the design. A bronze door at the base admits to the interior, and a flight of stairs took ten of our party into the head of her ladyship; they were there warmly received, the gentlemen who ventured into her waterfall being forced to retreat into the nose, the sole ventilation coming through the eyes, and these were already closed up by the heads of his comrades, who were ascertaining how the world looks through a woman's eyes. No lady should venture up to the head without cologne and hartshorn; for, what with the novelty of the situation and the stifling atmosphere, a sudden faintness is quite likely to occur. Should Bartholdi succeed in placing his proposed statue of Liberty in New York harbor, the head and hand of which have so long stared at me in my visits at the Hoffman House, Schwanthaler's great lady will be looked down upon by her transatlantic sister from an altitude exceeding her own by some two hundred feet. Much as we admired Munich, it was impossible to repress a feeling that this statue would better embody a great empire, than a province like Bavaria; it is as if the citizens of Rhode Island should set up a great image of mighty allegorical import, and name it Narragansett. Upon this principle, what limit should be placed upon the dimensions of a statue to typify our nation? Texas alone contains sixty thousand square miles more than the whole German Empire.

Where is the Modern Athens? In Edinburgh, the Scotch told me it was there; the Bavarian says it is the supplementary name of Munich; and a lively argument I heard in the parlor of the Revere House, claims the title exclusively for Boston. With a due regard for personal safety, I shall not take part in the question,

and I commiserate the man or woman who attempts it *ex cathedrâ*.

I know you like the streets of Munich, so many with little gardens in front of the houses: the vicinity of the galleries is a mass of green; before the Glyptothek the trees radiate like the sticks of an open fan. Lilacs and laburnums abound in the principal thoroughfares. Ivy is trained in every fanciful way, both inside and outside of shops and dwellings; shelves of the grocer and apothecary are veiled with vines, and the most modest houses have windows framed in living green.

Landlords are said to be very exacting in Munich in regard to their houses. They are all disciples of Malthus, and in their advertisements announce that "families with children need not apply." I liked the city, but was not quite prepared to take a residence, if by so doing I should be forced to emulate Medea and smother my two sons.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF ITALY.

WE are upon the great ridge-pole of Europe, the mighty Alps, on one side of which the rain falls into the Mediterranean, on the other into the German Ocean. What an age is this for the tourist. Our backs are no sooner turned upon the art treasures of Munich than we are brought face to face with the Alpine ranges. We left Munich by the first railway built over these mountain heights, *via* the Brenner Pass, five thousand feet above the sea. The day was oppressively hot, the cars close and the dust intrusive; yet no discomforts were allowed to diminish our admiration of the wild and noble scenery through which we were now passing. Midsummer, yet on each side of us rise the snow-capped peaks, their bases glittering with melting ice, which, forming rivulets, leaps down from rock to rock, now lost in the mist made by a more venturesome fall, again uniting with a kindred stream and hurrying to a more quiet bed in the deep valleys below. On speeds the train, over viaducts, over chasms, through tunnels, alongside of a precipice where the slightest misplacement of a rail would send us all headlong into eternity; but so grand and inspiring are the constantly shifting scenes, an undue sense of danger does not detract from the passing enjoyment.

It was ten o'clock in the evening of that lovely summer day when we arrived at Verona, where we are booked for the night. Were we not so much human that tired nature must be restored by sleep, these arrivals by night at famed haunts of history and romance would excite our imagina-

tion to such a degree as to defy sleep. A fragment of my lost notes reads as follows, and relates to the approach to Verona: "Country comparatively level. Substantial villas with red roofs. Many of the gardens enclosed by high walls. Glimpses of fine roads bordered by acacia and mulberry trees, and occasionally by poplars. Peasant women more gaily dressed than in Germany, and less number of hard-worked, prematurely old women seen. Considerable travel, but little bustle on the highways in the environs." These observations were the result of the next day's exploration, as the environs were dark when we passed through the evening before.

For the first time in my life I see the morning sun in Italy. There could scarcely be a greater contrast than the brightness and variety of Munich life, to the prim, quiet dignity of Verona, which we are not willing to accept as a representative Italian city. Nature is here too much chilled by the mountains to put on her real Italian garb. Is this the city of old-time romance to which we are drawn by a shrieking locomotive? Let us go out and see. First, to the Amphitheatre, after a look around the lower part of the house where we were quartered, which is evidently a relic of the mediæval time. It is built around a court which is not a quadrangle, but a circle; balconies upon this court from each floor, over some of which are hanging bright-colored rugs having a morning airing. The furniture of my room was so old that I treated it with profound respect; it must be added, however, more from fear of being disabled than from veneration. Had it been labelled as formerly used by Noah in the Ark, my faith would not have been so much tested as at Cologne. It was perhaps fortunate that fatigue prevented a careful survey of the premises before retiring the previous night; the woodwork was nearly black, the halls and staircases so numerous and intricate that I was utterly unable to find my way without a guide: many of the doors, including my own,

were without locks. If I should ever be moved to emulate Mrs. Radcliffe and write a weird romance *a la* "Mystery of Udolpho," I should certainly secure a lease of this hotel for my residence while concocting the same. We reach the Amphitheatre by crossing the Square of Victor Emmanuel, which is surrounded by lofty houses with red roofs, above which towers the mighty ruin, the origin of which, like the city of Rome, is lost in the obscurity of the past. It is not of stone, but of reddish marble, a material so valuable as to have led to vast pilferings from its walls for purposes of public and private use. During the sixteenth century the Veronese began to wake up to the fact that this was a wonderful work of antiquity; and since then the spot has been jealously guarded, as we can testify by our own experience. I think it would be as easy to carry off "Pliny's Doves" from the Capitol at Rome, as to remove the most trivial souvenir from the Amphitheatre at Verona. Notwithstanding the removals and the injury by earthquakes, enough of the structure remains intact to prove its extraordinary extent and beauty. Its seating capacity was forty thousand; about thirteen times greater than the New York Academy of Music. What scenes for the historian, the moralist and painter have taken place in this vast arena. We clambered over some of the marble seats and noticed in the substructure the cavities from which the iron pins have been stolen which welded the blocks together; the same thefts have been long perpetrated by the Arabs at Baalbec. Although the flora is not of so great a variety as at the Roman Colosseum, the walls are in some places completely veiled with vines, and the interstices filled with beautiful mosses; while here and there are elegant ferns luxuriating in the shadows of the huge arches. On one side there is a detached portion which hangs threateningly over the buildings below, but which is a charming "bit" for the artist; looking through its wide-open arches upon the soft blue

sky beyond, the arena lying in mingled light and shade, was very Rembrandtish in effect. Thanks to the vigilance of the guides, we left the Amphitheatre without so much as a sprig of moss or the leaf of a fern.

The Church of Zan Zenone we visited dates from the ninth century; elaborate bas-reliefs are on the front in curious designs; the doors are of bronze. A wonderful window in the interior is named the "Wheel of Fortune;" it is quite indescribable. After inspecting many interesting statues and relics in this church, our romantic wing of the party could be no longer kept from the tomb of Juliet. Alas for Romance! They have been so irreverent here in Verona as to use the sarcophagus for a watering trough, the cover having gone into unknown hands. No more satisfactory is the palace of the Capulets, in the Via San Sebastiano, which is now a common tavern. A hat (capello) over the main portal, carved in stone, is the argument confirming the legend. Our most vigilant inquiries failed to discover the monuments in gold which Mr. Capulet promised to build in memory of the unfortunate lovers; there is no alternative but to set it down that the stern parent was not a man of his word, or that Shakespeare was not a correct historian.

There is an air of cool severity in the streets of Verona, aided by the stiff cypress trees which rise behind high garden walls. Many of the doors are exquisitely sculptured, and in the healthy portions of the city you get glimpses of rich halls in which oleanders are seen, as much at home as if in the open air. The gardens are claimed to be very lovely, but we had no chance to verify the report.

By noon we are flying over the flats which lay between us and the Adriatic, bound for Venice. How easy to write the word, but what a world of conjecture, fancy, and idealistic dreams it embodies.

THE BRIDE OF THE SEA.

IT often seemed like a dream, this rapid flight over the Continent. At noon we took our farewell of the quaint old hotel which sheltered our party at Verona; three hours later we were stepping on board a gondola to transport us to the Hotel Washington, on the Grand Canal of Venice. Is not this "the stuff that dreams are made of?"

"I get into that hearse-looking thing?" exclaims one of our New England lady companions, as the conductor designates which of the waiting gondolas is at our service.

I was a little better prepared, having seen the gondola so long kept on Central Park Lake. Another lady was confident a funeral was in progress, but was obliged quickly to abandon the theory from the frequency of the supposed coffins and hearses. Rather an ominous *entrée* into a city identified with carnivals and pageants.

The mortuary associations called up by the gondolas fortunately had no unfavorable effect upon appetites, and a tolerably well-cooked dinner was discussed with that celerity characteristic of our people. As a supplement to the dessert, we were treated to a serenade by twelve men in a gondola moored in front of the hotel; the music was really fine, independent of the poetic associations called up by the incident to the more imaginative. As for those gondoliers, however, who ply their oars singing the poetry of Tasso in the language in which it was written, they either do not exist, or were very shy of coming in contact with any of us. How prosaic the Venetian gondolier of

to-day may be was shown by an incident which happened during our visit. One of our ladies, with her daughter, was alarmed by the suspicious movements of an Italian who watched and followed them about the hotel; this was kept up until they feared to leave the house. The majordomo of our party was informed of the circumstance, and his inquiries proved that the Italian's motives were not sinister; the ladies had once been out in his gondola, and he was so generously rewarded that he was hoping for another job.

If our ideal Venice was not wholly realized, there is yet sufficient color, half-barbaric magnificence and Oriental outline, to place the city of the three hundred and fifty canals, four thousand gondolas, and innumerable bridges, among the few Meccas of the world that will attract mankind throughout all time. Wise and reverent was the decree of the Fathers, that henceforth the gorgeously-dyed draperies of the gondolas should be replaced by black; but with the decree, Venice lost half her picturesqueness and color. It was flying in the face of Nature; for here was the laboratory where she evolved her rarest tints long before Titian and Paul Veronese came to mirror them in their fadeless works. Before the Venetians had emerged from their huts of mud they manufactured dyes of gold and purple in which their sails were dipped. There is no blue to compare with the noonday Venetian sky; no crimson to vie with her evening clouds in the west.

While the sweet tones of the serenaders were yet lingering in our ears, a detachment of us went out upon the streets; those of the gentlemen of Falstaffian proportions choosing to walk singly, as the narrow ways, about four feet wide, did not encourage the custom of walking in pairs. On one side are the shops, on the other lies the Canal.

A general pulling out of watches is followed by the announcement that it is time we all scamper for the piazza

of St. Mark's to see the pigeons at their two-o'clock lunch. There are some of us among whose heads the silver threads are crowding out those of darker hue, but we are all children now; that gentleman with the King-Lear locks of snow buying corn of the boy leaning against the flag-staff, I will venture, has in his distant home in Ohio or Louisiana, some darlings who call him "grandpa;" and in their name he will feed the birds. Here they come, over the winged lion, over the bronze horses, down from the campanile, the domes and the balconies; fearless, for they know none may lift a hand to harm; and Mr. Bergh will never have to frame a bill for their protection. The ancestors of these birds were carrier pigeons, who, during the siege of Constantinople, by Admiral Dandolo, did such important service that the grateful government of Venice which profited by their celerity has thus generously provided for their posterity. Some of our practical ladies, who are great sticklers for cleanliness, regarded the fowls as a nuisance.

You know, of course, that we are standing upon the Piazza in front of St. Mark's. But I am going to spare you a description. Bold would be the man or woman to do that, so long as the "Stones of Venice" is in print. I forgive Mr. Ruskin for his cool words on America; for his description of St. Mark's is the most inimitable word-photograph in the English language—the cherished gem of a thousand American home libraries.

It would seem very odd if the founders of Trinity Church had built the church on one side of Broadway and the spire on the other; yet that is the case here, for the campanile of St. Mark's is as much disconnected from the cathedral. It rises to a height of three hundred and twenty-six feet, and from its belfry a superb view of sea and land is had. It was noticed that those who ascended into the head of Bavaria, at Munich, were not ambitious to climb the campanile; it was August, and we were in Italy.

"Who enters here leaves hope behind," may tritely be said of those who pass the portal of St. Mark's into the vestibule and interior; that is, any hope to reproduce it unless holding the pen of a Ruskin or the pencil of a Kaulbach. The light is mysterious and dim, but enough to indicate you are in a fairy land of marble, mosaic and painted glass. The effect of the Apostles on the parapet which divides the nave and choir, figures in black bronze, is strikingly impressive in contrast to the gorgeous coloring on every side. You are told that the two marble columns each side of the main portal were brought from Jerusalem; from the temple whose glories you think you have seen repeated before you.

To us the one distinguishing feature of Venice is its Oriental character; we were quite resigned to the omission of Constantinople from our route, and here the mingling of domes and minarets with Roman façades is not so inharmonious as it would be in a more northern latitude.

Our visit was limited to two days, consequently we could not extend our exploration much beyond the Grand Canal. This winds in gentle detours through the city's centre. Our day-ride over this noiseless highway had been full of interest, grand marble palaces and churches rising on either hand, but it was reserved for our moon-light row to realize the traditional beauty of Venice. I by no means endorse all that the enthusiasts claim for Naples and Venice, but I honor all drafts for admiration on the moon of Venice which the artists call the "Sun of Ruins." I am not sure but Venice has a moon of her own; it is so lustrous, so near, its light so blue, that it scarcely seems our old friend of other lands. The red sun was not yet out of sight in the West as we stepped into the neat gondola that was to convey us down the Canal; the sides of the little cabin were all of drapery, drawn wholly aside, so that the view was unobstructed in

every direction ; one gondolier was seated in front of us with oar in lock, another stood in the stern using his oar alternately as rudder, paddle, and an instrument of salutation to the passing and repassing brothers of his craft. There is no art by which the lights and shadows produced by the moon on the sculptured fronts of the Venetian palaces can be counterfeited ; blue silver on ebony is the only comparison I can make. The effect is heightened by the contrast of artificial light seen through the parti-colored windows of the palaces ; but many of these are black as silhouettes when in shadow, the owners either absent at their country villas, or else palaces that are only used by day for business purposes, or wholly tenantless. One does not need to be a millionaire to occupy a palace in Venice. We saw one not far distant from Palazzo Contarini Fasani, one of the noblest in Italy, which could have been purchased for a less sum than a year's rental of many Broadway wholesale stores, leaving a margin for furnishing and a brand new gondola. I found myself writing my name on imaginary visiting cards with Palazzo so-and-so, Venice, in the right-hand corners. I mention this lest some captious critic should think I flattered myself I possessed more common sense than other people. Wilder fancies than this, even, could be pardoned on the moonlit canals of Venice.

Utterly unable to sleep in this memory-haunted city, I sought out a window looking upon the canal and watched the gondolas returning with their passengers from above and below. It was almost weird, so much life and motion, and no sound of wheels ; and as every writer who visits Venice reserves a line to say there is not a horse nor cart in it, I will here add, that if there be, I saw them not.

By midnight the gondolas are few ; those that pass are probably returning with visitors at the Public Garden at the extreme point of the city bordering on the Lagoons. We see the palaces whose owners in the by-gone centuries

were the Stewarts and Vanderbilts of the world. There are the marble steps where waited their red-liveried servants to receive the visitors who enjoyed their princely hospitality; and here are yet the very posts, painted with colors corresponding to the family liveries, at which their gondolas were moored. Past the window in which I am seated has glided the *Bucanteur*, the barge whose deck was inlaid with pearl and ebony, and over which hung a pavilion curtained with gold brocade and crimson velvet, bearing the Doge to the spot where he should wed the Adriatic, by dropping a ring into the sea.

THE RIALTO AND THE DUCAL PALACE.

WAS not that a good morning's work under a mid-summer Italian sun? The Ducal Palace was our first halting place. The exterior is the extreme of princely magnificence. We pass into the golden-walled vestibule and up the stairs, at the head of which the doges were crowned, and down which rolled the severed head of Marino Faliero. We look into the *Bocca di Leone*, where the anonymous accusations against the suspected were dropped, too often followed by incarceration and fearful torture. Into the Hall of Three, where sat the man in scarlet robes whose fiat was life or death. We cling to the arm of our companion as we pass with bated breath over the Bridge of Sighs, leading from halls of unexampled luxury to loathsome dungeons below the sea. Glad were we to ascend from those dreadful cells and cross the bridge again to the palace, so rich in Titanesque splendor and beauty. Here is the hall where the ambassadors were received, and, beyond, the bed-chamber of the Doge, in front of which are yet the marks of the heels of the guard who walked to and fro to shield the sleeping ruler of the Republic from the assassin's dagger.

To use Byron's expression in the galleries of Florence, we were "drunk with beauty" we saw in the Ducal Palace, which exists in so many varied forms beyond the statues of Mars and Neptune at the top of the grand marble staircase. The eye cannot look up, down, or around, but it meets the richest color — purple,

crimson, and gold. But how oft has the gold been crimsoned with the vital tide! There is a line of painted doges before you with an ominous space draped in black; on that blank once hung the portrait of Marino Faliero; when the sword of the executioner fell upon his neck, the painting was removed. The floors of the cells we have just visited are paved with stones which were finished with smooth surface, that the blood of the victims of the Inquisition might be easier wiped up. We have glanced at the windows through which the murdered corpses were thrown into the Adriatic. What groans and sighs and dying shrieks have echoed across that historic bridge. Let us pass out to the Piazzetta, where the melody of the band may serve to drown the painful associations which the Ducal Palace with all its splendor cannot prevent recurring to the mind.

Stay! Let us not leave these wonderful halls of the doges without a glance at the largest oil painting in the world, Tintoretto's "Paradise;" eighty-four feet wide, and thirty-four feet high. It is a wonderful conception. The artist has introduced the portrait of his wife in these realms of the blest, but was careful to exclude any female figure that might be thought to be intended for the woman that refused to marry him. Artists have their revenges; Michael Angelo and Da Vinci painted their enemies in purgatory. The American who was suddenly enriched by an oil well, and wished to go to Europe to be painted by the old masters, did not think they were such malicious creatures.

The fish-market near the Rialto is a scene of novel life; I would have enjoyed a longer time to view the finny inhabitants of the Venetian seas than was allowed us. The salt-air atmosphere here was eminently more agreeable than the odors we encountered in other parts

of the city; for although in this respect Venice is to Naples as gray to black, yet it would do no harm, in a sanitary way, if the tide would rise just enough in some of the narrow streets of Venice to cover them for an hour or more. The American woman who leaves Italy without the most delicate of her senses stunned, is more fortunate than any of our companions. Old travellers say that these cities are much cleaner than formerly; that the great influx of tourists has led to some reform; and that only in Syria and Egypt you are outraged with filth. If this be true, I, for one, am glad I was not among the earlier travellers.

Every one knows that the Rialto is an arch, with a pointed apex, spanning the Grand Canal. The fish-market we have just left, lies around the base of one of the abutments. The Rialto is considerably wider than Broadway, and rests on more than ten thousand piles. By the way, one cannot help wondering what would become of Venice if the piles should all simultaneously decay. But they are said to be almost imperishable, many of the more valuable being of cedar. It is told of an impoverished Venetian family, that its patrician head proposed taking down the palace to sell the cedar piles upon which it was built. This appears to be a confirmation of the theory of a spendthrift Earl of Oxford, who sold the ancestral forests in order to reduce his obligations, saying that, "oaks are an excrescence upon the earth's surface, which Nature had provided for man with which to pay his debts."

An arcade extends through the centre of the Rialto, in which are shops eligibly situated to catch custom and the sea-breezes as they come sweeping up from the bay. From the Rialto to the Jews' quarter is a natural transition to those of us who have been quoting the "Merchant of Venice" on the bridge associated with

his name. Some of the buildings in the Venetian Ghetto are substantial, even elegant; groups of women were seated at the door-steps, evidently gossips of an incorrigible cast. There were some old men ugly enough to pass for Shylock, while here and there might be seen the face of a young woman peeping out from an arched window, who would serve for Jessica. There is some truth in the assertion that the curse has not fallen on the Jewish maiden.

Life on the canals, more than any out-door feature of Venice, most interested us; so novel, compared to anything we can view at home. The gondolas winding through fleets of market-boats loaded with vegetables and fruits add much to the pictorial effect. These are often propelled by bare-legged boys, who manage their craft with inimitable dexterity; and should they fall overboard, you would feel no more alarm than you would at seeing a duck plunge into a pond. In some houses we saw boys in the basement windows, from which they were fishing. The boys with whom we came in contact were so intolerably odorous of onions and garlic, that all were content to view them at a distance, as a part of the picturesque scenes around us. Goethe accounted for the grace and self-possession of young Venice upon the ground that the humblest lad might be eligible to the chair of the Doge. The argument would be more pertinent as applied to young America; especially when we have just seen a poor canal boy inaugurated the ruler of fifty millions of free men.

A peculiar optical delusion is produced by going out in a gondola into the open sea beyond the Custom-house, and looking back until the tide attains its flood. As the water in the canals rises, the city appears to be sinking. If you chance to time your trip about sunset, the beauty of the view is only second to that of the Bay of Naples. The red buoys protruding here and

there in the sea reminded me of those blotches of vermillion which glow like coals in many of Turner's paintings.

It is a pretty picture to see a fleet of the best class of gondolas with shining steel prows glide swiftly past the slower, ruder craft laden with vegetables and fruit. But these are often rich in a beauty all their own; for their freight is arranged apparently for effect: pyramids of vegetables and melons, hid at the base with large baskets of plants and flowers. Still more picturesque are the fishing craft, with fantastic sails, and images and garlands at the top of their masts.

Could the Academy of Venice be transported to New York or Boston, I would promise to make an annual pilgrimage to it for the study of Venetian art. Paul Veronese, Tintoretto and Titian, the great triumvirate of colorists, are here seen in their glory. Standing before Veronese's "Triumph of Venice," in the presence of those stately dames in dresses of cloth of gold and green and crimson velvet, I was quite abashed as I looked down on my sober attire. It is certain that Mr. Rogers stood before this picture when he described those stately matrons and blooming girls who figure in his "Italy" as the "mothers" and the "twelve brides of Venice." If the reports of certain youth with us, who doubtless regard themselves as grave judges in such matters, may be credited, the descendants of those bridal heroines, so happily rescued from the pirates of Istria, have not inherited the charms which poetry and art have united in ascribing to their predecessors.

On one of the slender columns supporting the awning of a gondola used by our party was written in a feminine English hand, "Adieu, Venice! Adieu, forever!" It may have been traced by one who, like ourselves, left Venice with a sense of something lost out of the previous life. The ideal Venice is no more for us forever.

As we leave this city in the sea by the railroad, which seems to float on the Adriatic, we look back upon its glittering domes, from which springs the tall Campanile, like a tower or lighthouse. As these lessen in the perspective, something of the illusion of the sinking Venice is perceptible; and you speculate upon the possible obliteration of all this marvel foreshadowed by the already sunken floor of St. Mark's:

“O Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.”

MIDSUMMER STUDIES IN FLORENCE.

WE left Venice at noon, Aug. 2, for Florence, *via* Padua, Ferrara and Bologna, passing over the rocky Apennines. Short and long tunnels are so frequent that the male members of our party shake their heads at the probable cost of the road. They tell of certain stocks they hold, valueless save for kindling the office fire. To use a homely phrase, your genuine Yankee never "sinks the shop." It is certain that two-thirds of the business men of the party would like nothing better than a chance to get back to-morrow at their respective scenes of battle for the almighty dollar. In general intelligence America is far ahead of Europe; but there is very much in the transatlantic character we may study with profit, not the least of which is the ability to enjoy a holiday. Our ladies better understand this, and are determined to make the most of the opportunity. So we close our ears to the discussion of stocks, bonds and mortgages, and keep our eyes open to the mountain scenery in view; not that it is particularly beautiful, but interesting for its deep gorges and lofty ledges, where toy-like cottages are resting quietly in the summer sun.

Our companions are long since as domesticated as one family, and if the other sections harmonize as well as the ladies and gentlemen composing that in which my son and I are journeying with there will be a large sum total of happy reminiscences to recall at the annual reunions in Boston. Should these pages fail to prove how much profit and pleasure can be derived from these excursions, I hope

to make amends by giving my testimony in person at the Hotel Vendome reception, February 15th, 1883. There are, of course, disadvantages attendant upon this mode of travel, as there are in smaller parties, but they are reduced to a low maximum. To those unfamiliar with the Continental languages, and who wish to have the greatest possible amount of sight-seeing with the least expenditure of time and money, it is difficult to conceive how our advantages could be excelled. Dr. Tourjée and his coadjutors are tireless in their exertions to please; no sinecure, when we consider the great number of their guests, with varied tastes, and the constitutional tendency of human nature to find fault. We realize that we command privileges that individual tourists would have to employ considerable *finesse* to obtain. I am sure there are hundreds of my countrywomen upon whom, like myself, the superintendence of the education of their children devolves, who would gladly avail themselves of the advantages of a trip from New York to Pompeii, were they assured it could be accomplished so safely, with entire exemption from conventional annoyances, and in the society of people of culture, whose friendship will contribute to the happiness of life in all future years. Now and then I have been betrayed into expressions of discontent, at the seeming stoicism of some of our members; but I should not forget that my own enthusiasm may be no less unpleasing to others; for there is some truth in the aphorism of Talleyrand, that nothing gives greater offence than the enthusiasm of zeal. As this book is mainly written for personal friends, I may be pardoned for entering a plea in justification of the deep feeling I have found it utterly impossible to withhold. This trip to Europe, which to many is a matter of no more account than a morning ride by rail from New York to Philadelphia, was for me a life-dream realized. Years had been devoted to preparation. My little library gradually accumulated upon its shelves standard

works of history and art, pertinent to European travel, and my children and transient guests were called upon to read aloud from them in the family circle. Photographs, engravings, and the stereoscope were pressed into service, as well as the globes and maps, to impart all that a theoretical pilgrimage could give of realism. Yet with all these appliances, I feel that only a second trip could adequately fit one for a complete enjoyment of the educational advantages of a tour of Europe.

These reflections have been jotted down at the expense of losing much of the scenery through which we are whirled, over up-grades and down-grades.

The unpleasant effluvia and heat of Venice are succeeded by odorless and invigorating air which seems to have been pumped out of the cool caverns of the Apennines. With all these favorable conditions, however, by the time we reached Florence, at eight o'clock, fatigue had so mastered us that we were compelled to go dinnerless to bed. Sleep was not to be wooed until long past midnight, when, with the music of serenaders on the street floating in at the open window, I fell into a doze and rose at an early hour unrefreshed and with little zest for exploring a city so long the cynosure of the world. I believe I have elsewhere recorded my pride in being able to rise above the constantly recurring impulse to give up any further advance, and rest. If we feel that we must succumb at Florence, what is our chance at Rome and Naples? Here, in this land of inertness, where Nature woos to the *dolce far niente*, there is no rest for us. So we order a carriage and drive to the Pitti Palace, the most complete gallery in Europe. It was designed by Brunelleschi, and built of huge blocks of unhewn stone, many of which are twenty-five feet in length; the only buildings in America which in any degree can compare with its solidity are some of the commercial blocks extending along Boston harbor, north of the Custom-house.

In the fourteen saloons we find five hundred paintings in the left wing. You understand, after you have walked through this palace, which contains such priceless art and wonderful furniture, what was meant by one of the Medici who occupied it; he lay dying and the priest was endeavoring to console him by recounting the joys of mansions in the skies. "My dear father," groaned the expiring patrician, "I am content with the Pitti." M. Taine has epitomized this palace when he says, "Poisoning and assassination were hereditary in this family, but their tables of malachite and mosaic are so beautiful!"

No lover of Raphael (and who is not?) should leave the Pitti without spending a devotional hour before the "Madonna del Gran Duca," so named from having been the favorite of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, in whose private apartments it hung, but frequently taken down to accompany him in his carriage when journeying. Before coming into possession of the Duke it was owned by a poor widow, ignorant of its real value, who sold it, in 1791, to a picture dealer for a mere pittance.

The work is one of the earliest of Raphael. Although there is little trace here of the classical purity of his later Madonnas, the modesty and sweetness of this face is unrivalled. There is no introduction of the graces of the stately duchesses of Urbino; it is studied from the genuine peasant girl, even to the large hands. The beauty of the mother is not shared by the child, which is only remarkable for the loveliness of its flesh tint—almost redolent of the aroma emanating from the bosom of a lovely babe. Masterly as the painting is, you cannot but feel that the young Raphael was not yet able to grasp the celestial images haunting his dreams. This was only to be when he drew the Seggiola and Sistine groups.

The enjoyment of these princely galleries, great as it may be, is not wholly unalloyed. There is too much of the grossness of mythology, of which one gets quite

enough in classic study, without having it given shape and color. In the Uffizi there are two paintings by Titian which should be relegated to quarters where only students have access. Our libraries each have an "Index Expurgatorius;" why should the directors of art galleries be less scrupulous? These ideas should not be set down as prudish; I am confident they are those of a thousand of my countrywomen, who regard a painting which an American mother would not choose to have her son look upon as unfit for the walls of a public gallery, no matter how extraordinary the skill it displays. There are those to whose judgment I am usually ready to defer in art matters who say by this elimination you have galleries only fit for Puritans. Better this, than portions of some of the Continental galleries, only fit for Impuritans.

A corridor containing nearly two thousand drawings passes over the Arno on the east side of the Ponte Vecchio, connecting the Pitti with the Uffizi, another depository of paintings and sculpture of inestimable value. Should Europe lose all beside these two collections, it would still be rich. At the Uffizi we see long perspectives of statues of the famed sons of Tuscany. Why should not Florence boast of her preëminence in science, art and letters? Dante, Alberti, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Da Vinci, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Vespucci, Cellini, Galileo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo X. What a galaxy!

At the Uffizi you see Fra Angelico at his best. I here recognize what Savonarola intended when he wished to found a school of art which should be evangelical. What ideal purity and sweetness in the heads of Fra Angelico's cherubims! There is one panel filled with his musical angels playing upon the harp, organ and cymbals, which is like having a glimpse beyond the golden clouds of a Venetian sunset. His title of Angelico came from his piety and supreme skill in drawing celestial beings. He

never commenced a work without supplicating the favor of God. No wonder that his panels and canvas are flooded with effulgent light. Of the ethereal saints of Giotto how can we speak in other terms than rapture? Could there be two men of more widely separated styles than Titian and Giotto?—the former so sensuous, the latter so idealistically pure. In studying Giotto you realize the higher mission of Art. The very hands of his saints are religious.

From gallery to gallery we proceed, new vistas opening the moment one has terminated. Alexander had only one world to conquer; but here we have a legion. The mind is staggered in the contemplation of the immensity of man's labor.

We saw more Americans in Florence than in any other city since leaving London. What if the time should come when Europeans will visit us in corresponding numbers? All that is necessary is to make it the fashion.

Rome has churches to equal the number of days in the year, and Florence has nearly two hundred; a fair proportion to her population, which is the same as that of Washington: one hundred and sixty thousand. The dome of the cathedral is one of those objects words are impotent to describe. Enough that it exceeds in size and grandeur St. Peter's dome at Rome. Three of the largest New York churches could be placed alongside the Florence Cathedral without extending beyond its depth. There is something in the immensity of these vast interiors which appeals with irresistible power to the devotional sense. All the wonders of the seventeen-million-dollar chapel of the Medici fail to impress the mind as these. In San Lorenzo we find Michael Angelo's "Night and Day." "Night" is crowned with poppies, and in a dreamless sleep. The figures are colossal, and the anatomy wonderful. We gaze in awe and admiration; no voice is heard above a whisper.

The Church of San Minianto crowns a lovely hill in the environs, around which is an ancient cemetery; another Campo Santa. The interior of the church is filled with tombs and memorials of the dead, to which are brought wreaths and flowers, the same as if without the walls. The light coming through the choir window is exquisitely tender; instead of glass, it is formed of thin sheets of alabaster.

Many of the figures of saints and Madonnas in the Florentine churches are portraits of members of ancient families, showing that the Tuscan pride is not altogether modern. The reader who has visited Darmstadt and Dresden will recall the two holy families by the Holbeins, in which are seven portraits of the Burgo-master Meyer's family, including his own. Could the flattery of an artist or the ambitious vanity of his patrons go beyond this? We may never know how many women of the Renaissance have their beauty immortalized in the faces of the saints and Madonnas we have seen.

I warn all American ladies who are not so fortunate as to own silver-mines or oil-wells, to shun the Jeweller's Bridge at Florence. Like the Rialto, it is lined with shops; but in these there is such a wealth of mosaics and precious stones displayed as to make one fairly tremble for fear of being left penniless. You are much safer in the galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi, because you know that even Mr. Vanderbilt could not purchase anything exposed there. We recollect we are commanded not to covet our neighbor's goods, so we turn away from these cases of "imprisoned light," and go to the Ponta di Santa Trinita, a bridge over three hundred years old, and the popular evening promenade of the city. It is brilliantly lit and adorned with statues; no sooner has the sun set, than it is filled with gay youth of both sexes, who pass and repass, smiling and chatting in a manner so animated as to be almost contagious.

There is no gloom in Florence; vivacity, content, comfort, and prosperity, appear wherever you go.

The brilliant evening scenes upon the piazza of St. Mark's at Venice were repeated here a hundredfold. The entire populace must have been out-doors; some streets filled with people, seated, smoking and drinking; it seemed to us as if it was some great fête day, and that on the morrow the people would go to work; but when the next day and evening came, the same scenes were repeated. It would be worth another week of ocean discomfort to come over again for an autumn or spring in this "City of the Lily." We should never tire of riding through the lovely suburbs, with their broad-roofed villas and rich gardens.

The Cascine, like Boston Common, originally was a cow-pasture; it is the popular resort of the citizens and visitors, containing fine lawns and trees, but is greatly inferior to Central Park, which, as a whole, has nothing to fear in comparison with any public park of Europe. I regret to see that this pride of our metropolis is not so well-kept as formerly. The Boboli, however, on the right bank of the river, is a delightful garden bower. A walk hedged by cypress-trees, extends through the centre of the garden, which leads you into little groves of mulberry, almond, and olive-trees—the fit abodes of nightingales. A superb flight of stone stairs, with five or six landings, each adorned with standing statues, leads down to a little gem of a lake, around which are orange and oleander-trees in fruit and blossom, growing in tubs; in the centre of the lake a massive marble fountain, sculptured by Giovanni Bologna, is placed, from which the water drips in liquid melody. This artist is also the sculptor of the colossal figure of the Apennine, in the Park of Pratolino, some distance from the city. If this giant ever goes a-wooing, he could find but one lady in the world entitled to his regard,

she of Bavaria; his beard is said to be twenty feet in length. There are several vistas in the Boboli Gardens, through which you have fine views of the city and the shining Arno.

The rear of the Pitti Palace makes a fitting background to the older portions of the Boboli Gardens, laid out by the wife of Cosmo de Medici. Massive hedges, over which none but giants could peep, we see encircling lawns from which rise the cypress, ilex and Italian pine. From the highest ground we get a noble view of the city, the Arno and environs, a view that has much of the beauty of Naples without the debilitating surroundings. The Arno from this point appears lined on both sides with palaces and gardens; you look down upon the balustraded roofs of the former, which are as spotless as the pavements of Philadelphia after a Saturday morning scrubbing. The Tower of Galileo, some distance from here, is said to afford the best view, in consequence of its superior height, but we did not visit it. Here was where he made those studies of the heavenly bodies which brought upon him the same charge of heresy the friars of Salamanca brought against Columbus. Science in our day is, fortunately, less hampered; Darwin can claim man to be the posterity of the most ignoble of the animal creation without incurring the risk of the inquisition's cell.

Our ride back to the hotel was through delightfully clean streets; and although many of the palaces are of great antiquity, they have a much fresher air than those of Verona and Venice. The Capponi Palace we pass in the Via San Sebastino is celebrated for its magnificent staircase. Opposite, is the palace of the Velluti-Zati; noted merchants who were the inventors of velvet.

After a refreshing lunch we start for the Loggia de Lanzi, an open colonnade of three arches, supported by pillars filled with the purest antique, mediæval and modern sculpture; these works are in the open air, upon a pave-

ment elevated above that of the square. The bronze Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini at once catches the eye; the pose is dramatic, yet not theatrical.

During our stay at Florence there was considerable gossip concerning works of art in the city of which the public had lost sight; it was thought there were about two thousand five hundred paintings stored away in old palaces and galleries; treasure-trove to future collectors. The public galleries are constantly thronged with tourists, and great caution is exercised to prevent robbery; this sometimes occurs through the cupidity of officials. The head of one of the chief galleries, it is told, recently discovered that certain works appeared in the inventory, but not on the walls. Suspecting a director, he at once solicited an interview, and inquired would he do him a very great favor.

“Certainly; what is it?”

“Resign to-morrow.”

In writing of Paris, I have drawn some parallels between the capital on the Seine and New York. At Florence I find characteristics that are repeated in Boston; more, however, in social features than in art. The Bostonians have the same pride in citizenship and local history as the Tuscans; the same dignity, but greater reserve and suspicion. After the Puritan blood has more assimilated with the Gaellic, Celtic and Teutonic, life in the tri-mountain city will more resemble that of Florence than now.

Let us not leave this delightful city without a modicum of praise for its finely-paved streets. Should a lady walk the centre of Broadway for two blocks, it is not probable she would ever repeat the attempt. But the Florence streets are as smooth as those of Washington, and it is a luxury to either drive or walk over them.

For the first ten miles, as we leave for Rome, I had a grudge against the engine-driver for taking our train so

speedily through the enchanting suburbs. Who may tell of the midsummer glories of these olive groves, with their silver-lined leaves trembling in the breeze sweeping down from the Apennines through the valley of the Arno? Who are the favored sons and daughters of God that dwell in these castles and villas, in the midst of gardens where Tasso might have written his "Armida?" For a moment I was rebellious. Why might I not, too, here retire and shut out the world beyond; a world of business cares and anxieties; a world where the greater part of American lives are devoted to the accumulation of dollars, and the other part made bitter by inability to secure a higher interest for them without endangering the principal.

The dome of the cathedral is the last object we see of the city, as grand and beautiful as on that distant day when Michael Angelo beheld it from the heights as he wended his way to Rome to plan the dome of St. Peter's —

"I will make her sister dome
Larger; yes, but not more beautiful."

Yes, Florence, thou art truly peerless; a Tuscan pearl set in an emerald frame of oleander, olive and pomegranate; but thy miles of galleries have made the feet of the tired pilgrim from the West very, very sore.

PARTHENOPEAN SHORES.

AN early morning train from Rome took us to Naples. What with the fine dust, the heat and tormenting thirst, this was as disagreeable a journey as I ever had in any country. Water was literally prohibited; as dangerous, it was said, as the night air of the Campagna; but water we must have or perish. Never before did we realize the force of the line, "As welcome as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul." But all earthly miseries have an end; in due time we were fairly luxuriating in a draught of pure water which we dipped with our own hands in the cellar of the hotel at Naples.

The topography of the city is so universally known that it is needless for me to recapitulate it. To write anything positively new of the city or environs is a hopeless aspiration; as hopeless as the possibility of inventing a new adjective of admiration to apply to the scenes around you. To many people the charms of a Paradise Lost are greater than those of a Paradise Regained. Your experience at Naples gives an opportunity to sing of both. Nothing could be farther removed from the popular conception of the beauty of Naples, than some of the scenes I faintly portray, and nothing this side of realms of eternal beauty can exceed those portions of its shores whose loveliness has inspired all poets from the time of Virgil. Yet no gift of man is equal to reproducing the Neapolitan Shore. Were every scarlet leaf of its oleander groves a tongue, the tale would still remain untold. We had thought that

on some portions of the Rhine, Nature had reached her *Ultima Thule*; but that she only fashioned here; and whatever of beauty there is on earth elsewhere, is only the work of her apprentices. Sunrise, noonday, twilight, and moonrise, on these Parthenopean shores are each so full of transcendant beauty, that once seen can never be replaced. Here in one day you have seen earth, sky, and water, pass and dissolve through every gradation of color; not of Venetian intensity, but diaphanous, and only comparable to the iridescent waves of light that play upon sheets of mother-of-pearl. The beauty-intoxicated soul grows pensive in the contemplation. It is too lovely to be enduring; life is too brief to grasp it; how many thousands must die without beholding it. After all, is it not all a dream? Are we still matter-of-fact Americans, soon to return to our prosaic and bread-winning life?

There are many points from which is had the triple view of the bay, the city and Vesuvius; that from Castle Elmo best commands the city, but that which most gratified us was from the "Villa Nazionale," a garden which retains the primal natural loveliness of Adam's home, adorned by the skill of his most cunning sons. The promenade at the base of the higher portions of the garden extends for a mile along the western part of the city and forms a sea-wall, like the New York battery. The sea breeze is just strong enough to open the rose leaves whose perfume mingling with the scent of oranges and flora to us unknown, oppresses the senses with almost enervating effect. Statues of undraped youth smile upon you from their marble pedestals which gleam like blocks of snow against the deep green of the bowers beyond. Selecting an elevated point, we get our first good view of the amphitheatre-terraces of the city, the sea and the beautiful, but terrible altar from which either smoke or fire eternally ascends. And this we see at sunset.

"But you are not to write of such an every-day affair as a sunset!" exclaims the wearied reader. Ah! but a sunset at Naples — Castle Elmo's towers lined — No! To those friends who insist upon seeing this sunset as I saw it, I will forward fac-similes from my note-book.

M. Taine, though I may have been a little severe in chiding your cruel treatment of the lichens, let me take shelter behind your classic shield; be thou my interpreter of a Neapolitan sunset: "I sat down on a bench. Evening was coming on, and in watching the fading tints it seemed as if I were in the Elysium fields of the ancient poets. Elegant forms of trees defined themselves clearly on the transparent azure. * * I seemed to be gazing on ancient Greek life, to comprehend the delicacy of their sensations, to find a never-ending study in the harmony of these slender forms and fading tints. * * * Towards eight o'clock the breeze died away. The firmament seemed to be of *lapis lazuli*. The moon like an immaculate queen, shining alone in the azure, shed her silvery beams on the broad waters, and converted them into a glittering milky way. No words can express the grace and sweetness of the mountains enveloped in their last tints, the vague violet of the nocturnal robe. The mole and a forest of masts with their deep, dark reflections rendered them still more charming, while the *Chiaja* on the right, sweeping around the gulf, together with its rows of illuminated houses, gave them a garland of flame. * * * The sky itself is a fête. * * Ischia and her naked promontories on the extreme end repose in their lilac envelopes, like a slumbering Pompeian nymph under her veil. Veritably, to paint such nature as this, this violet continent extending around this broad luminous water, one must employ the terms of the ancient poets and represent the great beneficent goddess enthroned by the eternal ocean, above them the serene effulgence of the dazzling Jupiter." This you see through vines that lay

against the evening sky like draperies of black lace ; and you turn an indifferent eye at the life in the streets as you wend your way to the hotel, not willing that anything less beautiful should occupy the mind before another day.

It would probably read very poetically that I was kept awake nearly all night by the ceaseless music of tambourines, guitars and songs in the streets ; but truth is paramount to poetry ; and my wakefulness was less owing to these than to a company of invisible, but powerful-voiced serenaders in my room, who, I think, were genuine importations from the swamps of New Jersey, smuggled over by some of our party who desired to balance the account with Europe for exporting to us so many of its own nuisances. It will be a safe argument that all tourists who write Italy as an unalloyed delight did not visit it in August, when, if some portions of your days are paradisaical, your nights are more likely to be compared to Hades.

For several hours of the early morning I sat at my window, viewing very many of the features of the land and waterscape, beheld the previous afternoon and evening under such different light, and which I enjoyed scarcely less for the reason there were no disturbing causes to divert the mind. Vesuvius was clearly outlined on the eastern sky, and in watching the advancing light of morning the time sped all too quickly. The sun had not yet arisen when there came to my ears a strain so sad, so sweet and tremulous, that I thought I had never heard a voice so "full of tears." Looking out I saw, far down, a woman with a babe in her arms ; she was not beautiful, for Nature has been so prodigal of her favors to the shores of Naples she had few left to bestow upon their women. Yet her eyes were bright and her hair of glistening black ; and it may be in happier days her form had corresponded with her voice. I threw her a few small coins, for which I was rewarded by a look of apparent heartfelt gratitude, and by another song, so rich in melo-

dy as to be a fresh revelation of the power of the Italian tongue, even in the mouths of its lazaroni. Small as was the pittance I had thrown this early serenader, it would suffice to feed her and her babe for a day, and possibly a lazy husband lying upon his back looking up to the sunny sky over his worthless head.

At the period of our visit at Naples, the first of August, melons and pears were at the height of their maturity; I did not consider them better in flavor than our own. There are not many European fruits we could afford to exchange for our American apple. The grapes and figs, however, were delicious, which we enjoyed with a zest quite equal to that the early strawberry is greeted with at home in June. The Cava fig, of which a penny will buy a pound, is small and black, but very palatable, and the skin so delicate it can be easily eaten. An interesting legend is told in Cava concerning this fig. A delegation from one of the monasteries was dispatched to Rome to solicit a special Papal indulgence. To propitiate the head of the Church occupying the chair of St. Peter, a present was thought to be the best method to accomplish the work. After much discussion it was decided that the figs of Cava, hitherto unknown in Rome, would be the most novel gift, and in consequence of this resolve the friars entered the Vatican bearing a basket of the fruit, beseeching his Holiness to eat of the same while he heard their petition read. As the holy father listened he munched away at the fruit, the friars exchanging congratulatory grimaces at the evident satisfaction of the prelate who inquired where such delightful fruit was grown. "At Cava, your Holiness," quickly responded the petitioners in unison, already speculating upon the triumphant result of their visit.

"Well, then, our good brothers at Sorrento must be vigilant, else their gardens will lose their celebrity in this new rival," exclaimed his Holiness, selecting a fresh fig

from the basket which immediately disappeared from view as he inquired if the fruit was plentiful.

"Very plentiful, your Holiness," responded the elder of the friars, with a low obeisance.

"Ah, yes, your Holiness," quickly added the other, not to be outdone by his brother friars, "so plentiful that the peasants feed them to their pigs."

"Indeed!" thundered the irate dignitary; "and you bring, then, to the Head of the Church, the pig-food of Cava!"

An hour later the poor chop-fallen friars sat with their feet in the stocks, while the servants of the Vatican pelted them with the residue of their fruit. "And as the poor friars were struck now in the eye, now on the mouth, now on the nose, now on the forehead, they kept saying to each other: 'Thank God, brother, that we selected figs as a present; had we brought water-melons, we should have been brained to a certainty!'"

If I have made little allusion to the environs of Naples, it has been, perhaps, because of inability to do adequate justice to them. Under that brilliant sky the most common objects are touched with a peculiar beauty. There are multitudes of abodes of poverty, as in the city, but here the humblest cottage will have its little trellis or arbor of jessamine, and roses, and grape-vine, which grow in this hot-house of nature with a luxuriance we can never know in our Northern latitude. Our drives in the suburbs were among the chief delights of the visit, from the wonderful scenery of which one could never tire. We are not alone. All the world seems to be at Naples, and all in carriages; gondolas at Venice, carriages at Naples. I thought in the city, that people rode to escape the terrible importunities of the beggars, some of whom are too hideous with disgusting sores to look upon. But this does not avail, and by various stratagems they contrive to get access to the occupants

whenever a temporary halt is made or speed slackened. Such poverty as that of Naples is unknown in our land; did anything like it exist in our severer clime the suffering would be frightful; but here a few rags are ample for clothing; and what we would pay for postage on a single letter would keep a person from starving for a day.

I have alluded to the brilliance of the Italian skies; but in truth they are not more bright than our own. They have, however, a transparent softness which is not observable in our atmosphere. The impression of the exceeding brilliance of the sky of Italy was made upon our people in earlier times before they travelled much themselves, by the English who, going from foggy London, were dazed by the purity of Southern sunlight. The intelligent English who have of late visited our shores, have dwelt with enthusiasm upon the vividness of our skies, and the electrical qualities of the atmosphere, so opposite to the humid air of Great Britain.

The *Largo del Mercato*, the scene of such excitement during Masaniello's rebellion, is a locality of considerable interest to the antiquary; but too full of low life to tempt the tourist to prolong his stay within its precincts. I would rather sit at the hotel window and listen to the hand-organ murdering the beautiful overture to Auber's opera celebrating the history of the rebel fisherman.

The visit to the National Museum, formerly the Museo Borbonico, was repaid by positive benefit. It is a remarkable collection. Here, as is well known, are deposited the furniture, paintings, statuary, jewels, and other objects found at Pompeii. They are the subject of a volume. Many of our most elegant designs of jewelry are copied from that which laid buried so many centuries under the ashes of Vesuvius. The beauty and variety of articles pertaining to a lady's toilet are astonishing. Those ladies who take special delight in the diversified labors of the

kitchen, would find material for days of profitable study in the department containing the household utensils, by the aid of which the Pompeians served up their magnificent banquets. About five thousand different designs in pottery are exhibited, including the articles for savings banks, whose deposits could not be got at without breaking the bank, and quite similar to the little jugs which our children use for similar purpose. The elder Dr. Valentine Mott said of the surgical instruments, that they were, in some respects, better adapted for the purposes for which they were intended than those made in our own time. A box of pills shows that this luxury-loving people were not exempt from ills which attack plainer folk.

Among the mural paintings are designs of exceeding beauty, and others of a more quaint and humorous character; in one instance a boy is represented as undergoing a flogging. It is to be feared that many Pompeian "children of an older growth" escaped a similar castigation to which they were justly entitled, until Vesuvius came and made amends.

Ascending to the higher floors of the museum, we find many paintings of the later Italian school, including noted masterpieces. Notwithstanding the great heat, and that it was the season when one would suppose artists would seek cooler resorts for study, there were several painters busy copying. A copy of Correggio's *Madonna* pleased me so greatly that I purchased it upon the easel, and it has ever since been cherished as the most valued souvenir of the trip; the expression of Mary's face is almost touching in its depth of maternal love.

If Venice is less beautiful than the Bay of Naples, I should prefer it to a permanent residence here. Better sink into the Adriatic, than to be blown up or buried by Vesuvius. Its disease is chronic. There were eruptions before there were historic pens to describe them.

The Neapolitans are said to be never so pious as when Vesuvius is uneasy. Of Neapolitan piety, however, one cannot have high estimate. The common priests met with in the streets inspire nothing less than repugnance. Many of the three hundred churches are in truth very splendid; but no art can reconcile us to the lack of anything resembling a true and vital religion. Some of our missionaries ought to disembark here before proceeding further east.

It was a real deprivation to leave Naples without a visit to Ischia, which Lamartine's poetic tale of "Graziella, the Maid of Ischia," has invented with an interest in harmony with its picturesque beauty. The island is plainly visible from the shore, and at all times, and under all lights, an object of great beauty. Since our visit it has been devastated by a terrible earthquake which destroyed several hundred lives (March, 1881).

A peculiarity of the foliage around Naples that particularly struck me, was the transparency of the leaves; that is, you seem to see the light beyond; an effect not unlike that noticed in our public squares illuminated by the electric light. But very few of these beautiful illusions that are not partially nullified by a repulsive sight or smell.

The flower girls of Naples we had so often sketched in fancy! Well, their bouquets are very, very pretty. How these ideal creations are shattered by inexorable fact! There is so little at Naples that bears analysis. The fishermen you think so idyllic are pursuing their vocation at the mouths of the city sewers which vomit untold horrors. The not young nor lovely flower girl has come from an abode which, if you entered it, would be at the expense of a night's sleep. Children, so small they can scarcely bear their own weight, swarm with lesser creation, as does a bough upon which has lit a migrating colony of bees.

Let us enter upon less repugnant scenes. The out-door

life of the upper classes we can best observe on the Toledo, the Broadway and Rotten Row of the city. There is no more elegance than may be seen in Central Park drives on an October Saturday afternoon; but more animation. The carriages are light and open; the drivers and footmen in brilliant liveries that harmonize in studied contrast with the toilettes of the occupants, whose crimson-lined parasols give a roseate hue coming with the sun and going with the same. Boys, nude to the waist, with one hand upon the carriage-door, thrust their bouquets into the very faces of the ladies who are forced to fling coin to be rid of their embarrassing importunity. Here comes a barouche with four well-fed Englishmen, the veritable John Bulls of Punch; and here in their wake, a less showy vehicle, with five of our friends from Indiana and Illinois, as remarkable for their longitude as the Londoners for their latitude. Were we better versed in Continental nationalities, no doubt the representatives of every state in Europe could be singled out as easily as the Parisian elegante and the Broadway exquisite are recognized. For whom do these latter air their graces? It must have been one of these the Turk used for admonition: "My son," said he, "should you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like that."

On comes the merry throng, a double stream of equipages passing and returning, some followed by cavaliers mounted upon daintily-stepping horses which seem to look with disdain upon the donkeys bearing younger scions of the family; but unlike the wilful donkeys of Chamounix, these never retaliate. They are humble, and never "put on airs;" they know their place and keep it. A well-bred horse would no sooner accept a theory of descent from this despised brute than an æsthete would admit the ape as his remote progenitor.

But we are not at Naples to see Americans, Europeans, or exquisites, nor to discuss theories and donkeys; so let

us follow along the Strada di Roma until reaching one of the streets at the left, which will lead us to Castle Elmo. To satisfy your curiosity we advance a little way previously into one of the narrow streets leading down to the Bay. You need not be told to gather up your skirts; were you sightless you have another sense that would not fail to put you on your guard. Was not your investment at Cologne the best? If Niagara could only flow down from yonder heights for a day! The human hives, the occupants nearly all drones, have swarmed into the streets. There are no homes here, in the Anglo-Saxon sense. The most private domestic details are here performed under no less an open roof than the sky. So common is the sight of mothers examining the lively heads of their offsprings that a master has represented (in the Uffizi at Florence) a lovely Venus performing the same scrutiny over the head of her son Cupid. Not any of the large boys and girls are more than half clothed, and the smaller ones toddling about are as nude as the statues along the walks of the Villa Nazionale; but there the resemblance ceases; for the statues are either kept clean by the rain or the garden hose. Beneath a window, in which a rotten red cotton curtain hangs in strips, lies a man upon a filthy straw mattress, his knees forming the apex of a pyramid; his pantaloons terminate at the same point, the ragged edges showing that the missing portions literally decayed on his body. Women, whose attire cannot be described, sit in the thresholdless doorways, cleaning fishes and cutting vegetables, the refuse lying at their feet, half blackened with monstrous flies. Goats, which nothing short of fumigation would make tolerable, endeavor to thrust their impudent noses into your hand. Groups are collected around steaming kettles of macaroni and compounds of meat and vegetables which at home would be thought unfit for swine, but which is devoured with more zest than a *bon vivant* would display at the

most costly banquet of Delmonico. Yet this is Italy, the home of Poetry and Art! In an hour you can reach the groves in which Virgil invoked his Muse.

With a vow, without any mental reservation, that you will never eat macaroni nor fish within a hundred leagues of Naples, you leave these infernos of stench and squalor. We have nothing in America with which to compare such scenes. New York has districts peopled by European paupers, but their surroundings are less brutish. Let us thank the painters who hang their Neapolitan studies in Beacon Hill and Fifth avenue parlors that they are not obliged to incorporate into their pictures the scent and disgusting filthiness they must necessarily encounter. Our nation opens its arms to all the world, but there is no element here of utility for us. Murray says there are no more lazaroni at Naples. The sun never sets on Naples without its last ray falling upon fifty thousand men, women and children as I have described; and if the city has ever had a more degraded class, the wonder is that Vesuvius has been so long forbearing.

It is a long walk to Elmo, and we see much of street life as we advance, but of a better character than that nearer the Bay. In a sort of an open space or common, left unbuilt, we sat down upon a rough-hewn marble block to rest. Our companions, or many of them, were at the same moment having a more formidable climb to the crater of Vesuvius, whose double cone we can easily discern in the East. The rear of lofty houses looks out upon two sides of this common, their plain stuccoed yellowish walls relieved by red-and-white awnings hung over the windows. Passers-by drop in as we have done, until quite a crowd has assembled watching a man manipulate some pasteboard figures which dance to the hideous strains he produces from a species of bag-pipe even less melodious than that of Scotland. The Punchinello, identified with Naples, did not appear; but Mr. and

Mrs. Pasteboard afforded no end of amusement to the native on-lookers. Now and then the performer would suspend his music and improvise a dialogue for his figures. Against a high garden wall a party of boys were practicing gymnastic tricks, standing upon their heads and climbing upon the shoulders of their comrades, three and four deep. Several were lying upon the ground, while others tossed figs which the prostrate ones caught in their mouths, in precisely the manner in which a son of Emperor Claudius lost his life at Naples; he was catching pears in his mouth, when one sank so far it choked him to death. What most engaged our attention was a nimble youth who was evidently imitating an opera dancer. With a piquant air he takes hold of his trousers at the knee, while the other hand is held archly over his head; suddenly he starts forward and rests in the exact pose of the "Flying Hercules," wonderful in its unconscious grace; now he advances in successive leaps, clutching at some imagined objects in the air, which, pretending to have caught, he throws upon the ground, crushing the invisible atom with his foot as he advances to grasp another victim. It was afterwards made known that he was imitating a female dancer whose favorite invention was called the "Butterfly Dance." The youth was undoubtedly an artist's model; every movement was of inimitable grace, and so artistic that it seems incredible that the highest professional skill could excel it; his blue jacket was buttonless, but had a tiny bouquet in one of the button-holes. Under the awnings were seen the faces of good-looking servant girls, who watched the youth with greater interest than they bestowed upon the old piper, and we concluded that we should have to go farther east than Naples to get away from human nature.

At last we reach the castle, which looks best when seen from a distance. But the view it commands is incomparable. Here are the same bay, islands, sky, cliffs, moun-

tains and garland of cities seen the day before from the Villa Nazionale ; but only a kaleidoscope could show an equal change of color, which to me must ever remain the great beauty and marvel of the shores of Naples. Do not hasten ; drink long and deep ; for never again on earth will you come so near a seeming heaven. As you see it, so Rogers saw it when he wrote under the inspiration of the scenes before us :

“ This region surely is not of the earth ;
Has it not dropped from Heaven ? not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment.”

Ah, *dolce Napoli* ! Had we seen only these ! And could we forget that thy beautiful flowers but cover a corpse !

POMPEII.

MY desire to make the journey from Naples to Pompeii — a distance of thirteen miles — in a carriage met with so little sympathy from the rest of our party that my purpose to study the topography of the intervening country was abandoned. The ride by rail, under a broiling August sun, was so uncomfortable that nothing but its brevity made it tolerable. The ashes that swallowed up the doomed city would seem to be yet in the atmosphere, in the form of fine dust, that beset us in a sort of milky-way shower the entire distance.

I could not help wondering what Pliny, with his microscopic eye, would say could he return and see us passing through the gate near the railway station, and entering the streets of Pompeii, in which may yet be traced the ruts made by the Roman chariots. If the catastrophe had occurred in our own land the city would have been as quickly rebuilt as Chicago, and at less cost ; for little is needed to restore the houses to their pristine condition but to replace the roofs and doors. As for the windows, their number was few at the most. The buildings are of brick, stuccoed without, and the interior walls covered with plaster of such admirable mixture that the best modern skill cannot emulate it. No wonder that the Pompeian artists used so little canvas when such a tempting surface was always spread before them. I do not understand how the idea could have originated that these frescoes were the work of common house-decorators, who copied the choicest designs of Greek art. If they

were copyists only, then they were the best the world has any knowledge of. Our American millionaires, whose dwellings now in progress on the Pacific slope and in New York bid fair to surpass the abodes of royalty, can command no skill in Europe by which they can excel the elegance of these mural paintings.

The walls of Pompeii have been traced on all sides but that facing the sea; they were from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and sufficiently formidable to keep out any foe save that which overwhelmed them. The city was entered by six gates. The "Herculaneum Gate," which is nearest the sea, is the terminus of a road lined with tombs, many of which are seemingly as perfect as on the day they themselves were entombed. Here and there you see a tomb in the style often reproduced in our own cemeteries; yet one wonders if the fondly-cherished memorials of our beloved dead, or those that reverent hands may rear over us, will have such tangible existence eighteen centuries hence.

The site of Pompeii is nearly as commanding as that of Naples — originally on a plateau of lava, from prehistoric eruptions, which rose above the sea, so near that every breeze from it swept through the streets and forum. Around you are all the natural features which made the region so celebrated in the days of Virgil. The water we drank here was the best we had in Italy — not even excepting that delicious draught we had from the well in the cellar of our hotel at Naples. Where such cool, sparkling water can have its source, with the fiery heart of Vesuvius but five miles away, is a marvel. The pipes that conveyed these streams into the bath-houses are often found in good condition, showing that the frequent charges brought against the work done by our plumbers to-day were not merited by the ancient artisans. Indeed, there is no evidence of sham work anywhere at Pompeii. So admirable is the preservation of the city that the

imagination has little to do in realizing its exact appearance before the dire tragedy of 79. Pliny, with all his eloquent detail, cannot equal the realism before you. Had the result of the successive deluge of fire, ashes and stone been an event of 1879, and the city immediately uncovered, the painted walls of the houses would be no more vividly distinct than are those which were brought to the light of day but a short time before our visit, when first exposed. The walls of many buildings are intact, only the roofs lacking. There is no inhospitality, for the city literally keeps "open doors." It is rude, however, this impudent way of ours of entering strangers' houses. There has been a plague, or some other calamity has forced their owners to flee for safety. The danger is past, and they may at any moment return with their household goods to occupy their old homes. Diomede can find some of his wine-jars in the cellar of his villa just where he placed them; and his neighbors can furnish their own houses with their original furniture if the directors of the National Museum at Naples will grant a permit. Chicago nor Boston, the next day after their conflagrations, were not half so habitable in the devastated regions. Here is an oven as perfect as any you could find in the New England kitchens of the last century; and the very loaves baked in it eighteen hundred years ago, with the stamps still legible that distinguish those made from wheat flour from those of bean flour, you may see at Naples. How easy to repeople these streets with their original population; to see the avaricious *Æriés* Diomede returning from the forum and entering his villa we have just left! We are continually asking if the Pompeians are our contemporaries, or are we contemporary with them?

In nothing was I disappointed of my conjectural Pompeii, based upon visits to the Naples museum, save in the coloring of the frescoes; they are faded, but much less

than would appear natural considering their centuries of entombment, and more than a century's exposure to the sun of Southern Italy. The costly folio now being published at Naples, a portion of which, superbly bound, I have recently seen in the trustees' room of the Boston Library, reproduces many of these frescoes with photographic accuracy, but with exaggerated color. The exquisite beauty of these designs, the delicate outlines, the endless blending of animal life with fruit and flowers, can only be understood upon the spot. In their contracted sleeping-rooms, and in some other details of domestic life, the Pompeians were denied the higher comforts of home so prized by the English and Americans; but for the luxury of their baths and the elegance of house decoration we have nothing to compare. In one of the houses we entered, in an apartment corresponding to an American extension parlor, the walls were found as perfect as on the day the artists had rejoiced the owner by announcing their work completed. If our artisans to-day can manage to prolong their labor to such tantalizing length, how must it have been here with these artists of elaborate and minute designs? On the wall, which, from its position, was protected from the sun, the coloring was admirably fresh—a ground of deep-red, with panels of yellow bordered in wide stripes of black, through which extended a delicate green vine. An open window looked into a court raised two or three feet above the ground-floor. In the centre of this court was a line of columns without a cornice, entirely disconnected from each other and the main structure.

From the frequency of political inscriptions, and names of candidates for office found in public resorts, some antiquaries have been led to argue that the city was destroyed at a period of election. The populace were not content with shouting their preferences in the forum, but have written in characters easily deciphered, that So-and-

So is most eligible for ædile: "Paratus nominates Pansa; Philippus prefers Caius Aprasius Felix; Valentinus, with his pupils, chooses Sabinus and Rufus."

The patricians did not have it all their own way. The muleteers, the fruiterers, the carpenters and truckmen have their candidate, and have no diffidence in electioneering in his interest; and he is declared so immaculate, so unexceptionable, that an American constituency would wonder how a man of such character had got into politics. The inscription announcing that the "Sleepers declare for Vatia," has never been satisfactorily explained by the erudite. How did the "sleepers" of Pompeii compare with the Yankee "wide awakes?" It is possible the "sleepers" were an offshoot from the established party—the "stalwarts" and "half-breeds" of the time. That some of our political systems of reward are not without precedent, this translated line will show: "Make Sabinus ædile, O Proculus, and he may make thee such." While this is the principle of nine-tenths of our New York ward politicians, it may be doubted if they would have the candor to inscribe their sentiments upon the walls of the new Court-house. When Polybius was running for ædile his election was urged on the plea that "he would bring in good bread." I am wondering if he took the stump himself, or emulated a Connecticut Senatorial nominee of whom it was said that he won his election by his *finesse*. Among his rural constituency he promised that, if elected, he would have such measures adopted as would ensure the highest price for their butter and cheese; in the cities he ingratiated himself with the wealthy classes by his promise of "getting things fixed" so that they could buy their cheese and butter at a lower rate than ever before.

Many of the houses at Pompeii take their names from some particular fresco or statue found within; others from that of their owner at the period of eruption. One is known as the "Ill Swept House," owing to the frag-

ments of food found upon the floor when exhumed ; if the housekeeper could have known her untidiness was to be so publicly proclaimed to the world, nearly two thousand years later, she would doubtless have been more vigilant. There were many practical housekeepers in our party, and their comments upon Pompeian domestic life would sound strangely in the ears of the Diomedes, the Sallusts, and other noted citizens of the dug-up city, could they return and have cognizance of what is daily occurring in their sanctum-sanctorums. I do not think any of us who pride ourselves upon the immaculate condition of our kitchens would care to have them subjected to such ordeals as are frequent here.

In the winter the number of laborers at Pompeii amounts to several hundreds, and when a house or wall is exposed a stir is made among the onlookers. Some forty or fifty were at work in various parts, at the time we were there, but the exhumations did not appear to be in very active progress. One street was being uncovered ; the *débris* removed in baskets by boys, who dumped their contents into rough cars which are drawn by mules out of the city over an inclined railway. A little Yankee discipline would not be amiss in the superintendence of this work, although no doubt the amount of labor performed is well proportioned to the pay. A bust bearing a striking resemblance to Cæsar, with facial characteristics of William H. Seward and Charles Sumner, had been recently discovered in the court of a house we saw ; two bronzed-arm young men were seated by a classic urn, their half-filled baskets of ashes and lava near by, listlessly dipping their hands into the water of the urn supplied by a spring which the storm of fire had not quenched. In the background Vesuvius keeps puffing away, as if chuckling to himself how easily he could repeat his work of 79, and engulf Naples as he did Pompeii.

The world is full of doubting Thomases. There are

surgeons who argue that men have no souls because their knives do not discover them; skeptics, who are not friends to the tenets of our faith, inquire why profane history does not contain more authentic record of the life and death of Jesus. They certainly cannot doubt the existence of Pompeii, nor the means by which it was destroyed. From the comparatively few bodies found it is quite certain that the bulk of the population escaped in safety. This event occurred less than half a century after the crucifixion. Now, why, by the same argument, should we not have the testimony of other survivors than Pliny?

The theatres are less spacious than those of many other Roman cities, but it is known that the Greek drama was produced here in the best style known to the ancients. The impressiveness of the opening scene in the "*Ædipus Tyrannus*" of Sophocles, lately acted at Harvard University, is particularly mentioned in the annals of the Pompeian stage. The Greek origin of Naples would naturally cause the Greek drama to share with the Roman in popularity in the vicinity. The seats and general features of Pompeian theatres are well preserved. It appears that the middle classes brought their cushions with them when attending the play. The custom of a noble American philanthropist in carrying a cushion for his use at public meetings has long been a standing ridicule by caricaturists; they might be less merciless did they consider there are classic precedents.

It might have been better taste to have made allusion to the religious rites of the Pompeians before noticing their theatres; but the impression that any but a blind person would have in Pompeii would be that they had no religion worth speaking of. There is no evidence inscribed upon the tombs beyond the Herculaneum Gate that gives hope that any of these Romans looked forward to a future existence. On every side are proofs of their proficiency

in the arts. How difficult to reconcile with this their pagan principles! Let our eyes be ever open to the truth that the highest culture is of no avail to individuals or nations, without it is based upon the vital laws of Christianity.

The man of Pompeii whose character has been most admired is the sentinel who was found dead at his post, in a niche at the gate leading to the tombs; it is the tribute the world is ever ready to pay to fidelity to trust, and it was in the expectation that our lamented Garfield would have been equally faithful that prompted the nation to break its alabaster-box over his bier.

We wandered from house to house, every moment discovering fresh objects of interest. Here let me say that no person should enter these houses without having previously visited the museum at Naples, and thus have a thorough knowledge of what their contents were. A month would not suffice to thoroughly study them. The house of Holconius, less noticed than that of Diomede, is interesting from the consummate taste of its owner.

The roofs that have been placed over some of the buildings, to protect them from the elements, are very rude; in little harmony with the original walls; but, rude as they were, they afforded grateful shelter from the August sun, and beneath one we sat down upon a marble step for a quiet lunch brought from Naples. The spectacle of two hundred American men and women exploring the kitchens, bedrooms and cellars of Pompeii is no every-day occurrence. A week's camping-out here among the ruins would suffice to obliterate all consciousness of America and the nineteenth century.

Were I to single out any one article of household use at Pompeii, it would be their lamps of varied designs which our best skill is powerless to surpass. The bronze busts used for weights, with their steelyards, and the common kitchen spoons, fashioned after the neck of a swan, are

objects of admiration; but the lamps, with their elegant chains, elicit positive enthusiasm. Who would not desire to consume the "midnight oil" when burned in such receptacles as these? Fit theme for the poet Lingg, who thus addresses his Pompeian lamp:—

Dost thou recall thine ancient dwelling?
From out a mask of marble made,
A sweet-voiced crystal stream came welling,
And murmuring through the night it played
In the arcade.

Dost thou recall the student hoary
Who held thee when he stooped to seek
The rolled papyrus' treasured story,
Broke seal-wax and was wont to speak
In classic guile?

The same vigilance that prevented our carrying off the twenty-ton stones of the Verona amphitheatre was the means of our leaving Pompeii with not so much as a lava pebble. It looks as if some of the English and American tourists who have preceded us left their honesty at home, judging from the Argus eyes that have followed our party from the Clyde to the Tiber.

While it is impossible not to admire the almost incomparable taste of the Pompeians, as displayed in their paintings and statues, we cannot shut our eyes to the unmistakable evidence that nothing less than the fire rained down upon the doomed cities of Palestine could have purified this whited sepulchre.

THE CAPITAL OF CAPITALS.

THERE are two cities of the world on approaching which the traveller is impressed in a manner no other sensations or experiences can produce—Rome and Jerusalem. The former has for Americans an unique interest. In the Roman republic we behold that historical cartoon of national grandeur which, in the natural course of events, our own is likely to parallel. May we be spared the awful shadows that veiled the Rome of Cæsar in perpetual night! An English writer says that he has known Americans to come to Rome and return without visiting Paris. For a people so utilitarian, so little given to sentiment, this is a remarkable manifestation. But it is not the Rome of the nineteenth century that fires the American heart. He goes to stand upon the Palatine Hill and build up the Rome of Vespasian. It matters not that her seven hills are now no more prominent than the traditional three mounts of Boston. We have imagination and history; and upon the ruins before us dull must be the mind that cannot restore the past.

Nature offers little to produce abnormal excitement as you near the Eternal City—the wide untilled plains, bleak hills and ruined aqueducts are quite a different scene from what we have left behind in Tuscany. A little stir is made as the cry “There’s Rome!” runs through the car. Sleepy eyes are unclosed, and languid heads are raised from extemporized pillows to peer out of the windows. The hills grow softer; white villas are seen in the midst of high-walled gardens; towers and roofs come into view;

then a huge dome — St. Peter's. But so busy are we in picking up our scattered portables, that we can only give a half-glance at the wonderful work of Michael Angelo.

I was not at all surprised that we must enter Rome through a hole in an old wall; in a city so much read of, thought of, and speculated upon, if all normal laws had been found reversed it would have caused little wonder. No sooner were we landed at the hotel than it was announced that we were at once to depart for Naples, consequently our first visit to Rome comprised no more than is here set down. I have elsewhere written so minutely of our visit at Naples that the reader will rejoice to be spared any repetition of it here. Glad as I should have been to have continued eastward from Pompeii until our eyes rested upon Jerusalem, the heat, and its debilitating effects upon my son, forced me to return with the rest of the party. How often on the return to Rome did we long for a draught of that delicious water in the cellar of our hotel at Naples. Every stage of our journey now brings us nearer home. We did not know what a beautiful bird the American eagle is until noticing it upon the uniform of an United States officer stepping on board the train which bore us none too quickly from Neapolitan loveliness and misery. Home, like all blessings, we must be deprived of for a time in order to appreciate it. On arriving at the station we were in some doubt if Rome had not been taken by the banditti. We were assailed by the most ferocious set of beggars to be found in Europe; they seized all our lighter luggage in the face of emphatic protests and gesticulations to let it alone, and carried it to the carriages in waiting to transport us to the hotel. A few pence thrown into the street leaves us in peace, and we drive off under cover of their fighting and scrambling for the pittance. Such is our introduction to the study of Rome.

Having occasion to use my letter of credit, I proceeded

to the banker's, where I had the pleasure of meeting the American Consul, an old acquaintance met years before in New York. It was very pleasant to receive courtesy from the representative of the youngest republic here amid the ruins of the oldest. He assured me it was extremely hazardous to venture out under an August sun at an hour when Roman ladies would not think of such exposure. We were in Rome, but we were certainly not "doing as the Romans do." Yet there were plenty more who were equally reckless in the defiance of all sanitary laws. The Via Babuino (street of the baboon) was crowded with women shopping with all the zest those ladies display who come into town daily from the suburbs of our home cities. The cameos and mosaics we purchased were beautiful, but made a serious inroad upon replenished purses.

After a visit to the forlorn site of the Theatre of Marcellus, and the bridge spanning the Tiber, on which are ranged the very dirty angels of Berini, we found ourselves at the Scala Santa, the church containing the holy stairs claimed to have been brought from the house of Pilate at Jerusalem and trod by our Saviour on his way to be judged. It is thought they were brought here by Helena. They are formed of white Syrian marble, and in order to prevent their total destruction by the ceaseless tread of pilgrims, they are protected by wooden planks. Openings edged with brass expose the marble, which may be touched with the lips of the devout who kiss it with streaming eyes. No ascent can be made but on the knees, and it was with mingled feelings of pathos and regret that we saw the weary climbers toiling upward. The descent is made by one of the side staircases. I think it was the same young man of our party who explored the Heidelberg Tun that climbed the holy stairs on his knees, and leaving his cap at the top, had to make the same journey in order to recover it. Whatever

doubt there may be of the authenticity of the stairs, they certainly are interesting in the memories they recall. What would become of them were they not covered may be seen in the steps of the west vestibule of the Washington Capitol, where the marble is actually worn to a depth of several inches below its original surface.

Opposite the Scala Santa is the Lateran Palace, and in the centre of the piazza of the Lateran is the Egyptian obelisk, brought, with many others, from Egypt nearly two thousand years ago, as trophies of Roman conquest. Since the greatest skill of England and America has been tasked in bringing similar works to London and New York, it would be interesting to know how the Romans floated their Cleopatra needles over the Mediterranean.

We did not need the assurance of the guide that the Tarpeian Rock was near the Capitol; every school child knows that. Yet I could wish I had taken the suggestion of a companion, and the earnest request of my son, both satiated with sight-seeing for the day, and gone to our hotel instead of visiting the Rock. You may see it yourself, if you have not already; if you have, you probably experienced the same disappointment as awaited us; in historic days it was more formidable.

There would seem to be no resurrection for Rome, whatever there may be in store for Italy. She can only pose for a ruin. There is no vitality but in her memories. Out of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian have been built walls, palaces and churches which have themselves fallen into decay. It is true, Rome has her modern quarters, and new roofs are covered daily; and each census adds more figures to the population. But what is this when you look upon the Pantheon and Colosseum and think of the ancient city, with its fifty miles of walls! There is a pensive dignity in this "Niobe of Nations" which all the melancholy consequences of her fall cannot obliterate. Every feature of the city and the life of its

inhabitants were to us of novel interest; but of this our distinguished countryman has taken care, in his inimitable "*Roba di Roma*," that there should be nothing left unwrit of.

Prudence did not permit an excursion into the Campagna, for fear of the miasma of which such alarming stories are told. But we could not be frightened into excluding the night air from our sleeping apartments, as warned to do; we argued that nothing could be more deadly than the vitiated atmosphere of the shut-up corridors.

The Baths of Caracalla are equally as impressive as the Colosseum. Mere figures are inadequate to convey a conception of their extent. The surface they covered would probably exceed twice the area of Madison square in New York. These now denuded walls were originally adorned with multitudes of statues, and all the luxurious appliances for enjoyment were concentrated within the portals. Two thousand bathers could be accommodated in one department at once; libraries, gymnasiums and other institutions were included in this vast thermal establishment, which, upon a grander scale, afforded most of the conveniences of the club-houses of our day. In some of the hot baths of Germany little tables are sent floating around the baths from which the submerged patients take their refreshments with more ease than they would display in the dining-room. I do not know if the Romans had a similar custom; but it is not probable that anything tending to add to luxury or comfort was unknown in their regimen. It is not certain at what exact period the excessive use of the bath began to decline with the Romans. Some argue that it was in consequence of the advance of Christianity; that in emulating saints and martyrs it was meet to ignore the care of the body, notwithstanding the vital truth that "cleanliness is akin to godliness." If water were a deadly enemy to man, the modern Italian could have no less affinity for it. If

the Baths of Diocletian were restored they would remain unused in this age.

Many of the foreigners who have visited our shores and published their observations appear to have seen only our worst side; while not a few of our own tourists see little else in Europe but fine manners, beautiful palaces, cathedrals, paintings and gardens. We have endeavored to be impartial, and have not gone out of our way to discover the dreadful squalor that has been so painful to witness in Rome and Naples, and which never had a parallel in any portion of our land. Italy will ever be an inexhaustible storehouse for the antiquary, the scholar and artist, which no possible attainment of our nation can supplant. Yet there is no land known to man where the blessings of Providence are so universally distributed as in that we occupy. The statistics of emigration show that nowhere is this better understood than in Europe itself. Our people have not recognized at their just estimate the advantages and resources they enjoy. While the great West is likely to soon attain a population equalling that of the whole country to-day, we have in the Gulf States a region that with capital and enterprise could be made to blossom with nearly all the profusion we see on the shores of Naples. Let us not forget the American Italy and its possibilities!

THE BARBERINI PALACE.

THE custom of opening the private galleries of Europe to the public, is certainly most praiseworthy in their princely owners. Were they not thus made accessible how incalculable would be the deprivation to lovers of art! By this liberality one is admitted to private residences to inspect treasures which mere money cannot duplicate. Some years ago the Aspinwall and Belmont collections were similarly exhibited in New York on certain days; but the practice has never gained permanence with American owners of galleries. The public art museums, however, are doing much in our Atlantic capitals in educating the people to a proper appreciation of such privileges.

The palaces in Rome are so numerous that mention can only be made here of the Barberini, especially interesting to us as not only being the largest private palace of the city, but for having been so long the residence of the famed American sculptor, William Wetmore Story, who, in his versatile accomplishments, more nearly represented the Italian virtuosi of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than any living man.

If there be a block of houses in Rome that could be removed with architectural profit it is that which intervenes between the superb fountain on the Piazza Barberini and the façade of the Palace. The view is also obstructed from the street by a railing, grand in itself, but the main elevation demands an open space for proper display. The imposing pile is a vivid illustration of what

heights ecclesiastical power can attain when directed by the unscrupulous hands of ambitious men, of which England had an example in Wolsey.

The Barberini family was originally Tuscan, dwelling in Florence as early as the eleventh century. A descendant, Maffeo Barberini, was elevated to the papal chair, and his brother Antonio made cardinal. The name now became identified with extraordinary riches and power, and the palace had no superior for magnificence in Europe. It may be said that all Rome was taxed to support the grandeur of these dignitaries — ministers of the humble Nazarene. A popular wit declared that what the barbarians spared the Barberini sacked. But to their unrivalled taste in art and letters the palatial home bears evidence to-day, although shorn of much of its ancient splendor. When Milton journeyed into Italy, in the middle of the seventeenth century, he was entertained by Cardinal Barberini. It was a period of peculiar interest in the poet's life, the voyage having been undertaken just after the death of his mother. While enjoying the hospitalities of the cardinal, Lenora Baroni, the Patti of the time, was invited to sing for his diversion, and so delighted was the poet that he addressed Latin verses to the songstress. The title of "First soprano of the world," which Lenora's mother had won, was no less universally accorded to the daughter.

But it is Guido's renowned portrait of Beatrice Cenci that has given the Barberini Palace its modern celebrity, and of which it is estimated that more than half a million copies, in various forms, have been distributed throughout the world. The story of the Cenci is so unpleasant that it nulifies, in a great measure, the interest the beautiful painting would otherwise command. The certainty if it be a genuine portrait of the unfortunate girl is a subject of frequent controversy. At this moment of writing, T. Adolphus Trollope has taken an opposite ground to the

popular tradition. He pretty clearly shows that Guido introduced the same head in his "Aurora." There can be no question that, in the grandeur of its poetry, Shelley's tragedy of "Beatrice Cenci" is the noblest dramatic work in the English language since Shakespeare wrote; yet so repulsive is the history of her father that the tragedy has never attained any degree of popularity in the closet. The familiarity of the art public with the portrait spares me a recital of its characteristics. The only copies of the masters I bought in Europe were the Correggio Madonna and Guido's "Aurora"; in the latter I have not been able to define the head of Beatrice so clearly as Mr. Trollope appears to have done. Although the contour is similar, it is possible the likeness is easier traced in the original. The artist certainly may be pardoned if he has repeated so beautiful a creation, supposing that the features of Beatrice are more or less ideal.

I am not versed in heraldry. Did the Barberini take bees for their crest from the initial of their family name? You find them emblazoned on portions of the palace as conspicuously as the "N's" that formerly glittered throughout the Tuileries. It would be dangerous policy now for the dignitaries of any Church to arrogate to themselves such supremacy as the Barberini Pope, Urban VIII., and his brother did; in an upper room the bees are made to fly in the face of the sun, and the Mother of Christ is depicted on one of the tapestries as aiding in the coronation of Pope Urban. Those were different days from these of 1881, when the dead body of one pope has been stoned in the streets of Rome, and the living head of the Church asking if it were not best that he should leave the Vatican.

The garden attached to the Barberini Palace is small and in antique style. It is mainly noticeable for an old tree in one corner known as the Barberini Pine, one of the species so popular with artists — bare, tall trunks with

umbrella-like tops. A vertical sun casts the shadow of the foliage of this tree very effectively upon a statue beneath; and the pine, the statue and the shadow have been carried off so often in the sketch-books of the artists the wonder is there is any substance left.

On the Piazza Barberini we encounter the little French lady, the "Tongue Major" of our Rhine trip, of whom we had lost sight since leaving Wiesbaden. All greet her with a smile, in return for her own which are never absent from her pleasant face—the best passport the world over. Satiated with sight-seeing, and travel-worn by our mid-summer rambles in Southern Italy, this bright, chirpy lady hops about our party very much like a wren amongst a solemn conclave of crows. Why should she not be happy? Her home on the Seine is so near!

TWO CAPITOLS.

IF there be some details of the Capitol of the United States which are inharmonious, the general effect of the east façade is more imposing than any legislative building in Europe. Singularly enough, this is the portion least seen by tourists, who invariably approach the Capitol in the rear, from Pennsylvania avenue. Until my last visit at Washington, on the occasion of the inauguration of General Garfield, it had long been a mystery to me why the modern Washingtonians built in a direction opposite to that designed by the founders. The wealth and fashion deserted the beautiful and elevated plateau east of the Capitol to settle around the White House, a locality which at certain seasons neither men nor women can occupy without braving as much risk as one would in camping out upon the Roman Campagna in the malarial months.

Yet it is not improbable that there are several American ladies who would not object to a residence at the White House under a four years' lease, should the country see fit to make their husbands tenants. That all such may be spared the trials that have fallen to Mrs. Garfield, is the prayer of every loyal heart.

If the reader will pardon a digression, I would take the opportunity to apply a gentle castigation to our national legislators, suggested by my first visit to an occupied European palace, that of the Queen of Holland, at the Hague. More forcible illustrations, however, are found in Germany, where petty princes, whose territory is less than some counties of American States, are lodged in habita-

tions whose ornaments alone exceed in value the entire White House estate and the adjoining swamps.

It is not necessary that we instate our rulers in regal palaces; but they should at least have a home in some degree commensurate with the dignity of the Republic, and one in which our presidents may not be exposed to perils great as those resulting from the greed of office-seekers.

The reason assigned for the eligible land extending eastward from the Capitol being left unimproved, is, that it was held by the proprietors at such enormous prices as to frighten off the class who would have made it the most elegant quarter of the city.

Save for the inspiring associations of the spot, there is nothing about the exterior of the Roman Capitol which can bear architectural comparison with that at Washington. But for its art treasures what could we not afford to give? Not the least of these are "Pliny's Doves," a mosaic four feet square, representing four doves drinking from a vase, poised exquisitely on the rim; the workmanship is so fine that one hundred and fifty stones can be counted in the space of a square inch.

To think how we used to cherish our little mosaic breast-pins and bracelets! In Italy you walk over pavements of mosaic; entire walls and buildings are of the same costly work, and often passed by the hurrying crowds and glanced at as paintings.

How much of this untold wealth represents the tears and toil of the people! One cannot help thinking of a day when there will come a reckoning.

We stand long before the busts of the emperors, each a biography in marble. It is interesting to see boys and young students standing with eyes fastened upon the heads of Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius and the young Commodus.

And here is Nero's mother, in a pose that could never be made in an American rocking-chair. The easy, con-

cave back of the Roman chair alone would permit such graceful disposition of the human form and its drapery. Poor Agrippina! the sculptor seems to have given her consciousness that her death was to come from the fiat of him to whom she had given life. Canova's sitting statue of Napoleon's mother is so near a copy of this that he could not have called it an original design.

It gives one a mental dyspepsia to visit the statuary of the Vatican and of the Capitol with but a few hours to intervene. Each has its marble in which the human form is carved to absolute perfection. Save the "Dying Gladiator" I found no statue in the Capitol, rich as it is in marble, to interest me so much as did the "Apollo" and "Ariadne" of the Vatican. In viewing the former, women have opportunity to write panegyrics to equal those that men for ages have been pronouncing upon the "Venus of Milo." The plaster copies of the "Apollo" but faintly reproduce the more than beauty of the figure. What is there in this wide world to compare with the curl of that lip, the poise of that matchless head! There are not wanting those who would rank the "Antinous" above the "Apollo;" but I think no well-balanced mind can have the least sympathy with such. No comparison can be made between the two works; they are of distinct types; the "Apollo" is the embodied physical perfection of man joined to the intellect of a god. The other is the abstract of absolute beauty in youth, which never has been, never can be surpassed. Before it criticism is dumb.

The most elevating sentiment of the Greeks and of the Romans was that which led them to see in physical perfections the typical representation of the exalted deities. From this standpoint the worship of the Apollo type was comparatively without reproach; but when this degenerated into leading the Romans to worship Antinous, whether in marble or a constellation, we discover the germs of the most dangerous tendencies. There is no antique the

world can spare with so little loss, and we gladly turn to the "Faun" of Praxitiles, scarcely less beautiful and far more healthy.*

The statuary of the Capitol is so universally known that I omit a detailed description. One room, less noticed than that containing the busts of the Emperors, is that called the "Hall of Illustrious Men;" busts of Seneca, Homer, Theon, father of Hypatia, Demosthenes, Theophrastus, and more than fifty other ancient immortals among whom are included Aspasia and Cleopatra. How the shades of the latter must secretly rejoice in this posthumous honor! A noticeable bas-relief on the walls of this room is a representation of a Roman room, in which a lady is teaching a cat to dance to the music of a lyre; the design is very airy and elegant, but appears incongruous in the presence of Seneca and other grave dignities: nor can we imagine that Aspasia had any predilection for cats. It may have been intended as an indirect compliment to Cleopatra whose nation deified and embalmed them.

Were I asked to single out what Americans in England and Italy seek first, study the most, and recollect the longest, I should designate the home and haunts of Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon, and the Capitol at Rome. In some of the halls of the latter we could point out representatives of nearly every State of the Union. But for the consciousness that the Tarpeian Rock was within view, on the south side of the Capitoline Hill, we might fancy we were to emerge into Pennsylvania avenue.

The view of the grand staircase leading to the Capitol is very imposing. Some persons are attacked with vertigo as they start to descend, owing to the height and great number of steps. They have stood in their present shape since 1536, in which year Charles V., grandson of Ferdi-

*The "Antinous" and "Faun" of the Capitol are copies of those in the Vatican.

nand and Isabella of Spain, ascended them. Two majestic lions of Egyptian porphyry guard the approach, while the plateau at the summit has two sentinels in the gigantic statues of Castor and Pollux. These stairs have an historical tragic interest parallel to those of the Ducal Palace at Venice, down which some authorities say rolled the head of Marino Falerio. Better substantiated is the story of Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, who fell at the base of the Capitol stairs, dying from a hundred wounds, his wife a spectator of the assassination from a neighboring window overlooking the spot.

Beggars! beggars! Tell me what public places in Rome one may visit freed from the disgusting importunities of these wretches, and I will make valuable use of the knowledge upon a second visit. No amount of protestation, or concentration in your features of all the Delsartean laws of facial expression of impatience, serves to discourage them; if you push them away with your left hand they slip around to be served the same with your right. One of the mythical kings of Rome was Saturn, whose wife was Ops, the representative of Plenty. What a pity she did not leave an endowment for these half-starved beings, that tourists might enjoy the antiquities in peace and comfort.

Almost within sight of the steps of the Capitol are the tramways that transport you from one end of Rome to the other; and above the rattle of the horse-car wheels you hear the shrill cry of the newsboy. Although we are standing in the shadow of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius (how grand it is!), for the moment the Rome of Constantine was as far from us as the stars.

CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS.

COMING to Rome from Naples is like leaving a sunny garden and entering a stately hall of antique statues. You see women in the streets whose step has the majesty of the mother of Carriolanus; but they are artists' models. So vividly is the spirit of the past hanging over this Niobe of nations that it seems little less than anachronism to see men and women of the nineteenth century on the Appian Way sacred to the toga.

But over this highway, which yet retains portions of the original bed, we did not walk. If the ghost of Cæsar's wife had chanced to be taking an airing on the day of our visit to the Catacombs, what would have been her comments upon the American women who formed a portion of the party riding over the Appian Way, along the very pavement pressed by the wheels of her family chariot? It is quite certain we had not travelled for two months from the Clyde to the Tiber, in the heat and dust of July and August, without showing some travel stains. We care little, however, for such trivial matters as fatigue and dress when speeding over this famed highway, built centuries before the birth of Christ. A grove of cypress-trees was visible as we neared an open field, the gloomy shade of which was in fit harmony with the subterranean realms we were prepared to explore.

Our number was divided into several parties, each led by a guide, and each individual provided with a candle. The injunction to keep within sight of the leader was unnecessary, judging from my own instincts. The ceremony

of counting every head is not calculated to calm nerves already in an abnormal state of excitement, as we prepare to descend.

Our ideas of the Catacombs had been somewhat vague. We knew they had been the burial-places of both pagans and Christians ; that a large portion of the country around the Seven Hills, and beneath even portions of these, had been perforated and quarried until these crypts, fashioned in the soft volcanic soil, had been the receptacles of five or six million bodies ; that in times of persecution the early Christians had fled here for refuge ; that Father Bosio was the Columbus who discovered this subterranean world, or rather made known in the sixteenth century its characteristics and extent by the researches of the thirty years of study he spent here shut out from the light of day. This theoretical knowledge, however, was now to be supplemented with an actual exploration of miles of these mysterious recesses.

The general appearance is of narrow passages, from ten to twelve feet in height, sometimes but eight. On each side are cavities six feet long, one above another, very similar to berths in the sleeping-saloon of a steamer. These passages often lead into galleries of greater dimensions. The actual distance we traversed it is impossible to determine. The mind was so preoccupied in keeping the guide's candle in view that not much opportunity was had for anything more than a cursory glimpse at the objects around. Our guide was an Italian who spoke no English, and not one of us could address him in his own tongue. Our candles grew alarmingly less, consuming more rapidly by the draughts made by our fast walk as we progressed farther and farther from the entrance, which by this time we had lost all conception in what direction it lay. A quick consultation was held, and it was decided best to extinguish a portion of the candles in order to ensure a sufficiency of light for our return to the

upper world.* I suppose our anxiety was without much just cause; but those were moments when imagination is apt to stray from reason. Half-forgotten stories flashed through my brain with startling vividness, of the young men who came here with their tutor and were never more heard of by their friends; of the artist who penetrated here alone, depending upon a ball of twine he unrolled as he progressed, but lost his clue, and spent miserable hours before it was found; of passages blocked by falling roofs in portions of their five hundred miles of length.

Will it not be credited that when the voice of our conductor, Mr. Crunden, was heard it was a welcome sound? He instructed our guide to return with us to the entrance. When at last we stood upon the dear old earth again, it seemed as if we had never known before what wondrously beautiful creations are the sun and sky. I think it was Sheridan who said to his son, who proposed to go down the crater of Vesuvius, "Say you went down." At an equal expense of veracity, we might have said we went down into the Catacombs without braving the unpleasant features of such a visit; yet, hurried and limited as was our exploration, it has proved of incalculable value to us since in relation to the Christian history of Rome. The reverence for the holy ones buried here is no outgrowth of modern piety; it has continued from the fourth century, and no modern writer has more tersely described the general appearance of these underground avenues than St. Jerome, who wrote of them fifteen centuries ago: "When I was a boy, receiving my education in Rome, I and my schoolfellows used, on Sundays, to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. Many a time did we go down into the Catacombs. They are excavated deep in the earth, and contain on either hand, as you

*I have since read of experiences of others very similar. Can it be that these are what at home are called "advertising dodges" — to cause unnecessary alarm, and give a morbid glamour to the spot?

enter, the bodies of the dead buried in the wall. Occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom, and then not so much through a window as through a hole."

The ghastly bodies we saw in the Catacombs were of popes and dignitaries buried there since the time of Jerome. A more uncanny spectacle it would be difficult to conceive. It argues little for modern civilization that the exhibition of decaying mortality should be so general in Europe. Such repulsive displays go far to reconcile one to a serious consideration if cremation is not, after all, the most proper disposition of the dead. Think of standing in a large, vaulted chamber entirely ornamented with human bones and skulls, arranged with nearly as much care as would be given to mosaic work! A London artist has taken admirable pictures of the Catacombs by aid of the magnesium light; and researches are constantly adding to our knowledge of this city of the dead.

Although these excavations cannot be traced earlier than the second century, there is no doubt but the pagans had prior burial there; the slabs used in sealing up the niches which held the bodies have been found, in some instances, to have done double service, having a pagan inscription on the back side, made long before the Christian epitaph was painted, in vermilion letters. This is more pardonable than the economy of a bereaved New Englander who used the tombstone of his long-buried wife to furnish his kitchen with a new hearth.

THE COLOSSEUM.

SHALL we who have looked upon the Colosseum mourn because we beheld not the Pyramids? It is not man's work. Surely, some army of Titans' of consummate skill labored upon a mountain of stone, hewed out its Doric and Corinthian columns, its graceful arches, its ornate friezes; and then, by magic aid of the genii, transported the vast fabric here, to stand the wonder of the world for all time.

Let us go over on the northeast side, which is in the best state of preservation, ascend the massive stairs until we reach the lofty portico which crowns the top story like a coronet of chiselled beauty. Imagine restored the despoiled decorations of the Cæsars; go back to the century which saw the birth and death of our crucified Lord and witness one of the gladiatorial shows which modern French artists have so powerfully reproduced on canvas. Here are some of the very rings in which were pulled the cords to raise the purple awnings to shield the hundred thousand spectators from the ardent sun. It is no mob, as we see in the stage representations of "Julius Cæsar;" the chivalry, the wealth of intellect, the pride of Rome, mistress of the world, radiant in physical beauty, freshly perfumed, and glowing with the exercise at the bath, they enter the massive portals in streams of living mosaic. The senators are seated upon the lower gallery; above them are the families who have given the most sons to the imperial armies; still higher sit the populace; and here, right where we also have chosen our point of observa-

tion, sat the Cornelias and Portias of Rome, draped in tinted gauze, their necks and arms blazing with the jewels for which the known world had been searched to discover. A burst of triumphant music announces the entrance of the Emperor and his suite; the ponderous arches vibrate in response to the acclamations of the hundred thousand as they greet the head of the Roman empire. Priests and white-robed vestals invoke the presence of the protecting gods; the Emperor gives the signal, and the gladiators enter into the arena. For a moment they stand looking up to the crowded balconies, then down to the earth sprinkled with gold powder, so soon to be crimsoned with their life's blood. It may be they do not appear until the gorgeous chariots have made their flying rounds; but the gladiators are the favorites, and all eyes follow each change of artistic pose of the combatants. No matter if they are brothers or friends, they must fight on until the weaker lies prostrate beneath the foot of the victor, who glances upward for the fiat which decrees life or death. If the vanquished has fought bravely, or has in any way secured the good will of the fickle and heartless spectators, the thumbs may be turned down,* which is the signal that he may live. Yet that assemblage will never disperse until its ears have been regaled with the groans of dying swordsmen, and its eyes feasted with gaping wounds and rivulets of blood. How few of us look upon that powerful sculpture in the capitol, the "Dying Gladiator," and realize that on the arena before us a thousand men have died as he dies.

But there are even darker scenes that have been enacted within these walls. The same power that made torches

* There appears to be much controversy whether it was this or the turning up of the thumbs which signalled the victor to spare the life of his opponent. Juvenal's authority should be enough :

"Influenced by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back they popularly kill."

of Christians, wrapped in flaming pitch, doomed others of their hapless brethren to perish here by hungry tigers and lions, whose dens you may yet see in the foundations beneath the seats of the senators. Oh, where was the Good Shepherd, that the faithful flock must be torn by the fangs of human Roman wolves? But their blood is the seed of the Church. On the very spot where they fell Christian sermons have been preached, and the suffering of Him crucified rehearsed where the martyrs yielded up the lives dedicated to His name. Think of the holy saints, the noble youth, the pious maids, who have perished here in defence of their faith! There is a letter extant, written by Ignatius, who was torn to pieces, in which he calls all the torments of flesh to fall upon him rather than that he should deny his Lord: "Only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for him than rule to the uttermost ends of the earth." Sustained by such inspired impulse as that of Ignatius, the lions could only harm the bodies of the martyrs, while their souls ascended to eternal glory. The mind is not to be envied that can meditate unmoved in the Colosseum or the Catacombs upon the sufferings of the early professors of our faith.

I have somewhere seen rare engravings of the interior and exterior of the Colosseum as it appeared in the sixteenth century, when it was a more picturesque object than now — nearly every arch opening was festooned with falling vines, and all the outlines softened by parasitic verdure. A noted botanist has enumerated four hundred varieties of flora growing on the walls; some were not indigenous, and the seeds were supposed to have been deposited by birds. These parasitic growths are now kept carefully removed, for a better preservation of the ruins, but which in consequence have lost considerable poetic and natural beauty. The study of the structure is of paramount interest to architects. I can name no other equally satisfactory blending of different orders,

harmonious as a chord in music. Here we view in the exterior wall the severe Doric at the base, supporting the graceful Ionic; above this rises the chaste Corinthian, crowned with what we term Composite. How could a people capable of such art be so prone to luxurious vice? Truly does the world move and grow better. Contrast our late ruler — the noble patriot, the doating husband and father — with the majority of the twelve Cæsars. Is there not a vital lesson in the pure life of this man to be kept evermore held up to the youth of America? Had his frame been debilitated by excesses, no earthly skill could have so long averted the direful result of the assassin's blow.

The American who exclaimed, on first seeing the Colosseum, "Gracious! what a place for a mass meeting!" was not of our party. Some of our elocutionists, however, thought it a rare place for practice; and, had they tested their theories, would, no doubt, have outranted the French invaders who played the "Brutus" of Voltaire in the arena, dragging hither the statue of Pompey, that Cæsar might spill his blood upon it as he fell. Could realism go further? The visitors were too many and too cosmopolitan for our orators to ventilate their proficiency. The gentleman who suggested Rienzi's speech to the Romans, probably had in mind the opening line as written by Miss Mitford:—

"Friends, I come not here to talk."

I had not so completely outgrown the zeal implanted by my tutor, Professor A —, of Philadelphia, but a smaller company might have persuaded me to illustrate what a poor figure an amateur reader could make in that vast auditorium. The result might have been as destructive to vanity as in the case of the English tourist who was attempting some Italian recitation in his carriage, while riding along the Tiber; a Roman gentleman, passing by

on horseback, was so enraged at the barbarous accent that he laid his whip over the Englishman's shoulders, throwing his card into the carriage at the same moment.

The spectacle of the Colosseum illuminated at night did not fall within our province to behold. Indeed, few of our ladies would have enjoyed it, however grand and unique, unless accompanied by a strong escort. Even by day we catch glimpses of faces repellent in the extreme, although their owners may be as harmless as the Italian who so much startled Mrs. — and her daughter at Venice. Should the brigands carry any of us off to the mountains, they would probably be more actuated by hope of ransom money than from admiration of American beauty.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

WILL it be anything less than downright heresy for one who has no authority in Art or Letters to write of St. Peter's other than in the stereotyped phrases of unqualified admiration? I have no sympathy with the *nil admirari* who create a standard of perfection impossible for man to attain; who praise the freshly-plucked rose because it is perfect; who pronounce the fly upon the fruit in a cabinet gem a painted abomination, and away goes the fly, which was real.

Nevertheless, I cannot repeat all the conventional unqualified praise of St. Peter's world-renowned splendors. First, as to its exterior, it is in no degree ecclesiastical. Remove the great dome (what is the significance of the smaller?) and you have only the façade of a Roman palace, magnificent indeed, but still a palace, an enlarged Barberini. The colonnades of Bernini, so beautiful in their sickle-like sweeps, are meaningless here. Place them at the Fifth-avenue entrance of Central park, or, what is better, owing to a wider approach, erect them at the Boston Public Garden entrance to Commonwealth avenue; so placed they would be architectural accessories of extreme elegance and propriety; but as adjuncts of a cathedral they are as idle as the puerile wall that fronted the mansion of Lord Timothy Dexter at Newburyport, on which were ranged statues of notabilities, re-christened to suit the whimsies of the owner — Red Jacket or General Washington to-day serving for the Lafayette or Bonaparte of the morrow. Not only are Bernini's colonnades incon-

gruous, but they obstruct the view of the church, an architectural error almost as great as that which has made a block of houses to intervene between the Piazza Barberini and the palace.

In the centre of the oval partially enclosed by the colonnade, we find a truly ecclesiastical feature; for the Egyptian obelisk, from the pedestal upward, is a counterpart of that yet standing at Heliopolis, which adorned the temple in which Joseph's father-in-law probably officiated as priest, and where Moses studied the learning of the Egyptians. The utmost engineering skill of England and America has recently been tested in bringing from Egypt the Cleopatra needles of London and New York; as we view this in front of St. Peter's, we are led to inquire how the Romans transported hither nearly two thousand years ago the numerous Egyptian obelisks which adorn the city.

As we approach the steps to the entrance of the church the three domes have long since disappeared from sight; you understand the cause better when you visit the roof, where it is found that the domes are four hundred feet from the façade. The error is not Michael Angelo's; had his plan been followed, the dome would have had all the exterior prominence of St. Paul's of London.

We shall not have to lift the oft-mentioned leather curtain; it is already withdrawn.

"Impressive! Sublime!" you exclaim, when you find utterance for emotions born of having passed from a world of blue and white without to a world of crimson, gold and purple within. Beneath the roof over your head the entire population of Norwich, Conn., could find shelter.

Beautiful beyond all else the world can show; matchless in its proportions; peerless in its adornments; a palace without, a museum and art gallery within. Yet not all the gorgeous pomp of its ceremonials, the angelic strains of the choirs, the culminations of the arts and the concentration of all papal glory, take me so near the

heavenly gates as when I look along the ever-ascending columns supporting the vaulted roof of the cathedral at Cologne.

No; there is too much that celebrates the pride of man in St. Peter's to permit a calm worship of God. A thousand distracting objects divert the mind into channels which are not devotional. At St. Peter's you get no higher than the roof. Strong-minded men stand here blinded and intoxicated with beauty, dumb, in presence of the genius of their fellows; at Cologne they weep.

I do not know that I had any more religious feeling excited in St. Peter's than in the adjoining Vatican. It may have been rebellious blood, more Puritan than Christian, that stirred me as I looked on the magnificence made to emblazon the fame and glory of the chief vicar of the meek and lowly Nazarene. Look how Urban VIII. has made a compact with Death to give in his tomb an immortality to the pride which made the Barberini bees to fly in the face of the sun, to typify that the glory of his family obscured the light of day.

Americans, on visiting London for the first time, are impressed with the immensity of St. Paul's; yet if mere size can move men, then must St. Peter's have the precedence. An English writer estimates that St. Paul's could be placed within St. Peter's, leaving a forty-eight-feet passage at either end, and sixty-four feet between the two domes. The depth of St. Peter's is six hundred and thirteen feet. The ascent to the roof is up a winding staircase of magnificent balustrades and columns; so gradual is the incline that a lady could ascend on the back of her favorite horse. To describe the view is to draw a map of Rome. My chief regret on the roof was that I could not reverse the crowning balustrade of the façade, and thus view it from its own level; as this is among the impossibilities, we turn our backs to it and study the great dome. What a temple of itself! Laborers were at work repair-

ing the roof in that listless manner which marks the Government *employé* the world over. Were I employed in any capacity about St. Peter's, it is probable my services would not be commensurate with the pay, however small the latter might be. Workmen are almost continuously employed upon the church, the annual repairs costing thirty thousand dollars. Indirectly, the Protestants are under obligations to this edifice; it was the abusive sale of indulgences made for its completion that aroused the protest of Luther, and eventually led to the Reformation.

The limits of a volume alone would suffice to contain all that is seen from the roof of St. Peter's, and we descend with heads aching with increased burdens of memories. Again we are surrounded with the thousand forms of man-worship to which even Catholic writers have taken exception. While witnessing the pompous ceremonials one cannot be rid of the impression that they are but the rites of an advanced Paganism; the image of St. Peter itself once stood for Jupiter Capitolinus. Of the homage paid by Protestant Americans to Pius IX. and Leo XIII. much has been written in censure; those more conservative would only condemn such attentions when they exceed the deference they would pay to the representatives of the learning and wisdom of their own faith. Leo XIII., like his predecessor, lives very quiet and secluded. The festive banquets and the *conversazioni* of Leo X. are no more forever. How careful was Pius IX. to avoid nepotism! Is there not in this something worthy of note to those called to rule the American States?

Think not that we are insensible to the marvellous beauty of the handiwork of the architect, the painter and sculptor concentrated above, around and below. Nothing impresses the mind more forcibly than the extraordinary calculation of distance, which makes the edifice one of perfect proportions. The figures of the Evangelists in the cupola, seen from the pavement, appear the size of

life; the pen in the hand of St. Luke is seven feet long. But there is no law that can prevent the almost grotesque dwarfing of live humanity in such immensity of space. In the perspective the rotundity of John Bull and the altitude of our fellow-tourists from the West dwindle into the proportions of wooden toy figures.

Murray will probably tell you the dimensions of the huge columns which uphold the grand dome; there is a church in Rome purposely built to be of the exact size of each of these columns.

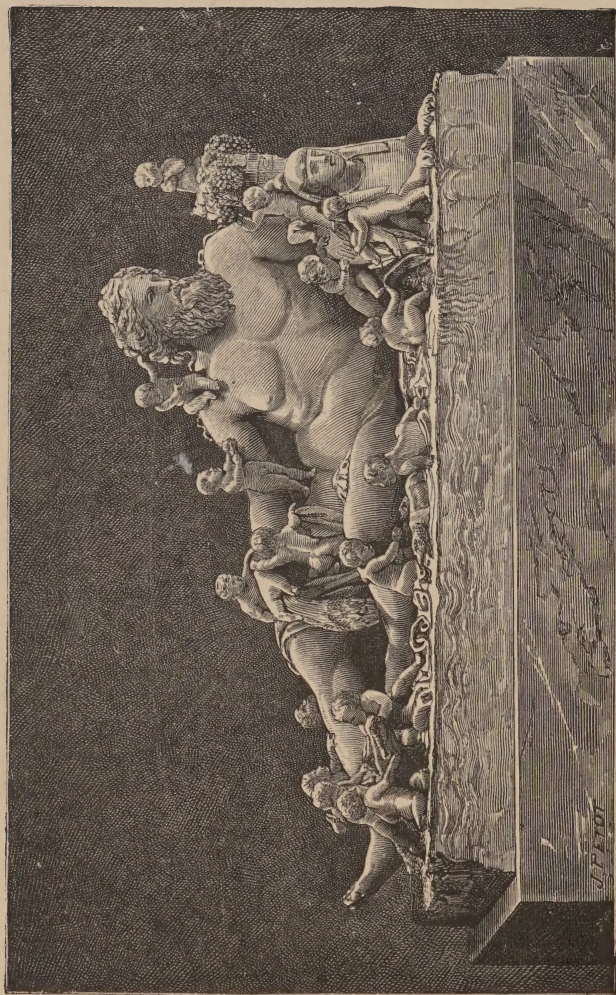
The relative situation of the Vatican to St. Peter's is as the American parsonage to the church. This vast pile we enter from a passage leading from the right colonnade in front of St. Peter's; it contains the winter residence of the pope, library, museum and art galleries. Our poor tired feet refused to scale more than a dozen of its two hundred staircases, or to enter more than fifty of its reputed two thousand rooms. Truly, sight-seeing in Rome is a serious business—in August. We ought to have scruples in saying we have seen it; had every moment of our stay been spent in St. Peter's and the Vatican, there would yet have been worlds to conquer within their walls. If their treasures are ever exposed for sale, as were those of the late San Donato collection, how eagerly our millionaires will bid for their possession! It will be long, however, before we can get hold of the Vatican gems.

Am I the signboard which points out the way to others it does not follow itself? Are we, too, not guilty of man-worship as we study the frescoes of Michael Angelo on the walls and ceilings of the Sistine Chapel, not so obscured by age and incense as not to reveal the genius of the master? How few of the thousands that come before the "Last Judgment" are prepared to realize the intent of the artist! What an age was that which owned the contemporary triumvirate, Da Vinci, Angelo and Raphael. In the Sistine Chapel the personality as well as the genius

of Michael Angelo is embodied before you. You find it impossible to think of him other than as a Titan, that he was never a child. Yet this man of gigantic conceptions, who lifted yonder dome into the clouds, was filled with the loveliness of poetry; was moved by the rolling of a dewdrop from the morning rose. Will we ever again have united in one man a Praxiteles, a Zeuxis, a Homer and Brunelleschi?

The torrid heat, the illness of my son, with whom the Italian climate did not agree, to say nothing of my own fatigue, prevented as much enjoyment of Raphael's "Loggie" as had been anticipated. Some of his works in the "Stanze" are not favorably placed for examination at any thing less than the expense of a dislocated neck. Why is not a mirror arranged to reflect these, as at the casino of the Rospigliosi Palace for the "Aurora"? How lavish were these art patrons, to embellish by the works of such artists the portions of buildings most remote from a natural range of vision! Guido said he had two hundred ways of making people look up to heaven; in his "Aurora" he probably sought to prove the truth of his declaration.

The "Madonna del Foligno" made amends for whatever disappointment we may have had in the "Loggie"; there is no purer, sweeter face in the Vatican than this by the girlish boy of Urbino. His "School of Athens" is one of those works of which I cannot trust myself to write, for the world has no other canvas where Art and History are so gloriously wedded. The light in the room containing "St. Peter's Release from Prison" was so admirable that the work held us with great interest. "The Transfiguration," upon which his last labor was expended, produces a powerful effect upon the sympathetic spectator; it was unfinished when he was called to enter those realms the glory of which even his own transcendent genius could not portray.



Recumbent statue of the Nile in the Vatican Museum.

In the Greek statuary of the Vatican there is but one ever-present conviction—the absolute perfection to which the ancients attained in reproducing in marble the human form. Their opportunities for study in the baths and gymnasium were such as are never likely to be repeated.

We understand the extolment of the antique by a certain archæologist who has much to do with excursionists in Rome, as we stand before “Ariadne” in her dreamless sleep. How consummate the repose of the limbs and the disposition of the drapery! Great sculptors have stood before it in despair. Take the best photograph of it you can procure, and with cashmere shawls attempt to imitate upon the form of a lady friend the drapery of “Ariadne.” A beautiful result may follow, yet infinitely remote from the perfection of the original. I must not say all I think of the “Ariadne.” The directors of the Boston Art Museum are the cause of my introducing her here at all. My youngest son and I arrived in Boston on a hot Saturday afternoon of last August, after a dusty ride of a hundred miles from Old Orchard Beach, and were seized upon by an enthusiastic friend, who hurried us through the Beacon street Athenæum, Bates Hall Library, the Public Garden and Art Museum, where we forgot all our fatigue before “Ariadne,” so eligibly placed on the staircase.

For the sake of the children, I will give a passing notice to the unique statue of the “Nile” in the Vatican, a recumbent figure of a gigantic man, his limbs half covered by sixteen children, to represent the respective heights of the ancient stream; he looks majestically down upon the cunning elfs who are taking all sorts of liberties with the old giant. A copy in black marble is in the Tuileries. An American sculptor is now engaged carving a similar work of the Mississippi to be placed in Central Park, the figures said to be portraits of members of a noted New York millionaire’s family.

The accommodations for those who wish to rest in the Vatican are not as luxurious as those of the Pitti Palace. Not the least of the enjoyments in the European galleries is to secure a comfortable lounging place and review the procession of the nations as their representatives pass before you.

The only painting I bought in Rome was a copy of Guido's "Aurora." Had I found a copy of any of Michael Angelo's groups of equal merit, the preference would have been given to that. What destroyers of letters of credit are those masters in their three-century-old tombs! It is fortunate that the expenses of the entire trip were paid before we went on board the *Anchoria* at New York; nothing but a precipitous flight from the Pitti Palace saved us from positive bankruptcy at Florence.

ALONG A FAMOUS SEA.

IN leaving Rome for Pisa we passed through a portion of the Campagna — that anomalous region which is green in winter and spring, dreary and withered in summer. No words can convey an idea of the deserted look of these undulating plains; they would seem to be the adjuncts of Palmyra or Baalbec, instead of lying within the shadow of St. Peter's dome. How imposing, even in ruins, the mighty aqueducts, down whose crumbling arches trails the maiden-hair. One of these recalls the distant view of High bridge, over which the Croton flows. While we are by no means disposed to join in a Carlylistic extolment of the past at the expense of the present, it cannot be denied that the ancients were in many things in advance of our own time; their methods of supplying centres of population with pure water were positively such as not to admit of improvement. There are water-pipes to-day at Pompeii as perfect as when the Diomedes and Sallusts availed themselves of their use nearly two thousand years ago. The massive and majestic remains of the water-courses we are now passing around Rome are eloquently suggestive of what we have to learn in this important matter of water supply. Few persons who have arrived at the age of maturity, but may recollect threatened water famines in Boston and New York. Many a time before I saw Europe have I stood upon an elevation in the rear of my summer cottage watching the sun sink into the Lake of Ontario and thought that ultimately its vast waters might be conveyed to the metropo-

lis, so rapidly outgrowing the Croton. Since my return I believe it has been proposed to utilize Lake George for supplying the reservoirs of New York, as Loch Lomond does those of Glasgow.

Our route is along the Mediterranean; but the sultry breezes do little to mitigate the discomfort arising from the heat and dust. The scenery is devoid of interest save here and there where openings reveal backgrounds of rock and wood of a *Salvator Rosa* character. A fire had recently raged through a forest upon a slope rising above a stony plain; the tall trunks stood like columns of ebony against the blue sky.

Our reception at Pisa was royal. On our arrival, at half past eleven, we found the "Hotel de la Minerva" brilliantly illuminated in our honor. Few of us felt like assuming the airs of American queens and princes. A midnight dinner, and retired soon as it was over. Is it not a wonder any of us survived to tell of these repeated irregularities? Yes, we slept at Pisa. Who but a nervous invalid could not? No city needs so few narcotics.

I thank the Pisans for concentrating all their show-places in one spot—a welcome boon to weary pilgrims. A cab took us, at a sober pace (no Neapolitan whip-cracking, here!), to the Piazza del Duomo, where we made a methodical inspection of the Cathedral, Baptistry, Campo Santa and Leaning Tower—all too well known to need general description. I made a careful survey from every available point of the latter, and have no reason to conclude that it was not originally built as perpendicular as Bunker Hill monument. The spongy nature of the soil probably caused the inclination. After the monument now building at Washington in honor of the founder, was more than one hundred and fifty feet in height, measures were taken to make the soil upon which it rests less liable to sink away from the heavy load to be

placed upon it. Those who argue, however, that the Leaning Tower was built at its present inclination, have a tolerable proof in the tower at Milan, which was left unfinished in consequence of the architect's discovery that it would have toppled over had it been carried to the intended height. It would be an odd sight to see the campaniles of a whole city at these eccentric angles, like the "drunken houses" at Amsterdam.

I ascended the Pisa tower, but should not, had I previously stood beneath it on the outside looking up to the inclination. In this position, by letting your eyes rest on the sky, just beyond the summit, the whole mass appears as if it was actually falling upon your head. Nor is the ascent a wholly unalloyed delight. The view is very lovely, but ugly thoughts will intrude that your weight may assist in giving the structure another forward pitch, and that the normal laws of gravitation in such case would not be suspended in your behalf. We found a chime of seven bells in the belfry, the largest weighing six tons; they must contain much silver, the sound is so sweet. The guide was driven nearly to the point of insanity by some of our party ringing the chime in a discordant style. But the sweetest sound at Pisa is the echo near the font in the Baptistry. The names of dear friends spoken here come back from every unseen corner of the edifice in such angelic tones that we cannot realize they had their origin in our own mouths. The pulpit, designed by Nicola Pisano, is the most distinguishing feature of the Baptistry, although secondary in historic interest to the lamp of Galileo in the Cathedral nave, which hangs suspended by a long iron rod, as it did when it suggested the pendulum.

A visit to the Campo Santa, on the north side of the Cathedral, was of exceeding interest. Here we stood on holy soil. The space enclosed within the walls frescoed by Giotto is filled with earth brought from Jerusalem by

vessels that carried the Tuscan knights to Palestine, in the days of Richard and Saladin. On their return this earth was brought as ballast, and finally deposited at Pisa in this cemetery. It has been the ambition of many great and honored ones to be buried in this sacred soil hallowed by the footsteps of our Lord.

Some kind influence must have interposed to have averted from us the fate of Lot's wife, for it was so often we looked back. Nothing in the square, as we left, did our eyes linger more fondly upon than the Leaning Tower; it is a really elegant structure, when seen with its white marble galleries rising tier above tier against a deep-blue sky.

What a delightful ride was that from Pisa to Genoa, the road skirting the base of alternate rock and verdure-clad heights on our right, while on the left stretched away towards the shores of Africa the Mediterranean! It was a faultless afternoon; the same breezes that filled the sails of all nations on that historic watery highway brought strength and vigor to us weary ones. You who have passed over the same route will recall the dark-green olive groves, the castle-crowned hills, the nestling villages along the way. We are not so *blasé* that a momentary pique is not indulged because of the frequency of tunnels. Just as one is all intent upon the loveliness of a new point of view the whole is shut out of prospect, as if a black curtain had fallen between us and the land waterseape.

There was no illumination waiting us by the citizens of Genoa; nor could we expect such patricians to so honor plain republicans. But a greater than they was kinder, for Nature took care that our reception should be of the best. As we approached the "Superb" the glorious red sun was melting into the west, changing the indigo blue of the sea into a vast expanse of wavelets tipped with rubies; great bars of orange and purple lay in the southern sky; the scent of lemon-trees came to us on the refresh-

ing breezes ; the proud heights put on their twilight robe and bid us hospitable welcome.

I shall leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture the evening view of Genoa, its semi-circular sweeps rising like a grand amphitheatre, and its lamps vying with the starry vault overhead. We will leave you in your rapture, while we bathe, dine, and retire ; for the inexorable demon of fatigue has again got us in his clutches, and instead of being grateful to Genoa for giving us Columbus, it is not certain we were not half sorry Queen Isabella had been so kind, so he would not have discovered our continent, and we been spared such wearisome travel.

The cathedral is handsomely inlaid with black and white marble. It contains a beautiful chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. A decree, first promulgated by Pope Innocent IX., prohibits women entering here but once a year, in consequence of the saint's death having been brought about by the intrigues of a woman. The statue of Columbus, by Michel Castoli, completed in 1862, is a noble work crowded with figures and adorned with *basso relievos* by Castoli, Varni, Gagini, Cevarco and Revelli, all but one artists of Genoa. Was it jealousy that led the Academy of Science at Lyons to offer prizes for the best essay to prove whether the discovery of our continent had been of any benefit to man ? But Genoa will always honor her noble son ; his bust is often seen as the figurehead of Genoese vessels.

We visited the cemetery, which we found adorned with many rich monuments of modern work, and very bright compared to older productions we had seen in other cities. One of the most notable resorts in the environs is the garden of the Villa Pallavicini. Although a private estate, many millions have been expended upon the grounds which are a maze of fruit trees, flower-beds, grottoes, pavilions and artificial views ; all of which, beautiful and

costly as they may be, are secondary to the view of the far-reaching blue Mediterranean from the marble terraces which also command the matchless sweep of the hills encircling the Gulf of Genoa. In one portion of the garden is a little lake, scarcely larger than a lady's boudoir, completely fringed, walled and canopied with foliage; on one side is a marble shaft in the form of Cleopatra's Needle, and on the opposite shore a chastely draped female figure seated upon a high pedestal. Like the light in Rembrandt's studio, that which is admitted here comes through a little opening in the centre of the leafy dome. One might think that when the moon peeps through this natural skylight and gets a glimpse of its image in the lake below, it would stand still to admire its own loveliness.

The streets of Genoa are sadly disappointing; the magnificent appearance of the city seen from the heights leads one to expect nothing but palaces and gardens; with the exception of three or four grand thoroughfares, the streets are narrow, mean, and often dirty.

Of the extraordinary splendor of the Doria, and other palaces, no description will suffice to give the faintest conception. It is not so much the paintings and statuary, although these are of the finest, as the extreme magnificence of the halls and their superb furniture multiplied to infinity by mirrored walls. We no longer doubt the story of one of these Genoa merchant princes who pitched his gold and silver plate into the sea after entertaining special guests, in order that it should not serve again. It is not certain, however, but that the butler was instructed to fish up the costly service when the entertained recipients of such prodigal hospitality were out of sight. Many of the most luxurious of these palaces seem to be put to no use other than to furnish tourists objects to stare and wonder at. It is easier to calculate how much of Italy's poverty such idle wealth might alleviate than to expect

such a desideratum will ever be brought about. A French *dilettante* has suggested to remedy the monotony of book-binding and its lack of suggestion by using scraps of brocade, embroidery and velvet. If ever a history of these palaces of Genoa is written, it should be bound in brocade or cloth of gold.

The horse-cars have such an American look that, combined with the sight of the Columbus statue and the Stars and Stripes floating from vessels in the harbor, they gave us quite a foretaste of home. The feeling was in no degree lessened by frequent allusions by fellow-travellers to the godmother of the town in the Empire State which contains so many of our friends—Lyons. This city we cannot visit, but are promised Geneva, a name nearly as rich in home associations.

If we are so fortunate as to secure a prolongation of time, on our return to England we may hope to plan an excursion to the Medway, and learn how nearly our beautiful Rochester of the Empire State resembles its godmother in Kent.

“LITTLE PARIS.”

NO brighter, gayer city in Europe than Milan. Clean as Philadelphia, solid as Boston, happy as New York. Such were my impressions. Would that our American ladies could be imbued with some of the independence of their Milanese sisters in respect to attire. By the monotony of our fashionable thoroughfares it might be supposed one milliner and one dressmaker had served every woman met. It is said that people are never so well dressed as when you cannot recollect what they wore; this is especially true here, though I will never forget the graceful style of draping the head with a veil; it could not be done more artistically in Madrid. I cannot help liking the Milanese, especially the women; they are so animated and unaffected. I think it is they who have helped to give the city the title of “Little Paris.” As for the youth, if possible they are more oblivious of the past and future than those of Florence. They seem to say, “Let us have another hour of happiness, no matter what comes after.” The fireflies on the Lombardy plains are not more aimless or restless than these young men and women who fill the principal streets of Milan on their evening promenade. Some writer has described a scene which is here repeated a thousand fold; a young person overtakes another and inquires where he is going.

“Nowhere.”

“Then we are bound for the same place. I will go along with you.”

Enthusiasm has quite deserted us, although we strive

to retain sufficient appreciation to recognize the marvels to be yet encountered. Yet it is wondrously beautiful, that Cathedral whose exterior is an epic in marble, its interior a poem, and the roof an idyl. Would that our Parisian little lady were here to supply some adequate adjectives of admiration, for we are bankrupt in these before this marvellous work.

From the moment after passing the heavy-curtained entrance, to the last tinkling of the far-off silver bell at the altar, we were as near heaven as mortal may be below; all the grossness of earth is eliminated, and in spirit we kneel before Him to whom man has dedicated here his most perfect deed.

Must we call it a roof, those marble-paved ascending plains with avenues lined by a hundred spires and two thousand statues? Not the rude chisellings of the stone-cutter, but exquisite works of art. The stars of heaven look down on no sight so akin to their own celestial beauty as when their radiance mingles with the moonbeams and falls upon these silent effigies of saints and angels. Nay, not all saints, for one of these is Canova's Napoleon, standing in view of the grand arch built to commemorate the completion of his Simplon road. Was it chance that Napoleon's hand was chosen out of this marble population to support the maze of telegraph wires that cross the roof? It is fit that he should hold them, — the man who felt "the pulse of the universe," who less than three-quarters of a century ago hurled the lightning bolts of war wherever he would.

We ask what there is more to see of cathedrals since Cologne, Ulm, Florence, Venice and Rome? Then answers a quiet but confident voice, "York Minster." Were that also captured, it would be the duty of some kind friend to point out a yet unconquered — possibly unconquerable; like the ice cathedral once seen floating on the Atlantic, the mighty berg that had

melted into spires, grottoes, domes, arches and minarets.

Of course we visited the refectory of the convent attached to the Santa Maria delle Grazie, which contains Leonardo da Vinci's famed work, "The Last Supper." The visit affords no satisfaction, as without having seen copies it would be impossible to determine the subject. Rev. Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, recently gave an interesting account of his visit to the painting in 1878. A quarter of a century before he had stood in the presence of the same work, and one or both of the youths then in his care had now gone to the silent land.

The only members of our party I have known to publish books of their travels are a citizen of Hartford and a citizen of Vicksburg; they have given graphic outlines of the funny and serious experiences in which we all more or less were participants. They did not appear to be very enthusiastic in praise of the beauty of the women of Europe, and which I account for in consequence of our seeing more of the dark-featured women of Italy than any others. I do not think one of us saw in Venice a woman that would be called handsome from the American standpoint. How dark they are, even those of the better classes, who are not obliged to expose themselves to the sun. The American girls, with their complexions like apple-blossoms, where the delicate pink is striving to overcome the white, are the cynosures of all eyes wherever they appear in the Continental cities. Of the male Italians, those of the finest physique we saw were Neapolitans. From their accredited character they are unworthy the admiration they often elicit.

But at Milan it should not be forgotten we are in a better atmosphere, both moral and physical, than at Naples, matchless for natural loveliness. For our farewell glimpse of Milan, the beautiful city we may never behold again, we make a final ascent of the Cathedral roof. Where may we look for a book on the flora of this

roof? For here are marble beds of marble flowers so exquisitely chiselled as to represent the articulations of the leaves. They only lack color and scent to be instinct with life. We did not think it possible for marble to lend itself so readily to taking on the delicate forms of floral life.

Better than all the tonics in our medicine satchels is this view before us, while the cool airs from the Apennines and the Alps sweeping over the vast plains of Lombardy comes to us in welcome profusion. With Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn in view, we came near being as fixed a portion of the roof as the statues around us. At the sight of the Alpine range, a renewed enthusiasm begins to be felt, vitalizing body and mind.

My favorite point of view from whence to study the exterior of the Cathedral was between the last blocks on the Corso Vittorio Emanuel; although from there the entire façade is unseen, the transept window and spire stand out so clear against the unclouded sky, and in stronger relief from the shadows of the buildings about us, as to make it an eligible point of view for those desiring the most striking pictorial effect. We understand in some degree the enthusiasm of these who have helped to convert the quarries of Condoglio into this architectural dream, to which Galeazzo Visconti sacrificed the larger portion of his rich booty and jewels. Shrewd Boniface IX., there was a bit of the Yankee in your composition when you promised to all Lombards who should make a pilgrimage to Milan, instead of one to Rome, the same indulgences with the proviso that one-third of the expenses saved by the lesser journey should be given to the building of the Cathedral before us. Upwards of one hundred millions of dollars, they tell it has cost! In soberer moments we might be drawn into economic speculations, and carefully figure out how many thousand little parish churches that sum would build. It is a rich world, however, this beauti-

ful one of ours; and just now we are in no mood to grumble because man has given some of its treasures better shape for soul nourishment than the golden ingots hid in the vaults of the Bank of England and the United States Treasury.

We thank you, Mrs.—, for taking us out to the Porta Ticinese, one of the twelve gates of Milan, otherwise we should have missed having seen the noble columns of San Lorenzo, than which those on the Roman Forum are not more elegant; in the centre of a wide street rise sixteen Corinthian marble columns, isolated from all connections, said to be the ruins of a portico of a vast thermal structure; poets have sung of their classic beauty, and how they have escaped the artist one can only explain upon the ground that nearly every square foot of Italian territory was created for his purpose, and two thousand years of art-life have not provided sufficient time to reproduce the whole.

We have left Art behind us, and now we are going to enter the Sanctuary of Nature.

FROM ART TO NATURE.

IS not this exasperating? To long for years for Como, the Laga di Garda, and Maggiore, and then to visit Italy without beholding them. It was night when we passed along Maggiore, and, of course, lost whatever the lake may have of the picturesque. There would have been some consolation could we have had an hour at Isola Bella. Yes, we did have a glimpse of the south end of Maggiore on our arrival from Milan at Arona, where we had a late dinner. Arona is a bright, cheerful little stopping-place, bustling as a Yankee shire town on court day. The ceaseless stream of tourists in the travelling season leaves many a penny in the tills of its inhabitants. It is literally under the protection of good Saint Charles Borromeo, he whose corpse is so costly enshrined at Milan. Not all the saints of man's canonization do we like so well as Saint Charles, Archbishop of Milan; the cries of suffering humanity never failed to reach his ears and heart. He was born at Arona, and his gigantic statue stands upon a high hill overlooking the village, upon which he seems to gaze with filial love.

We are on our way to the Alps. Domo d'Ossola, the last village before the ascent commences, is reached about five in the morning. It is unnecessary to say that there was an appetite for the breakfast awaiting us here; and Continental breakfasts were not so often to our liking that we cannot afford to speak a good word for one that really is; when an apology is made for the eggs because they were no later laid than the previous day, such conscientiousness

is worth recording. I think my readers will bear witness that they have been spared an analysis of the *menu* of each hotel where we have been quartered, nearly all of which were first-class. It has been said that the Americans go abroad to get up an appetite. These pages shall not betray that this extended tour was undertaken for the purpose of studying and enjoying the cuisine of Europe. This much may be added, however, that the average American housekeeper will return from Europe with the conviction that outside of Paris there is no table to equal the home breakfast, dinner and tea-table.

I don't know how many crowded diligences there were that took our party out from Domo d'Ossola; enough to give us quite the appearance of a caravan, for there is no use in ignoring the fact that tourists in the concrete are looked upon as a sort of a show. The only difference between us and ordinary spectacles is that we pay for being seen, instead of being paid.

Gorges, caverns, precipices, thundering cataracts, the *débris* of falling avalanches — all these and much more are now around and about us. The day is perfect, and the air intoxicating. Some dismount to gather Alpine flora, or to enjoy the luxury of flinging snowballs in August, or to speculate over a huge ice-boulder that has rolled down from the loftier heights. Then is the driver's chance to hurry up the declivities, and make the laggards run to regain the deserted seats. Never shall we have another ride of such mingled pleasure, astonishment and fear, for not all the sublimity of the scenes unfolding before us can lessen the instinctive horror at the awful depths below. No sooner is one yawning gulf out of sight behind us than another of more frightful depth lies in front. In vain I sought to divert my mind from these when passing through the Gorge of Gondo, a chasm cut five hundred and ninety-six feet through the solid rock, by looking upward.

At last the Hospice, near the highest point of the pass,

was reached. Now came the most formidable part of the trip—the descent. Those drivers' lives are certainly insured, and they wish to give their wives the benefit. You recollect how you gaze with bated breath over the Pisa tower belfry and other heights, but here you are whirled at a break-neck speed on the very edge of precipices which would make you shudder to see an eagle descend. In addition to this the wind had arisen, and was now blowing a gale, making the stunted vegetation growing on the sides of the abyss to sway as if it would be torn from its bed. Those who were seated on the top of the diligence could only keep their positions by the greatest exertions. This haste was ostensibly to catch the train at Brieg, which it is not certain but the artful drivers knew was already gone; at least the hotel men at Brieg were evidently not much depressed at our misfortune, which forced us upon their hospitality for the night. For some reason choice accommodations were more than monopolized by those arriving earlier. The room assigned me was not palatial; it was in the garret; and there before me were the freshly made notes on the palaces of Genoa!

A morning ride, the next day, along the cool valley of the Rhone, brought us to Martigny at noon. This is a poor town, but it has rich relations near by. In a little grove in the centre of the town is the most remarkable sign-post in the world, pointing the way to the two great roads crossing the Alps; on one side it reads "Simplon," on the other, "St. Bernard," both practicable for carriages.

Who are left at home to care for the children and the house? Such is your involuntary exclamation at Martigny, for all the heads of the world's families appear to be here on the threshold of these great portals leading over the Alps.

Martigny is environed with scenery of the most inspiring character, to which the union of the Drause with the Rhone lends an added charm. The view from the bridge

spanning the Drause, and of the Castle of La Batie, one of the strongholds of the Archbishop of Sion, will repay the lover of the picturesque for many an hour. We visited the Falls of Pissevache, which Southey should have seen before he wrote "How does the water come down at Lodore?" These falls would be beautiful, were they not so frightful and angry. They descend from the glaciers of the Dent du Midi, and after foaming and dashing over a succession of black rock gorges and ravines, take a final plunge of two hundred feet into a boiling cauldron, whose horror is partially veiled from us by the beautiful mist which the grateful flood sends aloft in praise that it has reached a resting-place after all its turmoil.

A few hours later, we are snugly stowed away in carriages, each holding from four to six persons, bound for Chamouni, via the Tête Noir. The way is narrow, but we go upward so easily in our carriage that the fact that this originally was nothing but a mule path is forgotten, were it not that the refractory mule put on as a leader to our horses, serves to remind us that his race once had the quadrupedal sway of the road.

If there was any circumstance to detract from an unalloyed pleasure in the ride to Chamouni, it is not now in my power to recall it. For the first time in Alpine regions, my mind was relieved of any anxieties for personal safety, although we continued to approach the edge of gorges of such depth as to cause us to keep an eye upon the erratic movements of the aforesaid mule.

How deeply blue was the sky; how intense the sunlight as it fell upon the eastern slopes; every moment the panorama widens as we attain higher altitudes. Here is a shabby hut resting like an eagle's nest upon a projecting crag; another, nestling beneath a frowning cliff; their roofs are dotted with huge stones to more readily keep them in place when they are assailed by the terrible winds

and storms. The fancy loves to paint the life in those abodes to correspond with the idealistic descriptions of Rousseau; but it is more probable that the prosaic narrations of Chateaubriand are nearer the truth. How little can these mountain peasants know of the social amenities which are so necessary to our happiness. An almost impassable gorge or valley will isolate one cottager from his neighbor. These wonders of nature touch no answering chords in their bosoms; no sentiment is suggested to them by their varying lights and shadows. The mountain heights, so glorious to us, are to them Hill Difficulty a thousand-fold multiplied. Unceasing toil of the rudest character is their lot, as it was that of their fathers before them. For them there is no world outside the Alps. An emperor may be assassinated, and a mighty nation stand weeping around the bier of a murdered president—these are events that cause less interest here than the finding of the body of a dead cow that has fallen over the treacherous cliff. They have heard of our land across the sea, but the stars above them seem much nearer.

Higher yet. Gray and white peaks, wreathed in garlands of clouds, are making for us a horizon only equalled by that from the Rigi-Kulm. Ragged boulders and rocks rise from our path in natural confusion no artificial imitation could excel. Here we descend from the carriage to gather the rhododendron, or Alpine rose, and the lovely blue gentian, which often is found at the very edge of a snow bank. Beyond our reach are the orange lily, ferns and mosses, and plants kindred to these, on parks no human foot has ever trod. One of our ladies in reaching for some blossoms below the path, slipped, and was only saved from a fall over the heights by a movement which sprained her wrist so badly that her hand was useless for several days. The carriage which contained my oldest son broke down, and its occupants, including several ladies, were forced to walk a long distance until another was sent

to them from Chamouni, where they did not arrive until midnight.

It would not be possible for mere words to convey the impression made upon us by the first comparatively near view of Mont Blanc, when we reached that portion of the pass from which it was visible, rising from the grand amphitheatre of lesser heights, which swell on and on, the petrified waves of a mountain ocean.

It was just an hour before midnight that the first carriage, in which I chanced to be placed, reached Chamouni. This advantage, however, proved to be of no avail, for the room I had supposed secured for myself was assigned to my son, at that moment several miles away. I was accordingly posted off to another hotel at the extreme end of the town, which was not found until after a series of incidents that seem very ludicrous now, but were any thing but funny at the time. To add to our discomforts, our luggage was lost, but was finally found. An hour past midnight the whole party, including the members who were sore from their compulsory pilgrimage on foot, was snugly quartered at the various hotels and pensions.

A magnificent sunrise, gilding Mont Blanc with burnished gold on its eastern face, melting into rose where it neared the shadows, was my reward for an early rising the next morning. Later in the day I watched through a telescope a party making the ascent of Mont Blanc, wearily toiling up the dangerous heights by aid of ropes and alpenstocks. Much as I might enjoy the wonderful views, I do not care to risk life for such purpose. The first woman who ascended Mont Blanc was Mlle. Parides, who reached the summit in 1809. I have no curiosity to search for any wayside memorials she may have traced in the snow and ice on her upward journey. Miss Lucy Walker, an English young lady of eighteen years of age, ascended the Finsteraarhorn (fourteen thousand one hun-

dred and six feet high) in 1862, and Miss Luise Brunner of Berne climbed the same heights three years later. The precious lives of Americans and Englishmen that have been sacrificed on the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, bring their dangers more vividly to us as we gaze on their glittering crowns and peaks. Only a few days before our arrival, a young man who had made seven ascents of Mont Blanc, emboldened by his repeated successes, neglected to take hold of the rope at an important moment, and was sent whirling down the awful precipice, a mangled, bleeding mass.

I am willing to adopt ordinary customs of a land in which I chance to be travelling, but I draw the line at a donkey. A lady of our party, however, was less fastidious and we watched with considerable interest her struggle with one of those refractory animals; notwithstanding that she had the aid of both the driver and a guide, it seemed that she was never to gain a seat upon his back; his fore feet were planted firmly upon the earth at a most defiant angle; the amount of expression that animal managed to concentrate in the gleam of his eyes and the backward slope of his ears, defies description. The driver now changed his tactics and brought out a sort of ladder by which the lady might reach the coveted seat by a sudden leap; but the donkey's strategy was equal to their cunning, for he elevated his hind heels at such a height and with such vigor that the lady gave up in despair, and the beast was led away triumphant. Miss Amelia Edwards, who has lately ascended the Nile, speaks even more discouragingly of the camel as an aid to a lady's locomotion. "He has," she says, "four motions; his slow walk is very much like being in a small boat in a chop sea; his fast walk dislocates every bone in your body; his trot drives you to insanity, while his gallop is almost instant destruction." As we went no farther east than Pompeii, we were spared this delightful experience.

Happily, none of our American caricaturists were present when those of us who made an excursion to the Mer de Glace departed from Chamouni. Let us hope that the art of taking a photograph of a person who is unconscious of the act, was not an *accompli fait* at that time. The Mer de Glace disappointed me; it by no means suggests a sea of ice. As a petrified river of sleet and half-melted ice, making an invisible flow downwards, it is rich in eloquent study. The fissures along which we walked, and sometimes crossed, were almost appalling; you look down into depths which appear bottomless; by placing your ear at the edge of these depths you can hear the rushing of rills far below, but which are invisible. The depth of some of these glacial seas is from six to eight hundred feet; Hugi, a German naturalist, explored one at a distance of a mile, and found it to be as honey-combed with galleries as the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, where our experiences were so needlessly terrifying; here and there pillars were standing which supported the vast ice deposits above; when these crumble the mass falls in and moves forward, which is the cause of the flow of the Mer de Glace.

More beautiful is the living water of the Alps, the cascades and torrents on the Brenner and Tête Noir we have passed. They are to the mountains what bright, chatting children are at a garden party where solemn elders congregate. I recall one of rare beauty near the Gorge of Gondo, a wide sheet falling over a perpendicular cliff, so uniform and unbroken that it actually looked motionless, like a vast strip of satin drapery hanging over the mountain side.

There is something in these Alpine worlds that develops a species of selfishness. I longed to get away from the crowd of guides and tourists of all nations who make Chamouni, otherwise so delightful, a perfect Babel. With what delight would we leave the beaten paths and

seek out the thousand untrodden haunts in these mountains, virgin spots unpraised by guide-book makers and travellers whose eulogies are a bid for enthusiasm.

How grateful was I to my Creator for having brought me here to the portals which lead to His presence. From the hundred-spired Cathedral we had left behind at Milan, we were now brought to worship in one of a thousand domes, reared by the hand that created the heavens and the earth.

The last night of our stay at Chamouni will never be forgotten. From the seclusion of my little balcony I looked out upon the great Monarch of Mountains. The evening sun, the gold and salmon clouds, and the hues of velvet softness lingering upon the peaks, had all departed; the new harvest moon and the stars looked down from a sky which was nothing less than the floor of heaven. What untranslatable thoughts and emotions overpowered my soul! How far away was the world of business cares, disease and pain. I thought of good Dr. Cheever, Dr. Bellows, and other lofty minds that here have had a foretaste of those ineffable glories which they are now enjoying before the Great White Throne.

As we saw the Lake of the Four Cantons, with violet-tinted cliffs rising clear and sharp from its bosom where lay mirrored a pale rose sky, we could have pardoned any for leaping in. Yet at the first intimation of C—— to leap over the boat I involuntarily shuddered; not at the thought he would ruin his cadet suit, but at the awful depths of the lake, from five to eight hundred feet. I will never again find it in my heart to reprimand my boys for their love of lake and river bathing. As we glide along, the water looks just as Schiller has described it: "The lake is smiling; it invites one to bathe."

Our baths at Wiesbaden had a wonderful rejuvenating effect; but it would seem from a plunge in here one might rise a perfect Undine.

But those cliffs ! Can there be anything more lovely ? In the less rugged portions they are wreathed with wild vines and dotted with shrubs, the latter looking like concave emerald reliefs fastened to the face of the rocks. Here and there are little uplands that intervene between the lake and the cliffs ; these are spangled with blue, yellow and red wild flowers which a glass brought so near the boat we could almost decide their botanical rank. We are all in ecstasies over these, while the men and boys are chatting about Tell, bows and arrows and apple-shooting.

I have never seen animate nature more perfectly in harmony with its background than the few solitary storks along the base of these cliffs, standing poised upon one foot in that dreamy pose the designers of screens and dados never tire of reproducing. This bird is as much at home along the marly Reuss as the swans and ducks on the Rhone at Rousseau's Isle ; at Strasburg, where they torture their geese to tickle the palate of man with *paté de foie gras*, the stork is absolutely venerated, and the householder is happy when it makes its nest upon his chimney-top.

Were it not that mere description of localities are necessarily tiresome, I should be tempted to attempt it here. The Lake of the Four Cantons is in the form of St. Andrew's cross, Lucerne at the head, Alpnach and Küssnacht at the arm extremities, and Uri at the foot. When you are told that at many points you can count forty peaks, including Rigi and Pilatus, an idea may be formed of the extraordinary loveliness of the views ; the vistas continually opening and closing as you glide over the water arouse those of us who thought a new sensation was impossible. We passed Tell's Chapel, built in 1388, on the east shore ; it is an unpretending little pavilion, overhung with charming foliage ; the lake here is about eight hundred feet deep, and we have lost all desire to

search for Undine. You will recollect that this is the spot where the patriot leaped from Gessler's boat as he was being taken to prison, and hid himself in the recesses of the mountains. In making the circuit of the lake, the eye often lingers fondly upon the tiny Swiss cottages along roads which are narrow shelves clinging to the cliffs; the toy houses that afforded us so much delight in childhood were the counterparts of these.

Lucerne we found as full of life as a bee-hive; full of weary tourists and correspondingly happy landlords. The old part of the town, with its crooked streets, quaint chimneys and high gables, is not without picturesque interest. The lighthouse from which it takes its name is a peaked tower in the centre of the river Reuss; the archives of history, dating from the day of Tell, and which relate to Swiss rebellion against Austrian oppression, are deposited here and held in great reverence. The lion designed by Thorwaldsen to commemorate the defence of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Aug. 10, 1792, is the most powerful and affecting memorial I have ever beheld. A niche is cut out of a solid rock in which is carved an expiring lion nearly thirty feet long and eighteen feet high. The pose is as touching as that of the "Dying Gladiator"; over the niche hang long tendrils, and the water percolating through the rock seems like tears Nature is shedding for the fallen — brave — even though they were defending a decaying monarchy. The conception is nothing less than an inspiration of the highest genius.

We lingered long on one of the two bridges which span the Reuss, the only picture gallery we have ever found built on water. The paintings on the walls are fantastic and ancient, but very bright. It is delightful to stand here and watch the steamboats darting hither and thither and the fishermen patiently trying their luck in the lake. The most tender violets, purples and rose, mantle the dis-

tant peaks and cliffs as the sun declines ; and as the evening advances the lights of the houses and hotels drawn in long reflections on the lake make the scene like fairy-land.

The skeptic who sets down William Tell for a myth had better promulgate his ideas and theories at a distance from Lucerne. But there have not been wanting those so heterodox as to do no less than this here among the scenes of his exploits ; one such having put his arguments in print, had his work publicly burnt. The very atmosphere is rife with reminiscences of the patriot. It is safe to conclude that so long as mankind is enamored with Mountains and Liberty, Tell will be as tangible as George Washington.

The *vox humana* of the Lucerne organ exceeds all ever conceived of the resources of the organ ; it was not until positively assured that I had not been listening to a concealed choir of voices that I could admit those seraphic tones were the result of human mechanism and skill. We had now heard four of the great organs of Europe, and played with such power we feel no harmony of earth can ever equal for us again.

The tolling of the convent bell introduced in the Alpstorm played on the Fribourg organ, and the imagined voices in the roof of the Lucerne Cathedral are so heavenly as to afford delight too great for words. It was at such moments we more than ever realized the certainty of an eternal home awaiting the faithful. The emotions and aspirations born of the sights and sounds we had enjoyed in our last days in Italy and Switzerland could never find rest or satisfaction in this ephemeral existence.

Hospitable, busy, delightful Geneva ! Here, at last, is a spot where there is nothing to cavil at ; for they who could not abide here are those who seek Utopia. Climate, society, associations and scenery combine, with com-

parative cheapness of living, to make Geneva one of the most eligible residences of Europe.

Our ride hither by diligence from Chamouni was fraught with views which are among the choicest cabinet gems in the halls of memory. When the first glimpse of the famed lake was caught through a rich foliage vista, every pulse quickened with the fervor born of a new delight.

Have you ever sat upon a Geneva pier and listened to the sobbing Rhone as it flows swiftly between the piles, or lingered at twilight around the base of Rousseau's statue on the little island below its larger sister? Then you know how poorly words can convey to others the eloquence and beauty of fair Geneva. Of your morning sail over the calm bosom of the lake, your dalliance with the swans of Lemman, all the while Mont Blanc is thrusting his white head into the blue vault of heaven, diverting your avaricious eyes from the chains of villa and garden on either shore — no; we will leave all these to the artists who make of them a specialty; what is a jar of ink to their twenty tubes of as many tints! And they have their native artists, as you will find in the *Athénée*, the permanent exhibition endowed by Madame Eynard, and in the *Murée Rath*.

I care not if the tourist spends a month in Savoy and the Alps, he has not seen Switzerland without making the circuit of Lake Lemman — that land-and-water paradise hedged in by snow-capped heights. Who wonders that young Tell asked his father if there was any land where there were no mountains? Other pictures may fade, but this, at least, is indelible; it is photographed upon my heart. Goethe speaks for thousands: "When my whole soul is so filled with the world around and the sky above that I feel as if I was gazing upon the form of one I love, then my heart swells with yearning, and I think to myself: Ah! if I could only commit to paper some of the glow-

ing images which teem within, so that they should be a perfect image of my soul!"

The view of Mont Blanc was so distinct from Lake Lemman that it is with some question that one regards the statement that it is visible from Geneva but sixty times a year. The enthusiasm with which it was greeted by my son and other youths, reminds me that it has been ascended by Horace de Saussure, the fourteen-year-old son of the naturalist.

The lake was swarming with pleasure parties as we passed along its shores. In boats and canopied barges, from which floated out enlivening strains, were seen gayly-attired peasants from the valley of the Rhone and the lovely towns around Geneva. The hills sloping down to the mazarine waters are delightfully clothed with the Spanish chestnut, the walnut, beech, pine and oak, with which are mingled the sight and scent of the grape-vine and narcissus leaf—and these must be the very waters where the beautiful youth, namesake of the plant, beheld his own image and fell in love with the reflection.

What a volume could be written concerning the associations of immortal names with the environs of Geneva—Knox, Calvin, Voltaire, Madame de Staël, Rousseau, Gibbon, Byron, D'Aubigné; theology, science, *belles lettres* and history—for here were written the "Decline and Fall" and the "Reformation"! How rich the memories of Coppet and the brilliant circle that gathered around the author of "Corinne."

What a pretty legend is that of the origin of the lovely towns along Lake Lemman! There was a magic ship filled with happy youth that appeared one sunny morning, and in the midst of this little band stood a tall, fair maiden, in flowing locks of gold and wind-swept drapery, who pointed to the south. When the barque reached the designated spot the maiden and her little band landed and founded Geneva; they then continued along the shores, scattering

roses over the earth, which ever since has blossomed like a garden. It is over the track they followed you will find the villas of Byron, Grisi, Baron Adolph Rothschild, D'Aubigné and Voltaire. Intervening, are innumerable mansions and villas of less celebrity, but almost equal beauty, sheltered by the most charming wood-crowned heights and grove-valleys possible to conceive.

The time of the traveller flies so swiftly at Geneva that the inhabitants make annually two hundred thousand watches that he may note it. Such a ticking of these and whirring of music-box barrels! And the shops, more aggravating to depleted purses than the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. Do you not smile as you think of the time when you used to manage to drop in at Schaus' gallery, below Stewart's, about noon, to hear the cuckoos, as both hands met on the XII? Such multiplicity for devices in music-boxes! To take a seat in a guileless-looking chair, or to touch the back of a jewelled swan, may bring upon your startled head an aria from Verdi, or a Wagnerian grand march.

If one could only come to Geneva and remain long enough to take advantage of the social enjoyments with which it abounds! I think in this respect I should prefer Geneva to Florence, as to the moral and religious tone. But Calvin, could he return, would not find the Geneva of his time. We saw the pulpit from which the staid old Trinitarian preached. It was impossible to refrain from a fit of moralizing at the sight.

The Rhone enters, passes through and issues from Lake Lemman, very much as the Jordan does at the Lake of Tiberius. Geneva is built on both sides of the river and connected by six or eight bridges. In the older parts of the city the buildings are very lofty, the streets narrow and crooked; in the modern quarters there is every indication of elegance, culture and wealth. The environs are nothing less than a chain of luxuriant gardens, enclosing

in each link a lovely villa. The varied shades of vegetation in the region, blending in perfect harmony, afforded me delight too great to be interpreted in mortal language. Let us not accuse those of undue sensibility who confess they have been moved to tears when bidding farewell to these Arcadian scenes.

The visit to the lofty castle of Chillon and its eloquent dungeon yielded the same pleasure it has to a million others. The structure is in no sense beautiful, but in its associations and surroundings is of a most soul-moving interest.

On our return from this delightful excursion those of the party who had neglected an early preparation for the Bernese Oberland were now forced to an expeditious packing. The discomforts of the heat and dust we left behind in Italy were now almost equalled by the "madding crowds" we meet at every turn. Switzerland is literally besieged by tourists; the scenes that were such a marvel in the streets of Philadelphia, in 1876, are here repeated annually in the travelling season. Individual tourists, family parties, clubs, schools and their teachers, fairly swarm at every stage of our journey after crossing into Swiss territory. No wonder the hotels at Rigi are regarded as better than gold mines. But I will not tell of those so long as I stand here on the bridge over the Rhone, whose "arrowy" title is no misnomer, looking down into its deep cerulean tide in which I had seen the stars mirrored the night before. Further on, it is joined by the turbulent Arve flowing down from Mont Blanc, but too dirty to be a fit ambassador from the monarch whose head is crowned with a depth of sixty feet of virgin snow. At first the pure Rhone shrinks from this rude intruder, and retires to the opposite shore, for a long way the two streams flowing side by side, the line of unmingling as sharply defined as the shore itself; but at last the Rhone is overcome and loses its pristine purity as the Arve affli-

ates with its waters. Is not this typical of life, when innocence is forced into companionship with vice? "We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Mother, do hurry; we shall certainly be left."

But this was not the first time I had heard a certain tall young man utter the same words in various parts of the Continent, and "mother" was never once left throughout the trip. She surely would have been now, however, if the impulse to go over again to the little Rousseau isle had been followed; for it is a spot where time treads less noisily than in the watch stores of Geneva; there is something in its calm beauty, and the mild expression of Rousseau's statue, which is captivating to the reflective mind.

As we hurry to the hotel we linger a moment to enjoy the rapture of two English lads over a fish of less than a finger's length that one of them has hauled out of the stream. Who would not be a boy to whom happiness is so cheap and easy? The adjoining lake has been a prolific fishing-ground from time immemorial; in the pre-historic time the aborigines built their huts in Lake Lemman on piles, and fished through a trap-door in the floor. The boys in infancy were tied by a cord to a timber to prevent falling through the opening.

Off at last! As we pass from one canton to another we notice the marked change in prevailing customs; although the boundary lines are more frequent than those of counties in New York, the costume and money are as dissimilar as though of different nationalities. The money is of no annoyance to us, as one of the advantages of this mode of travel is that the conductor takes entire charge of all such details where expenditure is demanded. In the Swiss cantons the money of one canton will not pass without discount in another. We have yet to see any circulating medium to equal the American greenback. The head-gear of the female peasants we passed was of the quaintest. Often a broad-brim hat without perceptible

crown, and as often a man's high peaked hat. The effect is more *bizarre* than even paintings of Swiss life had led us to expect.

It was with no ordinary feelings that we retired, on Saturday evening, at Fribourg; we had had no Sabbath, in the home sense, for two months, and the morrow we determined should be a true day of rest, *sans* castles, *sans* picture-galleries, *sans* all worldly ways; for our visit to the cathedral was certainly not a worldly delight, for Herr Vogt and the organ take you to the very gates of the Celestial City. The organ is of modern construction, built by Moser, with seven thousand, eight hundred pipes and sixty-four stops. The effect when a full orchestra is imitated is little short of marvellous. In one of the selections played there was a passage where the trombone, the clarinet, the flute and the cornet seemed to melt and dissolve in the organ accompaniment, above which soared the sharp, clear tones of the trumpet, succeeded by the *vox humana* of such ravishing sweetness that it seems as if the very seraphs must be listening entranced above the vaulted roof. The performance closed with the famous imitation of a thunder-storm in the Alps; the distant rumblings, the explosive peals, the bursting clouds, the swaying trees and cries of affrighted cattle, are given with such fidelity to nature that the vibration of the edifice seems more the result of the storm than of the escaping wind in the gigantic pipes. The clearing-up of the tempest is inimitable; you hear the toll of the convent vesper bell, the low of home-returning kine; you can almost see the luminous rainbow between the last diamond raindrops as you hear the grateful song of the birds rejoicing in the light of the now unclouded sun. It was long before we came to earth after this wonderful display, to which no description can do justice.

Fribourg contains but little to interest the tourist beyond its organ concerts and magnificent suspension

bridges spanning the valley of the Gotteron. One of these is almost sublime from its great length and height, apparently a mere spider's web attached to opposite cliffs, but which will support any weight that can be placed upon it; such a work, and the successful completion of the Brooklyn Bridge, prove that no feat of engineering is impossible to man.

The country beyond the old walls and decayed fortifications of Fribourg is delightfully fresh and healthy. The cattle are such as Cuyp studied, and we saw large draught-horses so familiar in Albert Dürer's engravings. The geographical features of the region are decidedly home-like, therefore beautiful, and so vividly reminded of the country about Batavia and Canandaigua, that the same nostalgia that made me so wretched at Heidelberg attacked me here. Neuralgia may be productive of more physical pain, but it is less depressing.

THE SWISS WASHINGTON.

"Ah, that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
But is the property of those alone
Who have beheld it, noted it with care,
And in their minds recorded it with love."

OPINIONS of American travellers are at wide variance concerning the noted resorts of Europe. Many claim that they are over-estimated and the descriptions exaggerated. There can be, however, but one opinion of the Alps, the ridge-pole of Europe, from which the water falls on one side into the Mediterranean, and on the other into the German Ocean and Atlantic.

It cannot be denied that the Alps derive some of their charm from their association with lands of song, legend and romance; yet, divested of all these adventitious aids, they still remain peerless. In the retrospective glance I here give of my observations in the mountain regions of Italy and Switzerland, in company with my fellow-tourists, I shall make no effort to restrain the sentiment they engender in the mind of any being capable of considering that these elevations were created for a purpose, and are not the results of mere accidental causes. I am aware that in this utilitarian age, and especially with a people so practical as Americans, sentiment is ignored; if it does not find an outcome in the Alps it is pretty safe to ever after lie dormant.

I believe the love of natural scenery is a very general instinct; with myself, I do not know but it assumes an

abnormal phase. In early girlhood when I was familiar with no higher elevations than those around Norwich-on-Thames, and the bluffs of the north shore of Long Island, as seen from New London, I would sit for hours upon some gentle knoll, making outlines of my imaginary Alps in the high-piled clouds, and every chance vessel in our harbor with the name of a Mediterranean port upon its hull was as beautiful in my eyes as the barge of Cleopatra, for it had sailed from the enchanted land. I could enter fully into the feelings of Mrs. Hamlin, the missionary, who describes in her memoirs the effects produced upon her by the Green Mountain range in Vermont, the home of her childhood. Going out upon the hills surrounding the orchard overlooking the undulating heights, she would throw herself upon the ground and weep from pure intensity of emotion. At this period of my life I did not think it possible so great a boon would be granted me as to ever behold the subjects of my ardent dreams, in which I had felt

“The inward groan
To sit upon the Alps as on a throne.”

When at last I was permitted by a gracious Providence to realize this life-dream, there was no alloy to lessen my happiness.

The Rhine has so many features in common with the Hudson, that it fell short of my anticipations, although it grew upon me with prolonged acquaintance. Naples is a paradise, but a paradise where the serpent's trail is ever visible. Rome is a queen, but a fallen one, paralyzed, and her beauty the hectic flush of disease. Yet the Alps, older than man, are ever young, capped with eternal snows, and their feet bathed in azure lakes, which reflect the fruits and flowers of the tropics; so far beyond all other works of Nature that the human mind can never fully grasp them. We only know that they are the seals God

has stamped upon our beautiful world that He reigns.

The Alps must be seen to be known. The most cunning skill of the painter cannot reproduce them, for their primal beauty consists in their bewildering and constantly varying tints, shadows and colors, as difficult to place on canvas as the diaphanous iris of the rainbow. I was charmed with the life and landscapes of Paul Potter and Cuyp in the galleries of Germany and Holland, their low horizons and broad expanses of field and meadow, but have seen no painting of Alpine scenery that satisfies me; the faint rose blush of the snow-crowned heights, the hazy purple of the valleys and the green of the glaciers (the "sad green" of the æsthetics) must be the despair of the artist.

I was told of the works of M. Loppé, a Genevese painter, and of Calame, who have succeeded in depicting the boldest views of Switzerland in a more satisfactory manner than any of their contemporaries; but I had no opportunity to see them, and was quite content in the possession of the originals. I would not be considered as undertaking to depreciate the genius of those men who have filled Europe with so many thousand objects of beauty, but Mont Blanc, Jungfrau and the Matterhorn can no more be pressed into three square feet of canvas than the imagery of a Homer or Shakespeare can enter into the brain of an infant.

The first glimpse of one of the isolated peaks, as of Mont Blanc at Geneva, is the event of a life, and prepares you for the greater event when you reach an altitude from which you behold them in vast processions, stretching out their hands to lift you up to those spheres where all is pure and holy.

It would exceed the limits to which I must confine these descriptions to record all my observations among these mountains. Here I would add that it was while in Switzerland that I experienced the disadvantages of travelling

with so large a party, not from lack of congenial companionship so much as that there are localities where you would desire to prolong your stay, but which is limited to the pre-arranged time. I did not take the Alps by assault, but by gradual approach, as was fitting in appearing before such august presence.

Our approach to Bern was from Fribourg, through a country that did not much impress me until we were within a few miles of this old city, the present capital of Switzerland. The Swiss architecture and manner of life is seen to better advantage in the environs of Bern than any other portion of the land, and there are few localities in Europe where a New Englander or a citizen of the Middle States would feel more at home. I was often reminded here of the Connecticut and Mohawk valleys; the long stretches of green meadows through which the Aar winds like a white and blue satin ribbon; hamlets and church spires peeping out from a mass of emerald foliage. A closer inspection, however, destroys all comparison—the low, over-reaching roofs, like toadstools, the multiplicity of ornate galleries and balconies of the houses of the well-to-do, and the nondescript domiciles of the poorer class, where it is impossible to tell where the cottage terminates and the cowshed commences. Thrifty hollyhocks surround many of these Swiss chalets, oftentimes in front of a row of bee-hives, where the occupants had only to fly two or three feet for their breakfast.

The honey of Switzerland is delicious, and is esteemed one of the greatest luxuries; the bees are more domesticated than ours, and enter the houses with as little ceremony as Yankee flies. The natives have a pretty custom of decorating with flowers the first hive that swarms. I could not help wondering if they practised that senseless custom, common with us at such times, of following the swarm with a tattoo upon kettles and pans.

Bern is finely situated upon a plateau bounded on three

sides by the Aar. Its name is derived from the word in German signifying bear, Bären, from a tradition that the site was once a favorite haunt of the animal; other authorities ascribe it to a certain Glado May having brought two bears as trophies from the battle of Novara, 1510. While the Bern Valley is not Alpine more than that it commands a noble range of the Bernese Heights, it is in every respect satisfying to the tourist, and a whole summer spent in the vicinity would be none too long to enrich one's knowledge of Switzerland's Government. Bern is admirably built; no American populous centre but might acquire here some excellent ideas of municipal government. Without carrying neatness to the prim excess of the Broeck folk, near Amsterdam, the Bernese have the happy faculty of keeping all about them in order and cleanliness without showing the *modus operandi*; the principle was well illustrated by a remark once made to a lady by her guest. "I have been with you three weeks; your house is immaculate, yet I have never seen a broom."

The main street is slightly concave, and a branch of the Aar flows through the gutters, washing away all impurities rapidly as they are formed. The terrace in front of the Cathedral is an elegant promenade, shaded by luxuriant chestnut trees, and provided with seats from which excellent opportunity is afforded of studying the novel and quaint life of the town. The south end of the plateau terminates abruptly, a parapet more than twice the elevation of the Brooklyn Heights at Wall street ferry. A marble slab here records a singular accident; a student, in 1654, returning from a festive gathering, probably with an exhilaration of spirits which resulted from indulgence Mrs. Hayes wisely withheld from her guests, was thrown from his horse over the precipice to the lower town, more than a hundred feet below. The tablet records his wonderful preservation, and that he survived thirty years as

a preacher. He certainly should have been able to discourse eloquently from the text—"Take heed, lest ye fall." If all the accidents of college life could terminate so happily, there would not be as much cause to regret their frequency. The census of March, 1850, gives the population of the city as 27,475. Eighty-seven years before the discovery of our Continent by Columbus, Bern was visited by a conflagration which completely destroyed it, with all the valuable historic archives; and that it was no inconsiderable town in 1405, we learn from the fact that fifteen hundred and fifty houses were burnt. It appears the neighboring towns were as prompt in aiding the afflicted inhabitants as those of our own land after the Chicago fire. The citizens of Solothurn sent half a million brick and tore down a portion of their own walls to help rebuild Bern; and Fribourg dispatched a procession of carts and laborers.

The street life is exceedingly picturesque, to which the peculiar architecture, the broad, receding buttresses of the buildings add a harmony. There are numberless fountains of unique designs, objects of beauty as well as utility. The Ogre fountain interested me most. It commemorates, in a vague way, the murder of a boy by a Jew; on the summit of a pillar stands an ogre, his belt stuffed with struggling children; one of the little innocents he is about to devour. Around this fountain you often see the peasants who have come in from the country for a holiday; robust youths in tight knee-breeches and gay hose, which set off to advantage their well-rounded limbs, a rustic nosegay fastened to their hats or on the breast. The girls are in short skirts of blue or red woollen, sometimes over a longer one of white; their black bodices are worn over a white chemise, which has wide sleeves, nearly of the amplitude of those we know as the "leg-of-mutton sleeve;" their luxuriant hair hangs down their backs in long braids, while that of the married

women is carefully tucked under close-fitting caps. The girls' nosegays of pinks and rosemary remind me of poor Ophelia. The sidewalks are under cover along the principal street, which must be a great convenience in bad weather. Some of our party, however, preferred the sunshine, and took the middle of the street for their promenade, where they were also free from the bustle of the crowd under the arcades. The most popular hotel is the Bellevue, which has a pretty garden provided with tables, where you are served with Swiss dainties while the eye is regaled with the range of the Bernese Alps, with Mont Blanc, resplendent in its gleaming tiara, towering above all other peaks.

If Queen Victoria were as partial to bears as her remote predecessor, Queen Bess, she would no doubt honor Bern with a prolonged visit. What the stork is to the Strasburger, and the pigeon to the Venetian, the bears are to the citizens of Bern. There is less sentiment in the Irishman's love for his pig, the Swiss peasant's care for his goat, or the Bedouin for his mare, for these are animals that contribute to the wealth and prosperity of their owners; but the almost canonization of the bear at Bern is founded upon downright veneration. The Biblical story of the bald head and the bears would lose its terror with the children of this city, whose earliest play-toys are made in the image of the bear, and which is emblazoned on the arms of the municipality. As we stood watching the cathedral clock, the hour was struck, and out came a series of mechanical figures, followed by a procession of bears. At the Museum you find bears in all eras of life, from bear babies of a few months to bears in extreme age. Could the Aar boast its poet, as the Avon its Swan, we should doubtless have a noble epic on "The Seven Ages of the Bear." The toy shops are half filled with objects after the favorite model, bear soldiers, bear kings, bear clowns, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The quaintest group is

that of a bear school, in which an old Bruin with rod and spectacles is schoolmaster, and whose motto, as has been wittily said, should be, "Bear and for-bear." At table your butter-knife has a bear handle, and the blade chips off the nose of a butter bear. Before you have half eaten your meat, Bruin's eyes stare at you from the centre of the plate, and you wonder if the steak before you is bovine or ursine. Think of our sister city of Buffalo making similar use of the monarch of the prairie, which makes such a noble figure in the American group of the Albert Memorial; or Rome of the wolf. By the way, Little Red Riding-Hood's enemy does not have the esteem in this region bestowed upon the bear. In the vicinity is a wolf-club, to which none are eligible but those who can prove they have killed three wolves.

Many of the Bernese customs assimilate to those of the Germans, and the children in their skull-caps, round faces and bodies as broad as long, bring to mind those of Rhine villages we had previously seen. These are often of the pure German blonde type, and which Bayard Taylor noticed in Spain. The groups around cottages in the Bern environs are the embodiment of the picturesque; all nature, animate and inanimate, appears to be unconsciously posing for the painter. The peasants are more clumsy than those of Naples, but less offensive in their habits. Here is an afternoon group at a vine-wreathed porch—two old women knitting or weaving lace, a younger robust matron near, nursing her babe, all the while watching two calves who are having their supper, while the four-footed mother stands methodically chewing her cud, the very picture of content. There was such a spirit of repose and domestic peace about the scene that a Paul-Pryish feeling came over me to penetrate the interior of the chalet and take tea with the old women; as for the calves, but for their black and gray spots, they might have been transferred from my own farm on the

banks of Lake Ontario, and I found myself almost unconsciously looking for the old gobbler who used to amuse the children so much by usurping the maternal duties of the hen in looking after the young turks. The architecture of the more pretentious dwellings in the environs is really elegant, and only the painter or engraver could adequately reproduce it. Biblical texts are often painted along the balconies, which give almost a Puritan effect in sentiment. One has this inscribed: "By the help of God, in whom is my trust, I have erected this for my habitation, and commend the same to his gracious protection.—1781." This inscription, made almost in the very year in which our beloved land became a free and independent nation, leads us to wish that the same words were written in letters of light upon the walls of both Houses of Congress, to typify a nation's faith and reliance in Him who alone has power to save.

The cheese of the Oberland is far superior to that of the Rhine villages, where the less agreeable it is to American tastes the more it is esteemed by the natives; and I do not think there is any condition short of positive putrefaction, but that this article of diet is palatable to the Germans. The best I saw was at Fribourg, colored a faintish blue from meliote flowers, and free from the somewhat pungent flavor of the goat cheese. The bread here is not so nice as that coming from Yankee ovens; it is baked in long loaves, from two to three feet in length. In the high Alps the bread is dried and stored, so that often there are but two bakings a year; from what we learn of the customs of the herdsmen's families, it is probable that the family washing is also semi-annual. To this negligence, combined with the use of snow-water as a beverage, is due some of the predisposing causes of the goitre which prevails in many of the mountain districts we visited. Much of our poetic conceptions of interior life of the mountain chalets would no doubt be rudely dis-

pelled on a close acquaintance. The instances of this deformity and cretinism were not so numerous as we had been led to expect, yet sufficient to cause regret that in such a beautiful land humanity, especially my own sex, should be subjected to such unsightly disease. A better understanding of the laws of physiology would undoubtedly obviate the prevalence of cretinism.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, for certainly children and babies are lambs. So far as my observation went, the children of the Bernese Oberland are well cared for; half-grown girls were often seen lugging babies weighty and rotund as butter-tubs. Pedlers, with packs as gay as Autolycus's basket of gewgaws and ribbons, were passed by the roadside, with a cluster of girls inspecting the wares; and no doubt many of the pennies we gave them for their baskets of strawberries found their way into the tills of these peripatetic tradesmen. Often two or three chubby faces would appear in the rustic window frame, peering out with childish curiosity to us inhabitants of — to them — an almost mythical land. We could fancy that the short-skirted parent was just in the rear, exclaiming, as is often heard in the country districts of New England, "Stand back, and let your mother see!" American money, or its equivalent, is much better understood on the Continent than American character. These simple peasant folk have an idea that we live in palaces, to which treasuries are attached, brimful of gold and silver; and I think the children who beset us and importune for money in various ways, are reared in this belief.

With a glance at the peasant mother cutting bread for her children on the porch, where a long array of milk-pans is seen, but who is less ideally charming than Charlotte, whose similar act was so fascinating to Werther, we take leave of the Bern Valley and its pleasant memories.

WAYSIDE REMINISCENCES.

THE railway station at which we take our departure from Bern is a handsome one, with that air of substantial prosperity which characterizes the city. The bridge over the Aar crossed, within an hour we are at Thun, whose streets bear much resemblance to those we have just left. Transferred now to a boat on Lake Thun, we have a delightful sail for Interlachen. The lake two-and-a-half miles wide, ten only in length, is in the highest degree picturesque, and consoles us for the loss of Maggiore, which was passed at night. The northwest end is the seat of elegant villas and picturesque cottages, which rise above the most charming grounds in the same manner as along Highland avenue at Yonkers, and on the north shore of Staten Island. Now and then the turrets of an ancient castle tower over the modern structures, built on high slopes covered with luxuriant vines. Quaint hamlets and villages are rapidly passed, half buried in dense verdure; while in the background the snow of Jungfrau, the Maiden Mountain Queen, with her attendant vestal guard, the Monch, the Eigher, the Schreckhorn and Wetterhorn, form a bold contrast to the sylvan loveliness of the lake shores. I dare not linger at this time around Interlachen, or I shall never reach the Rigi, to which I wish to carry the reader. The queer little cars of the Bodeli Railway take us over the isthmus between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, which, no doubt, were formerly one, and are both only an enlargement of the Aar river. Much of the fertile slopes around us has been brought

down by the glaciers from the Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau ; a hundred rivulets flowing down the mountain steeps have deposited the earth upon which Interlachen is built. I know not how Damascus looked to Mahomet when he beheld it from the Syrian mountains and refused to enter its walls, as it was forbidden man to enjoy but one paradise, and he wanted not his on earth ; it could not have been more paradisiacal than the environs of Interlachen where the monks early founded a monastery (what good judges of beauty these ascetics were !) and gave it the name which signifies "between the lakes". The cars are two-storied, much like those on the tramways of London and Paris, save that the upper seats are sheltered by a roof, while a wire guard protects us from falling out. The similarity of the little parks fronting the Interlachen hotels and pensions, which are bewilderingly numerous, were the cause of ludicrous mistakes with our party. Returning in the evening from a little shopping excursion I entered two hotels under the impression they were my legitimate quarters. This was not so disagreeable, however, as a former experience in Switzerland, where I lost my temporary home at midnight, and was in nearly as bad plight as those ladies at the Philadelphia Exposition, who arrived on "New York's Day," and were compelled to ride to and fro all night in the horse cars in lieu of better lodging. The temperature here night and day was perfect ; and almost prostrated as we had been with the heat in Italy, the Bern and Interlachen air was like a bracing tonic to an invalid. I here felt like deserting the party and making a visit to the Aar glaciers upon my own responsibility. Although I was not a child when I read of Agassiz and his fellow savans living a week at a time in a cabin on one of these glaciers, my imagination was so excited with the narrative the effect is not wholly dispelled ; but we excursionists are like sheep, and where the leader goes the rest must follow.

All eyes are now turned toward Jungfrau. They call her Maiden, but she is something more than that when her head is not turned by such constant and flattering attentions from hundreds of thousands of annual visitors to Interlachen. Of all the mountains I saw, Jungfrau is the one I most love. The Matterhorn I can admire, but its hands are stained too deep with the blood of those who sought to conquer it, to elicit our love. The terrible narrative of Whymper must appall the stoutest heart, yet every year there are those who seek to ascend that awful height and crawl over those almost bottomless chasms. Hazardous as this is, we can have sympathy with the enthusiasm and pride of the Alpine Club members, for there is an irresistible fascination in these heights, buried from one to two hundred feet in eternal snows. Women may vote and legislate, but I think they will never subdue the higher Alps, although they may go beyond the limits at which they now halt. Maria de la Mont Blanc, a high-spirited woman of the region, is the only one of whom I have knowledge who has ascended Mont Blanc.

We made an early morning excursion to Staubbach Falls in carriages, there being indications of a fair day. Our road wound through a calm valley with verdant slopes, over which fell silver cascades, Jungfrau in front. Here and there are booths by the roadside, where women sit knitting and weaving lace, reminding us of the line in "Twelfth Night" —

"The spinsters and knitters sitting in the sun."

They have also for sale to the passing tourists the various articles of Swiss carved work made during the winter months. It was estimated that the summer visitors of 1877 to New Hampshire left three million dollars in the State. Who could estimate the amount annually left by the people of all nations in and about Interlachen, not only the playground of Europe, but of the world? What

a waterfall would be the Staubbach had it the volume of Niagara! It is a slender stream, the highest waterfall of Europe, nine hundred and eighty feet; before it has left a dozen rods from the point of the plunge its volume is broken into spray and it continues its downward course almost noiseless, — waving, pulsating and swaying in response to the lightest movement of the wind, like a bridal veil of silver tissue, and again often resembling an immense white plume held downward, or the graceful tail of a horse of immaculate whiteness. Those who doubted the signs of fair weather before starting, are now pluming themselves on their sagacity, for as if the mist of the Staubbach was not damp enough, the clouds have begun to discharge their moisture. Alas, for woman's enthusiasm and courage! Not only myself, but all our party but two are dissuaded by the rain from visiting the glacier ice caves; as the trip was to be made on mules, I could not think of making a spectacle of myself over the rugged ascent in a driving storm. There was an instant stampede for the shelter of the hotel, where even standing room was eagerly seized. Such a dripping, steaming, moist crowd is seldom seen. Two wretched hours were thus passed until the return of the glacier duo. An onslaught is made on the larder, which was entirely inadequate to supply so large a party, and I regret to say that the instinct for self was unpleasantly prominent on this occasion. Some had the faculty of obtaining an abundance, while they saw hungry ladies totally unsupplied. Heedless of the rain, I crossed over the way to a café or bakeshop, and there procured a cup of tea, a roll and cake. Had it not been that we were momentarily expecting the return of the absent ones, I believe I should have bargained for the privilege to stand before the baker's fire and revolve slowly to dry my soaked garments; I was not so wretched but I could smile at the picture of myself enveloped in the ascending mist. At last the mule riders are

back, and we all enter the carriages for the return, the rain all the while beating pitilessly in; the well-meaning but ineffectual attempts of the drivers to keep out the storm only add to our misery, and in this cheerless state we are finally landed at the Interlachen railway station. Too early for the train, there is nothing to do but wait in a barn-like depot, only enclosed on three sides, and which could shelter but a portion of the party, the less fortunate standing in the rain. At this moment it was impossible to help thinking with envy of friends far away in the Empire State and New England, so comfortable in their cosy parlors and libraries.

Finally, the cars take us over the Böödeli to Bönigen, Lake Brienz, where we took steamer for Giessbach. Brienz is a gem of a little lake, with Giessbach situated at the upper end, opposite the town of Brienz. The hotel at the falls is really magnificent, commensurate with the travel; ninety thousand persons visited these cascades in the year of the last Paris Exposition. The view from the hotel site is exquisite, looking over the lake to Interlachen, with imposing peaks closing in the scene on every side. It would be folly to attempt a description of the Giessbach cascades, falling nearly sixteen hundred feet, after they have been so inimitably described by the late Dr. Bellows in his "Old World in its New Face," and I shall content myself with a bare recital of the spectacle afforded by the illumination by colored lights. At the evening signal, the firing of a rocket, the cascades are successively illuminated by intense fires, which produce an effect so unreal, so dazzlingly beautiful, that it seems more a bewildering transformation scene in a spectacular pageant than a reality. It is as if a million caskets of rubies, pearls and diamonds were tumbling over the far-reaching rocks, and I could only think of the terse expression of an art critic applied to Turner's "Slave Ship," a rainbow shivered by lightning."

The ascent to the hotel is made up an inclined plane in

cars drawn by hydraulic power. We spent the night here, surrounded with the mists from those exquisite falls; I felt as if I was reposing in the very Boudoir of Nature. A short trip the next morning takes us across the lake to Brienz, thence to Brieg, where we took carriages to transport us over the Grand Brunig Pass, one of the passes of the Lower Alps. The ride is full of interest. Young girls run after us with strawberries and raspberries prettily arranged in baskets. They climb upon the steps of the carriage, heedless of the danger, and in earnest gesticulations and speech importune us to buy their fragrant wares. We had much difficulty in understanding them, and the drivers were as unaccommodating as possible, hurrying their horses forward, so that we were uncertain if the poor girls found the pennies we threw to them. The fruit was excellent, but the strawberries have an unpleasant acidity unless eaten shortly after picking. Leaving the carriages at Alpnach we took steamer for Lucerne, a sail of a dozen miles over the lake of the same name.

Of about the same height as Mount Washington, the Rigi can scarcely be called a mountain in this land of mountains. It derives its celebrity from its isolation from other heights, and the unrivalled view and sunrise from its summit, the Rigi-Kulm. No natural observatory in the world can compare with it. Its popularity is modern; so late as 1816 it had only been visited by the herdsmen; it was not until 1856 that the principal of the eight hotels on the mountain was completed. Two thousand visitors stay over night at these hotels from May to the middle of October to enjoy the sunrise, which is the most noted natural spectacle of Europe next to Vesuvius, and infinitely more sublime than any the mind of man can conceive. The two railways on each side of the mountain are triumphs of engineering skill, modelled after that of Mount Washington. Had time permitted I should have

preferred going up by the foot-paths, not only as affording longer time to enjoy the constant unfolding of new views, but to study more thoroughly the topography of the region; it is probable, however, that had I made the ascent in any other than the orthodox manner, via the railway, I should have been looked upon as a person of disordered intellect. Before we take our seat in the car, let us glance at the railway on the other side of the mountain, the starting point of which is Arth, a pretty hamlet on Lake Zug; in going up by this route you pass over the buried town of Goldau, hundreds of feet under the site of the present village of Goldau. This town was swallowed up in the awful avalanche from the Rossberg mountain in 1806, one of the most frightful calamities on record. It was not a snow avalanche but a section of the solid mountain which fell, covering three square leagues of the valley with *débris*; imagine three miles of the Palisades opposite Yonkers, a quarter of a mile in height and thickness, falling from the Catskills into the peaceful valleys below. The bell of the Goldau church was all that was ever recovered, and now hangs in the tower of the present church, its plaintive tones ever recalling to the inhabitants the awful fatality. When I think of that buried town, which will never be exhumed, I realized more vividly the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum than I did when standing in the streets of Pompeii. My imagination was continually haunted with the thought of those four hundred and fifty inhabitants of little Goldau, who lie in the deepest grave known to man.

The Vitznau line, by which we ascend, is the oldest, begun in 1869 and completed at the Kulm in 1873; it crosses the north side of the Rigi, meeting the Arth-line from the opposite side. It caused some quizzical looks from the engine driver to see a woman taking a close survey of the mechanism of the odd locomotive which is soon to draw us about five thousand feet above our present

level; but never having been accustomed to such travel, I claimed the privilege to know the nature of the motive power that was to have in charge our precious bodies. In the centre of the track is a broad rack-rail in which the cog-wheel of the engine works; as near as I could estimate by my eye, the circumference of this wheel is about ten feet, with thirty-three teeth, each three and a half inches deep. Satisfied that all proper precautions against accident are made, we embark in the car, which is in front of the engine, the reverse of ordinary customs. An excellent idea of the incline may be had by drawing a line from the door-sill of a room sixteen feet deep to a mark on the opposite wall four feet from the floor — that is, the rise is one foot to every four.

No sooner have you left Vitznau for the climb than you behold the frowning sides of the Dossen overhanging the track. One of the foot-paths is seen by occasional glimpses at the right. As you continue to rise, delightful vistas come into view — deep valleys of the richest verdure, and fields gay with the variegated tints of wild flowers. If the painter cannot grasp the Higher Alps, he finds the valleys of the Rigi a literal paradise, and the botanist may here be equally content; for on this mountain, thirty miles in circumference, are found eight hundred species of plants. The base of the southwest end is almost tropical; figs and almonds ripen there in the open air, so nicely sheltered is it from the north winds. There you find the lovely Alpine forget-me-not, usually considered a souvenir of the highest peaks. The Alpen-rose is a species of the rhododendron, and is scarcely less lovely, but does not flourish when transplanted. It is a child of the mountain, and while it will unfold its delicate bloom amid snow and ice, it withers and shrinks at the rude touch of man. Up, up we go, only at the rate of three miles an hour, but all too fast to digest the wonders that unfold before us like the dissolving views of the stereopticon.

Here comes, dancing down a steep slope, a merry brook, over which a log is placed at a narrow pass for the peasant's foot-bridge; vistas of deep-shadowed vales, so pastoral and idyllic that even the memory of them affords infinite delight, sleep in quiet beauty on the right and left; white rabbits scamper across the way, and are hid in the green bushes of mountain berries; picturesque chalets peep out at us here and there, with some of their red larch logs tinged with yellow lichen and moss. I can never forgive M. Taine for the loathsome things he has said of the lichens and mosses; to be sure, his observations were made in the Pyrenees, but they cannot differ so materially from their Alpine kindred as to deserve his severity.

Some of the characteristics of the lower portions of the valleys remind us of the Scottish highlands, as in the Tyrol where Hans Andersen tells of a Scotchman being so homesick at the sight of the cattle and sound of the bells that he burst into tears. The Schwytz cattle we see on the Rigi are noble creatures of black and gray; the pasturage is quite equal to that of the overland around Bern. In the high Alpine villages the cows are sent to the pastures for the brief summer of two months, where they remain the entire season; the departure is an occasion of public festivity; the finest cow is selected to lead the procession, and the rest of the herd follow in pairs, the leader's horns decorated with gay ribbons and garlands; around her neck a large bell, which is later replaced by one similar to those attached to the common cattle.

It is not unusual for an ambitious dame to attempt to usurp the lead, when a terrible battle ensues between the rival queens; for there are queen cows as well as queen bees. The herdsmen tell of the same spirit cropping out in the pastures; a cow will rebel and attempt to form a herd of her own, a little cow clique, small, but select; if not successful, she retires to a remote corner and sulkily chews her cud, or turns her back to her mates in calm

disdain. This appears so human that it is as much a glimpse of life in fashionable salons as a chapter from natural history. Nothing can be more idyllic than to stand on some lofty Swiss height and listen to the tinklings of the cow and goat bells as they float up to you from the green valleys. The cows are so much attached to these musical appendages that they are uneasy when removed. A story is told of one who lost her bell, who refused to eat, pined, and grew thin; she was seen to frequent a particular spot, where, on search being made, the lost bell was found and restored to the happy animal who was soon in as fat condition as ever.

Nearly the whole of the male population of these villages remain with the cows until their return; they take up all the facilities for making butter and cheese, which represents the summer's labor when they come back to their winter homes. The gathering of wild hay on the Rigi is an important industry, and one, poetic as it may appear to the tourist, attendant with great risks and toil. The curse of Adam has fallen heavily upon these men and women of the mountains; the carts are dragged by hand up steep declivities, and the men climb to the heights beyond, bringing down the hay in sacks upon their shoulders; those who do not own carts carry their stores upon their backs from the summits to the villages, the most expert earning from three to four francs a day if they gather a hundredweight.

Now and then you see a cottage whose walls are covered with small shingles, like the scales of fishes, much smaller than those used in a similar manner on very old buildings in our Eastern and Middle States; I saw but two of concrete or pebbled walls, neither of which was so perfect a specimen of that mode of building as may be seen on the road between Wolcott and Red Creek, in Wayne County, N. Y. By the side of the foot-path at our right is a chalet so near that with a glass we have a glimpse of the inte-

rior, and on the porch can plainly see a boy, taking advantage, probably, of the absent maternal eye, drinking from a milk-pan—the very pan from which the next passing pedestrian will no doubt be regaled.

Our engine and car have steadily kept on their way until we now halt at the first station, the Kaltbad (“cold-bath”), deriving its name from the elegant bath-house at the left, with broad veranda and roof of gay Dutch tiles. Before reaching this altitude, however, we have experienced a decided sensation when passing through the pudding-stone tunnel of the Dossen. On emerging from this, one’s heart almost leaps out of the mouth at sight of the Schurtobel Bridge which you are to cross, over a fearful chasm spanned by the frail-looking iron track supported by wrought-iron pillars. It is said that the women formerly making the ascent of Mt. Tom, opposite Northampton, Mass., were often so impressed with a sense of danger that they had an impulse to leap from the car, and that is why the whole way is now covered. I would advise all of similar inclinations to beware of the Rigi ascent, for a flying leap here would never be repeated. I am not writing this that my friends, like Desdemona, may love me for the dangers I have passed; but there were few of us who did not listen with secret satisfaction to the reiterated assurances of safety. It is more appalling to look back upon the sharp-falling track we have passed than ahead to that we have yet to climb; some of our ladies intimate terrible hints of elevators in famous dry-goods palaces that have fallen and where the occupants have been terribly shaken, but the details kept secret from the press and public. They argue if accidents happen to the elevators they may to the Rigi Railway; but our tough little engine hoots at the imputation and continues to take us to cloudland. We are now above the “Sword Forest” and look down on an immense carpet of foliage where not a limb is to be seen; deciduous trees are below us, the fir

and pine above. From here we have a fine view of Mt. Pilatus. When we subsequently saw it from Lucerne, it had the appearance of Mt. Ascutney, as seen in the Connecticut Valley; but from this point it is much bolder. No two mountains, in such continuity as Pilatus and the Rigi, could be more unlike, unless it be Gerizim and Ebal, the mounts of blessing and cursing, in Palestine, as described in Deuteronomy. If there is a curse on Pilatus from its having been the alleged residence of Pontius Pilate, to which to trace its bleak and frowning aspect, there is certainly a blessing on Regina Montium, Rigi, the "Queen of Mountains." The legend tells that Pilate, after a wretched existence here, filled with remorse and despair, flung himself into the lake, which caused fearful storms to fall upon the city of Lucerne. The wise magistrates of that city made it a heavy penalty for any to pass over the lake or ascend the mountain. But the mantle of Luther had touched a minister of Lucerne. Gathering a band of followers, he sallied out in the year 1585 to exorcise the evil spirit; they rowed their boat upon the lake, and boldly called upon Pilate to do his worst, throwing stones into the water at each appeal. If there was any doubting Thomas in that little craft, how his heart must have quaked with fear at the temerity of his fellows! But the waters retained their placidity, and the evil spirit was dethroned. It is said, and probably with some truth, there are simple folk who yet believe in the power of Pilate, and see his dread shadow hovering over the moonlit lake. Even greater minds are not free from latent superstition. Miss Sedgwick, whom in our youth we looked upon as representing the best culture of the day, confessed that it made considerable difference to her whether she saw the new moon first over her right shoulder instead of her left. Now, while I would be the last to defend any enemy of our Lord, in justice to poor Pilate I am led to inquire if he deserves all the hate and

abuse of which he has so long been the recipient? In the miracle plays of the fourteenth century he was beaten with sticks and reviled by actors and spectators. It does not appear that he was anxious to condemn Christ, and his reluctant consent to the crucifixion was probably more in response to the wishes of the Jews than the dictates of his own impulses. He had less reason to wish the death of Christ than Elizabeth for Mary Stuart's execution. His greatest culpability, next to his actual concern in the crucifixion, was his attempt to throw the responsibility upon Herod Antipas, in one of the charges against the Master. But here he was only following the nature of man; Adam throws the responsibility upon Eve, and she upon the serpent.

Clink, clink, clink, grind along the cogs, lifting us on; yet not so loud but we hear the lowing of the cows and the tintinnabulations of their bells, as they come down the slopes in response to the herdsman's call, for the evening shadows are already falling. If some of these cow shepherds would but sing the "*Ranz des Vaches*," the herdsmen's song to his flock, which in Napoleon's army was forbidden to be played under pain of death! But I believe it is now obsolete. It is told of the herdsmen of one of the other cantons that they still retain a version of this call, something of this character:

"Ah, ah! cows, come to the milking.
Come one, great and small,
Black and white, young and old,
Under the oak where I milk you."

Is it not easy to imagine how these words, set to simple and minor strains, breathing the very spirit of their mountain homes, should cause the Swiss soldiers to fling away their arms and desert the ranks of the French conqueror? Writing of Napoleon reminds me that he is associated with Pilatus, before us, which is now bathed in purple

and gold, the mantle cast over it by the expiring sun. In 1812, an enterprising man of Würtemberg built a slide on Pilatus to send down the valuable timber cut upon the summit. It was eight miles long, and thirty thousand logs were used in its construction ; a log one hundred feet long would make the descent in three minutes. Napoleon contracted for all the timber ; it was floated in rafts from the lake to the Reuss, thence to the Aar and into the Rhine, at last reaching the German Ocean, a thousand miles from its starting point. This slide was destroyed in 1819. The last timber that came down was used in building the present church of Goldau. A similar one on a less scale was subsequently built in the Green Mountains, near Peru, Vt.

Our weather prophets are now scanning Pilatus for signs of what the morning may be ; for the reader will bear in mind that this ascent is to see the sunrise, and Pilatus is as good barometer as the little old man and woman on our Yankee kitchen mantels. When Pilatus has his cap on (cloud) a wet day follows, but if he wears his sword (if the summit is visible) a fair day may be counted. It is, perhaps, in acknowledgment of our having said a good word for old Pilate that his mountain smiles upon us this evening and seems to promise a clear morning. But in this region of clouds there is no safety in calculations, and some of the visitors' books plaintively record the disappointment of thousands :

“ Seven weary up-hill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see ;
Sullen and grim he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we.
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,
The rising sun to see ;
Sullen and grim he rose again,
Sullen and grim rose we.”

Before it is too dark let me notice the natural rock-work

of the Rigi. If the gardeners of our American public parks could only study Nature here for a month we should be great gainers, even on the limited scale they would necessarily be obliged to build their imitations; but then, where would they procure this endless variety of lichen, moss, parasitic vines and mountain shrubs? Where are our enterprising photographers, who are exploring the whole globe in search of the unique, that they have not aimed their cameras at the Rigi rock-work?

We have now passed the junction connecting with the Arth line, and continue upward in the twilight. Air cold, and our warmest wraps are all too light; the night wind begins to blow, and our teeth fairly chatter with the chill. The last station reached, we are doomed to a further ascent of our own volition, for a flight of stone steps must be mounted before reaching the hotel, by this time a much-longed-for haven of rest. Here we await our conductor to assign our rooms. We are then informed that the house is already full! Fortunately there is an annex farther up the Kulm, where we are finally accommodated. A hasty toilet, and we are ready for dinner, which at home we should term a late supper, for it was nearly nine before we rose from the table, where we enjoyed the best dinner we had in Europe, admirably cooked and faultlessly served. The parlor was filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, many participating in the music and dancing; but all of our party were too fatigued for such recreations. The people, however, were worthy of study; here were English tourists and others from Russia and all parts of the Continent, many with a worn, *blasé* look, as if they were not enjoying the Alps, but only "doing" them. I would not care to judge of the English people without having seen more of them in their homes in their own land. I regret that they should so often be supercilious towards Americans, who are sprung from their own loins. An American Christian has to be fortified with a spirit of forbearance

not to be annoyed at expressions and manners of our cousins of Albion. Some of their late writers have made much merriment over an alleged entry in a visitors' book: "Mr. and Mrs. — United States of America, the best and most prosperous country in the world. Arrived on mules from Chamouni. Pleased with the mountains."

Well, it is possible it is true. England does not monopolize all that class of persons; and no doubt some of ours of that character get on the Continent, as well as their kin from the Thames.

There was not one of our party but was glad the day was ended; the men really appeared more fatigued than the rest of us. With due deference to the many conceded superiorities of the stronger sex, it is certain that woman bears the fatigue of travel with less complaint and apparent ill effects; it is possible, however, that her prostration may be greater after the excitement has passed, and may demand a longer time for recuperation.

At last I am in my room, with a prospect of a few hours of needed rest in store; but not before I have overhauled my notes, which are in a despairing condition, jotted down on London tramways, Parisian omnibuses, Rhine boats, Venetian gondolas, and railroad cars not always of the smoothest locomotion. My friends will, perhaps, have occasion to rejoice to be spared some of my observations, for these same notes, having survived the trip from Scotland to Pompeii, at last fell a prey to my own kitchen fire, through the thoughtlessness of my maid.

My notes disposed of, I glance out of the window before retiring. My room was pleasant — a corner one overlooking the main hotel and the platform from which we are to see the sun rise on the morrow, if he is not "sullen and grim." The house is so modern that we are spared the horrid wall paper of some of the older German hotels, with their figures of hobgoblins and nondescript creations. The beds are quite as good as those of the

average American watering places, and the puerile jest of the Englishmen, that his couch combined "bed and board," would not apply to the Kulm, for in addition to the usual feather bed we have another for cover—a decided luxury this cold night. Although two thousand persons are gathered around us, all is now quiet; the dancers have retired; the parlor is dark, and but for a little evidence of stir in the working portion of the hotel, no sound comes to the ear. The stars are large and lustrous; the atmosphere cold, but pure as crystal. A spirit of majestic repose hangs over the Kulm. The words of Carlyle, the master who has defined Heaven as Rest, and who has since entered it, comes to my mind: "It is true sublimity to be here; I am alone with the stars." I made no effort to trace out the mountains; I do not like the Alps at night, when they have a corpse-like tint, the antipodes of their life and beauty in sunlight.

The knowledge that I am resting on the highest elevation I am ever likely to attain, above the highest railway station of the world, does not keep me awake, and I fall asleep with that sense of peace and security enjoyed as a child in "grandmother's spare bed." Aroused by the rude blast of the Alp-horn, I lay for some time dazed, with a half-defined consciousness of some promised great joy, but what, or even where I was, I could not decide; in these flying trips through Europe, where you go to sleep in Germany and awake in Italy, see the sun set at Rome and hail it the next morning at Genoa, your geography and organ of locality become sadly confused. But the reiterated blasts of the horn soon leave no doubt where we are now, and dark as it is I prepare for the coming spectacle.

In my opinion the Alp-horn neither contributes to the sentiment or music of Switzerland; far away among the crags, toned by distance, and dying away in mellowed echoes, it may be pleasant; but here it recalls too forcibly

that distressing din of the fog-horn of the Centennial summer at Philadelphia. Musical friends tell of the pretty effect of it in Meyerbeer's opera of "Dinorah," and it is certainly harmonious in the charming overture to Rossini's "William Tell;" but all that cannot reconcile me to these Gabriels of the Rigi. It was between three and four when we were aroused; the American excursionists of the preceding summer (1878) were less fortunate, for some mischievous party blew a false alarm an hour earlier. It would be difficult to name a place where so hasty toilettes are made as those early ones at the Kulm; all deficiencies are expected to be hid by the blankets. I have a mind not to write a word of these blankets; it is almost certain that the prohibition of their use is a stragem for publicity; there is an innate impulse in man to do that which is forbid, and as every Rigi pilgrim is sure to use or write about the inevitable blanket, it is easy to estimate the amount of free-advertising they give the locality.

Out upon the platform they come, singly and in groups of ten, twenty, thirty, a sleepy, grim crowd of two thousand, some of the men with the "drapery of their couch" literally "wrapped about them." I could not help fancying what the spectacle would be were they the bed-quilts the girls in my younger days used to "piece up," composed of a mosaic of the family calico samples used for a generation. Would it not have been a scene for Doré? It would certainly afford *color* enough to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the Hispanio-Franco school. There is such an undefined expression in the countenances of many, that we conclude a sunrise from any point of view is a novelty; it is not difficult to believe the story of the young lady at Rigi, who came out with her lighted candle to assist her in viewing the spectacle, and then looked in the west, for where should the sun rise save where she had seen it disappear the evening before!

But soon the scene before us was too absorbing to take note of lesser things. Already indications are manifest in the east which mark the exact spot where the imperial visitor is to appear. A long line of golden light is pencilled along the horizon between the peaks, which momentarily lengthens and expands until it stretches half-way to the zenith. It was like a crescendo in Handel's "Creation :"

"The deep music of the rolling world,
Kindling within the strings of the waved air."

Almost breathless with a sense of the coming sublimity, insensible to the winter air sweeping over the summer-clad expanse below, I kept my gaze fastened upon the east, with "no brain above the eyes." Two requisites only are needed here—sight and soul. Six miles below us, almost vertically, lay the Zug, black and silent; on the right, the noble horns of the Bernese Oberland, with Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn bathed in the most delicate rose tint ever beheld; behind us, the mists are unveiling the lovely Lucerne, which lies like a mirror framed in emerald; new peaks and lakes appear as the light increases; and such light! almost tangible; it permeated us, and carried us to that primal day when the fiat went forth, "Let there be light!" How may the crimson gold of the eastern horizon be described? In art, the nearest resemblance is in Turner's "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," in the London National Gallery. Now, it is fading into a pale rose, when, suddenly, there is seen a flash of intense fire, a ruby spot no larger than a star; another moment, half a sphere of molten carbuncle; another, and the sun, a great throbbing globe, like an aerial ship casting off the last cable that binds it to earth, sails swiftly up the zenith. The Prome-thean torch flies from peak to peak along the Oberland range, a hundred and twenty miles, throwing over their

walls and towering heights of ice, delicate veils of rose.

In vain I strive to write of these scenes in the "emotional style" necessary to please those who consider that if one is born with a soul, there is no offence greater than to confess it. They may pardon the ecstasy of an art critic over a canvas of Meissonier, the size of a man's palm, but before the work of the Master of masters we must be as passionless as the statue of Marcus Aurelius overlooking Rome. Would that these pages exposed no greater transgression of the purist's laws. Yet the time was, when I could look upon the descriptions of Swiss scenery by Dr. Cheever as probable exaggerations, doubting that there could be on earth scenes so wonderful as to justify his glowing words. Now we know that for these there is no language, and that only the poets succeed in translating some of the emotions we are powerless to embody. At the best, perhaps none of us express more adequately than the man of whom Coleridge wrote: "Some folks apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said 'How majestic!' It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—'Thank you, sir, that *is* the exact word for it,' when he added in the same breath, 'Yes, how very *pretty*!'"

Here and there are those of sketching proclivities who are making outlines of the peaks, probably more to substantiate their stories at home of the spectacle than with any intent of reproducing the extraordinary effects of light and shade. In couples and groups the crowd steal away, leaving a few enthusiasts spellbound on the platform, while they either finish the interrupted nap or complete the morning toilettes. But for them we had no eyes, so intent are we upon viewing the lakes, of which you count twelve or fourteen, but too exquisite for

more than an allusion—they cannot be described, no more than the peerless Jungfrau with her virgin snows, untrod by man until 1812.

We breakfasted with the chickens; at least, a proud, strutting sultan and his harem are audible as we discuss the nicely-cooked members of their kindred, probably sent up from the farms around the Rigi. All the vocabulary of adjectives of admiration are exhausted as the morning wonders are recalled at the table, and die away in a knife-and-fork chorus lively enough to serve Verdi with a hint for a companion to his hammers and anvils. We are mortal, and appetites seem to be augmented rather than diminished by the soul feast of the early morning. I suppose it could be easily traced to a physiological law why men and women, after passing through some intense mental emotion, eat with abnormal zest; it is particularly noticeable in those primitive country districts of any land where it is the custom to invite remote friends to partake of "the funeral baked meats."

There is no chance for cavil at the Rigi-Kulm hotels; American enterprise could do no more than is done here for comfort. Two persons are left during the winter as custodians of the main hotel, and it would be interesting to know their observations. After breakfast I went out to take a farewell of the Kulm view, than which the world can show no equal. The day had now advanced, and the whole prospect lay in intense light and deepest shade. But I must bring my observations on the Rigi to a close, else probably be termed mountain-mad; in self-justification I can only say, "Go and see for yourself."

Our descent is over the railway, without steam, much faster than the up trip. A curious optical delusion is produced by the level floor of the car while passing down these steep inclines. The trees, cottages and chalets appear to be ludicrously awry, as though blown forward

by a strong wind. We are yet so high that clouds are seen below us, for this region is the great cloud factory of Europe. The effect is indescribably charming to see a huge mass of vapor dissolve, revealing in its centre one of the lakes of blue or the top of a pine forest. Our party were in high spirits, and appeared quite different beings than when under the enervating sun of Naples. Some are searching out new objects in the wide-spread land and water view; some re-perusing precious letters from home, from all parts of our broad Union; one young lady divides her time between a letter to her mother she is writing before the scene of her inspiration has faded and the half-spoken attentions of a gallant, which appear to be acceptable to the fair correspondent; it is noticed, however, that on reaching the terminus the gentleman walks coolly off without so much as assisting his companion to descend from the car, utterly oblivious of all but self, but which was in perfect accord with his demeanor during the whole of the tour. Our countrymen are so justly famed at home for their polite treatment of ladies that such an instance of selfishness is noticeable for its infrequency.

Thus terminated the most memorable morning of my life, a visit I had made in the spirit of George Eliot, who, we may hope, is now listening to the "great clear voices:"

" And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand,
And touch the blue at rising of the stars
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices."

PARIS.

OF France, *per se*, we saw little. However, as Paris is France we have seen all that might be in three days. Not the Paris of Francis I., of the Louises, of Napoleon I., or even of Napoleon III.; for with the Empire vanished the gorgeous street pageantry which marked the last Bonaparte dynasty. What is better has survived, the wonderful topographical and architectural improvements that so much astonish us, which Baron Haussmann introduced. An all-night ride by rail from Lucerne to the capital on the Seine, left all eastern France a blank in our observations. The beams of a red morning sun that drifted through my chamber curtains (so high they seemed to fall from a balloon) woke me the following day, and I looked out over Paris. Something of the elation experienced on emerging from the Wiesbaden baths seized me; the sun was the "Sun of Austerlitz."

We arrived on Saturday morning. Do not accuse us of disloyalty to the principles of '76 because we made our first objective point that abode of all others most identified with royalty, Versailles. If there be blame, put it on our conductor, Mr. Crunden, who is so inured to fault-finding that I think it troubles him as much, no more, as the April shower bothers the duck in a pond.

"To Versailles before breakfast?" No, certainly not; no lion since Rigi can tempt us before breakfast, no matter how bravely he roars.

Our breakfast was nice and delicate, almost elegant, but to some of us it was like feeding rose leaves to an ele-

phant: a baby cup of coffee; four pigmy lumps of sugar, square lumps, for no one article comes round very often at Continental tables; two tiny eggs, a trifle larger than those I used to find in the robin nests of the front yards of my childhood homes (I thank you, Miss Jewett, for your good word for the old door-yards). You leave nothing unconsumed for "politeness," and rise from the table feeling very much as the London æsthete is supposed to have felt after having dined upon a lily.

Our journey to Versailles was of special interest, as it took us through the country north of the Seine which is now historic from having been the battle-ground between France and Germany, and later the scene of the sanguinary conflict with the Commune. Not long after our departure from the hotel we pass over a splendid road making a wide sweep to the west of Paris; the ground is elevated, and affords a noble view of the vast hive containing two millions of people. Two great landmarks rise above the endless maze — the Arch of Triumph and the Dome of the Invalides.

Sèvres we pass six miles from the great metropolis; its porcelain and pottery would have had a special interest for myself and son had it been practicable to stop. The site of the town seemed pretty, lying in the valley between the hills of St. Cloud and Meudon, which witnessed the bombardment of the town in 1870 by the French to dislodge the German invaders. What wonderful recuperative powers has this nation, so quickly to outlive the outward evidence of that gigantic war! We catch flashing glimpses of the Seine, which enters Paris pure as the streams that flow out of the virgin snow of the Alps, but is now loaded with the drainage of the interminable sewers around which Victor Hugo has thrown such a gloam of fascinating interest. How little we hear of this great river, the Rhine is such a monopolizer! Yet to the French no river is second to the Seine; to

the Parisian it is a pride; he would bridge it with gold and malachite if he could; no country villa is eligible unless its grounds border the beloved stream which flows past so many a legendary isle and castle tower.

For three-quarters of a century have the citizens of our land made of Versailles a resort; those among them who have been alarmed at the growing luxury of life at Washington ever after hold their peace. We are safe, at least in this direction. "But the fountains?"

Well, there they are — the "Crown" and the "Pyramids" — in front of the flower-gemmed terrace; below, the "Baths of Diana," and beyond, the monarch of fountains itself, the "Basin of Neptune!" — not as you have seen it pictured, a forest of water columns; it is easy for the engraver to set all these dragon mouths, tritons and shells to spouting; but to do the real thing would cost two thousand dollars for every twenty minutes of the display. We are shrewd visitors, who have seen Niagara, and who would grumble at an annual water-tax of twenty-five dollars; we are not likely to pay one hundred dollars a minute to see the aqueous diamonds fall upon the back of Neptune and his sea-horses; though it must be indeed a royal sight!

Can we ever get away from the walks, the grottoes, the Tapis Vert, the groves and emerald walls of verdure to be lost in the galleries of the palace beyond?

We wander on through the vast pile, from halls to saloons, from chambers to museums, past the masterpieces of David and Vernet. After all, there is no picture upon the walls so eloquent as that which rises at the call of the royal chamberlain on that day of 1778 — "The ambassadors of the thirteen united provinces." Fill up for yourself the interval to these days, when the infant has merged into manhood so healthy that though the Nation's head is laid low by the assassin, it weeps in sympathy, but never for a moment halts in its gigantic strides to power.

Other chroniclers spare me the enumeration of the varied glories of the interior of Versailles. All that two hundred years of taxation could purchase, that exquisite taste could suggest or luxurious fancy crave, is there. We saw the furniture, the mirrors, the beds, and even the state carriages, carved and painted in the extreme of art, which have been used by the renowned occupants since the heyday of the rule of Louis XIV. There is the bed upon which he died, hung with the drapery embroidered by Mme. de Maintenon.

The Throne Room, in which a grand state ball was given in 1856, in honor of Victoria's visit, appeared to be the ultimatum of magnificence; yet when we reached the Gallery of Louis XIV., all beside was dwarfed. This is the grandest room in the world — nearly two hundred and fifty feet in length, forty-three in height and thirty-five in width. The walls are lined with admirably proportioned columns of red marble in the Corinthian order, between which are niches containing statues of Venus, Adonis, Mercury and Minerva, so peerless in execution that we look to see them step down from the alcoves where they are placed, although, in such case, so great are the prejudices of our training, we could wish they were more generously draped.

Nothing touched me more than the peep into the room where Marie Antoinette lay sleeping on that dreadful night when the frenzied mob entered the palace bent upon havoc and death.

From the \$20,000 canvas of David's "Coronation of Napoleon I.," we turn to a room containing portraits of our own countrymen, — Clay, Webster, Jackson, Polk and others. For such Republicans, their equanimity seemed little disturbed by their royal surroundings. We marched the whole quarter-mile length of the ground floor of the palace; a memorable march, for we were reviewed by all the Admirals and Marshals of France; true Frenchmen,

for they who had reviewed the glory of the Kingdom and Empire were polite enough not to turn up their noses at weary tourists.

The theatre was dim, but there were streaks of Rembrandtish light waking into life the pendants of chandeliers and gilded boxes by which one could judge of the magnificence when the auditorium is filled with a brilliant audience. The chapel is more elegant than ecclesiastical; noble Corinthian columns extend from the floor to the exquisitely painted ceiling. The most unique engraving I have ever seen is one of this ceiling and these columns as they appear to a person prostrate on the floor, looking upward; by a little exercise of the imagination it can be easily known what a curious study of perspective and foreshortening this engraving is.

The paintings at Versailles which represent battles on sea and land, most of them in which France was engaged, number over one thousand. What an incalculable amount of human energy and genius expended by one nation on war! It almost put me out of conceit with the Cadet uniform of C——. May our beloved land never battle in a cause less holy than those of 1776, 1812 and 1861! There are several paintings here celebrating the event at Yorktown in 1781, but more flattering to French national pride than our own. Number 439 represents Washington as a secondary personage on the occasion; number 441 is a copy of this, in water colors, by a Dutch artist; number 442 represents Rochambeau and Washington giving orders for the attack, painted by Couder, and in which an admirable expression is given to the features of Washington. Some ingenious body has figured out that the paintings at Versailles, ranged in a single line, would extend for sixteen miles, as far as Yonkers on the Hudson from New York.

Is not the reader glad to be spared all we saw and thought at Versailles? Are you vexed that I am yet sus-

ceptible? I hear you, who are enamored with what you have seen at Florence, Rome and Genoa, exclaim against my yielding the palm to Versailles. Are the palaces of those cities, the galleries, the groves, the gardens and fountains, to go for naught, and thus add another smile of triumph to the shade of the Grand Monarch? It may be. I feel that I have here reached the culmination of human glory, so far as it can be embodied by finite hands.

Exhausted, I withdraw from the crowd and rest upon a low seat beyond the Tapis Vert. For me the founder and his proud court return. I hear the echo of royal footsteps, I see the gleam of the jewels of a noble throng.

Vanished shades! No more incorporate than the air I breathe. Yet here stand in all their primal splendor the halls they habited; the masterpieces of the centuries; the ornaments to infinity; the walls of Venetian mirrors that multiplied the peerless forms of departed beauty.

Then I sat on the magic carpet of the fairy tale of the long ago, which in a twinkling took me over the channel, over Albion, over the sea to my own little library and conservatory; and I asked if all the indescribable magnificence beneath the roofs before me were worth the exchange. No! and I left Versailles, the palace that rises from a sea of flowers and verdure, without a sigh or desire to return, and thinking that my plain home had never before seemed so much a haven of rest and happiness.

After our light breakfast it was no wonder that we were now ready to hurry back to Paris for *table d'hôte*. But not so famished that we do not note the cleanliness of the streets. The Government does the work, and in consequence the pitiful condition of New York thoroughfares is unknown. The funds for the purpose are raised by taxation of property exempted in the United States; balconies in proportion to their height from the ground, signs, lanterns, architectural adornments, etc.

The dinner was more bountiful than the morning meal, and the linen, cutlery and plate immaculate. Thus ended this Saturday night in Paris, so unlike the experiences of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The beautiful "Petit Trianon" we had visited at Versailles, haunted me, so that sleep was very coy. In the lovely dell adjoining the dairy, beyond the rustic bridge, the fair form of Marie Antoinette we see disguised as a milkmaid, preparing with the most charming naïveté the milk of her cows, while her ladies wander beneath the rich shades in the garb of peasants, gypsies and shepherdesses. Poor Marie, who sees not the shadow of the axe falling upon her white neck!

The Paris fever spared me until I was inside its walls; but from that hour to this, it has never subsided. A strange confession for a methodical woman to make, one who has so few society ambitions. Nevertheless, I *do* like Paris. It is so much happiness to see others happy. But a few weeks since I sat in my room at the Sea Shore House, looking out upon the mighty waves dashing upon Old Orchard Beach; above the ceaseless roar I could hear the syren call to return to that world of light and beauty. Who is deaf to it? Even Gibbon cried out, "Ah, had I been rich and independent, it is in Paris that I would have fixed my residence."

But not all of the thousands wending Parisward come to augment their joys. To how many is it a world where the afflictions and unhappiness of the past may in its manifold distractions be temporarily forgot; where the parent may dwell less upon the memory of the darling child the angels early took; where the fond lover, despairing to attain the society of the woman who to him embodies the universe, comes to ask the stars reflected in the Seine, Why, Fortune, why so cruel? Thus Paris is what you would have it — a tomb — a sea basking in the summer

sun, where barques with silken sails, "Youth at the prow, Pleasure at the helm," skim over the sparkling waters; a maelstrom, drawing down to hidden deeps of despair and ruin the wrecks that have drifted hither from every ocean.

An illustration of the difference between London and Parisian life may be drawn from our experience in the two capitals on Sundays. In the former city most of our party attended the Tabernacle. After the communion I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Spurgeon by an acquaintance, receiving a cordial invitation from the renowned preacher to visit his church again on our return from the Continent. In Paris we made Sunday visits to the Louvre through streets with open shops and filled with gay throngs more festive in manner and dress than we ever see on a home Fourth of July. A conservative would set down a Sunday visit to an art gallery as comparatively harmless; but in Paris the day is unmistakably devoted to questionable pleasures, that to one of New England training seem little short of being shocking.

Yet are we not at home losing our hold on the old-time Sabbath, when one hundred thousand men, women and children go down to Manhattan beach on a single Sabbath? And even Boston gives Sunday public concerts of music which must cause the very bones of the forefathers to rattle in their graves. I can never tell how much I saw to love and admire between the English Channel and Pompeii; but I hope never to live to see the Continental Sabbath transplanted here.

Am I indeed one of those innumerable Americans who are perfect models of decorum and goodness at home, and make up for it by a dreadful laxity abroad, especially at Paris? It may as well be confessed, heinous as was the peccadillo, I went to the Louvre and Tuileries on Sunday, in company with many other fellow sinners, not any of whom appeared to be suffering under contrition for their

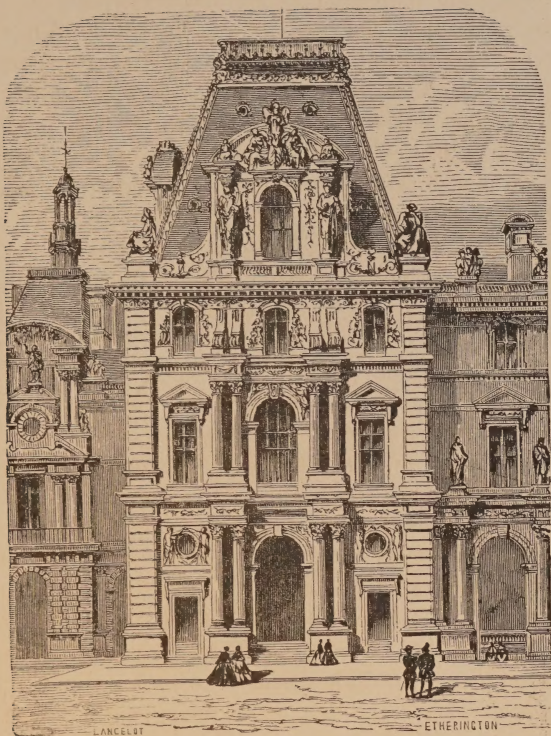
transgression. I cannot testify how much polish and knowledge we are acquiring from our tour, but one thing is certain, we are growing more and more callous to the prickings of conscience in regard to these things.

For a time it looked as though we were not to get inside the Louvre, the result of not having applied at the proper entrance; but after hunting up the proper officials the portals were opened, and we had a Sabbath-morning stroll through miles of halls lined with brilliant paintings, particularly interesting as being expositions of contemporary art as well as the works of old masters. No painting or statue can be admitted here until ten years after the decease of the artist. The gallery of the Luxembourg, on the contrary, only exposes the works of living artists.

It would be absurd for us to claim that the few hours in the Louvre were any thing more than a cursory glance would be at a vast garden containing the flora of all nations. Practically, the Louvre and Tuileries form one palace, covering an area of twenty-four acres. After six weeks of daily study we should feel more competent to describe it.

Nothing further was needed to complete our detestation of the Communists than to see on the west side of the Tuileries, facing the garden, the site of the beautiful Pavillion de L'Horloge which their vile hands reduced to a heap of ashes. The even more elegant Pavilion of Flora on the south side, escaped with but little injury. One could weep at the thought of the splendid library and collections of painting and sculpture destroyed in 1871, that memorable day when the whole civilized world was transfixed with horror as the lightning wire flashed the words—"The Communists are burning Paris!"

In observing the lively interest of the youth of our party, fresh from their half-completed studies, I had opportunity to realize the fascination which the animated life and varied amusements of this capital possess for those



Richelieu Pavillon of the Louvre.

at the age when time treads on velvet. How few of them consider the value of the educational advantages they are having in their early travels, so immeasurably beyond what their fathers knew.

Where may I find a pen to delineate the beautiful women and children we saw in the gardens of the Tuileries. The only comparison to be made is the collection of twelve hundred varieties of humming birds in the Academy of Natural History at Philadelphia. Those piquant little girls, with their cherry lips and ringlets of pale gold! What innate coquettish grace in each toss of the head and swing of the body. They are of another type, yet they blend in my memory with the cherubs of Giotto at Florence, in white robes, like night-gowns caught at the waist.

If you tire of the beauty of animated nature then turn your eyes to that gem of art, the Colonnade of the Louvre. I have always considered Colonnade Row in Lafayette Place, opposite Astor Library, as the most elegant architecture of New York; and in the Louvre Colonnade I recognize its prototype, although, of course, vastly superior in extent and finish. I am confident every visitor to the Astor Library will sustain my judgment when, on emerging from that noble depository of learning, the façade of Colonnade Row meets the gaze; the granite for these residences was hewn by convicts at Sing Sing Prison.

The architect of Boston City Hall made a mistake in copying the pavilions of the Louvre (very similar to the main elevation of the Richelieu Pavilion); they lose their character when isolated from the long intervening colonnades; it is equivalent to detaching the elegant tower of Brattle street Church and setting it up by itself in the square before the Art Museum. Other sections of the Louvre, incomplete and meaningless when detached, are traceable in our Atlantic capitals, and are in the same

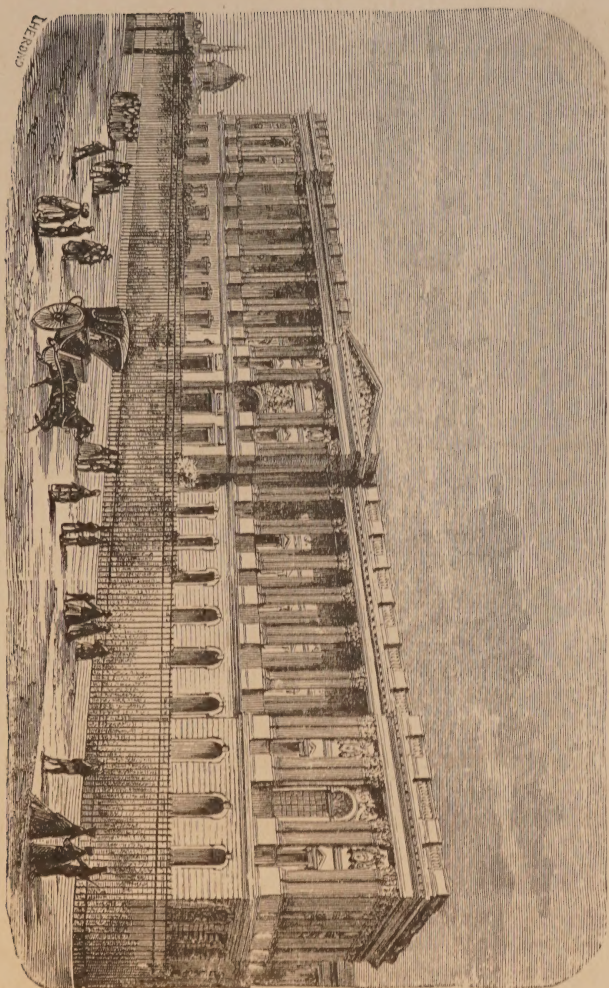
questionable taste. Why should unity be violated in architecture with less offence than in painting or literature?

We thought that after seeing the flowers at Covent Garden Market there were no others to excel them. Yet the flower markets of Paris are inconceivably more brilliant than those of London; how we were ever drawn away from them we know not. All Paris meet here on equal ground—the duchess, the grisette, grandpère and grandmère, the sunny-haired child, the porter, the statesman. I think the very cheffonnier has his hidden corner where he gloats over the ermine and white of the violet, as much cherished as the queenly rose or the proud camillia in the aristocratic faubourg.

Do you note in a respectable quarter of the Vaugirard the sloping roof with garret dormer, on whose sill is the little pot of mignonette? It is the chief floral treasure of Suzanne, who long weighed in her hand the franc she won by her three hours of overwork.

“How nice it will look, the new ribbon, in my hat next Sunday; and Jean is so fond of the blue and red! But my window is so bare, and Lamette has three plants in hers. Yes, it shall be the mignonette. The old ribbon will do; the summer is so quick over, and I may be richer when winter comes.”

How carefully she shelters the plant as she hurries home to enshrine it. What is there in the *Bon Marché* so pretty? Then she steps back in the shadow of the garret to watch for the admiring, perhaps envious, glance of her opposite neighbor, whose window is bare and colorless. Now comes her great joy, and she claps her hands in ecstacy—the flower is recognized—henceforth it will be looked for by her vis-à-vis the first thing after the height of the morning sun is marked. The summer speeds on; perchance Jean has good luck and can name the day when he will place a ring on the finger of Suzanne; then the mignonette has a rival; a little gilt



Colonnade of the Louvre.

cage with a "singer" hangs over it; how artfully the drawn white curtain is looped to set off these window treasures, the flower and the bird. And when Suzanne waters the plant, and winks and chirps to the canary, the trio make a picture worthy of the next salon. Strange, isn't it, that you remember Suzanne at the garret window longer than the statues, caryatides, bas-reliefs, colonnades and wonderful perspectives of the Louvre?

We are now watching the fountains at the Place de la Concorde. Very beautiful they are, but they can never, never wash away the crimson tide that swept over the spot in the Revolution.

Those dreadful days of the Commune! And their prelude, the Siege of Paris, more tangible to us than the time when the Place de la Concorde was the scene of horror. How difficult to realize that but ten years ago the wealthiest citizens of this magnificent capital were the recipients of daily rations of black bread. Let it not be forgotten in this Yorktown Centennial year of 1881, that thousands in the besieged city found aid and protection from the United States Republic at the hands of its honored representative, Hon. E. B. Washburn. I have read a vividly written work by an American lady, published in London (I forget the title; it was dedicated to Mr. Washburn), of the dreadful suffering of a poor Prussian woman waiting for alms beneath the Stars and Stripes floating over the roof of the American Consulate, on the door-steps of which the starving creature had fallen in despair. I was glad that the constantly shifting scenes of splendor and beauty gave no time to think of the miseries of those recent days when we trod the localities where they occurred. Does Mr. Washburn think of them in his peaceful retirement at Chicago?

At about the hour we should be sitting down to our Sunday tea at home, we are preparing for a Parisian Sunday dinner at six. Very genteel and scientific it is, as

becomes a nation that has a different soup for every day in the year, and half-a-dozen extra ones for Sundays. The waiters fly around with the alacrity of bees, and change our plates so often that we have no chance to know the pattern. The bread and many of the dishes appear to be prepared for Liliputians as to quantity, but the quality, it must be confessed, is unexceptionable. However, by the time we have gone through the various courses we find we really have dined, and are willing to concede the elegance of French cuisine, which affords a dinner that is completely satisfying, and from which you rise without the feeling of being gorged.

I believe in certain periods of both Napoleonic reigns, there was strict censorship of the press, and some curtailment of freedom of speech, especially when Madam de Staël was asked to seek a home outside of Paris. It is easy to know that if the same license was taken in discussing imperial concerns as those of other matters, which one cannot forbear overhearing in the Grand Hôtel or a Palais Royal restaurant, a ruler would be partly justified in checking it. If there are resorts where the human tongue is less unfettered, more prone to ventilate private opinion and domestic minutiae, than here before representatives of all nations, we do not care to seek them out. Above the clinking of glass, the artillery of flying champagne corks, the lying down and rising up of the silver fork corps, the rattle of the spoon brigade, comes a ceaseless jargon in every modern language, but which, fortunately for our sanity, little beside that of English is understood. Fill up for yourself the "missing links" that would make sense of these fragments, repeated daily with endless variations: "Mustn't be mentioned the same day with the Hudson" — "*my* husband would never think of sitting in his shirt sleeves in a car where there were ladies" — "no, no! never should take children again on such a trip" — "Do you think we will be as sick going back?" — "is splendidly educated, but what a

pity he's so homely — that nose !” — “ ’Twill do well enough for next winter, dyed and made over ” — “ eight per cent. semi-annually, better than governments ” — “ Americans, to be sure, oil wells or silver mines ” — “ so sorry I didn't take another box of these gloves ” — “ romantic as a novel, married his model and she only speaks Ital — ” “ don't say cathedrals or statues to *me* ” — “ roasted at Venice and froze on the Rigi ” — “ not at all becoming, she's so light ” — “ No, I didn't *lose* it, 'twas *stolen* at Naples ” — “ wouldn't give my wife for any woman I've seen in Europe ” — “ that exquisite copy of the Mater Dolorosa ” — “ certain that those who are not beggars are worse ” — “ trouble with us at home is that we've too many politicians — ” — “ am suspicious of people always taking notes ” — “ in Devonshire next Christmas ” — “ I wish they were all in Tophet — ”

We will be more generous, and wish our countrymen and countrywomen and English cousins on their subsequent visits abroad to illuminate their feastings with occasional “ flashes of silence.”

True, they are polite, these Parisians; for they do not laugh in our faces at our eccentric French, picked up in all sorts of ways, and with accent that must make the waiters snicker outright behind the steam of their soups. But of Parisian politeness it cannot be said as of very great depth, and so far as genuine deference to woman is concerned, the rank and file of American gentlemen far outvie them. One is the politeness of the head, the other of the heart. Unconscious egotists they are, too, these Parisians. They never ask you how you like Paris. You must like it if you have taste; and if you have not taste, why are you here? Like a queen of society, the position of Paris is so established and universally recognized that her children regard her as the city *par excellence*, and all the rest of the world provincial. Poor London! poor New York! What are your five or six millions without our

gardens and palaces, our *salons* and opera, our boulevards and *cafés*? It is the same principle as somebody employed in speaking of the choice of residence between New York and Boston, giving the preference to the latter, for then one would have the pleasure of visiting New York. But if you lived in New York, where could you visit?

As our New England forefathers considered the Sabbath to end with the setting sun, perhaps you will have no scruple in taking a look at Paris by night.

If there is a grander thoroughfare in the world than the Avenue of the Champ Elysées, then it is in some capital we have not visited. Here are concentrated all appliances for the enjoyment and recreation of mankind. The scene upon the Sabbath of our stay, on this avenue, from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, beggars description. Men and women of all nations, vehicles of every build, brilliant costumes, equestrians, bicyclists and pedestrians, flow in quadruple streams, past the fountains, statuary and trees. The spectacle so far transcends all that had hitherto been seen of street life, that we dazed Americans could only stand transfixed with astonishment. Originally, the Champ Elysées was a pleasure-ground, laid out by Maria de Medicis in 1616, but which was not brought to its perfection until the transforming hand of Napoleon III. was laid upon it. From noon until six o'clock the representatives of Fashion, in elegant carriages, tide to and fro on the way to, and returning from, the Bois de Boulogne. Unlike our American parks and pleasure grounds, provisions are here made for the amusement of the common classes in a quarter to themselves. In that portion of the Champ Elysées next the Place de la Concorde, little shows, jugglers' tents, *cafés-chantants*, and the like, abound, which keep a ceaseless round of fun for the million until midnight. It is not likely the European system of excluding particular classes from portions of pub-

lic grounds will ever be introduced in our capitals. It would never do to admit we had in America common people; although it is certain we have some very uncommon ones.

Citizens of those of our cities and towns depending upon the moon for their gas, must be dazed when they behold the illumination of the Champ Elysées, where the very sun is outshone by floods of electric light falling on the restless mass, coming from — we know not where, and going to the same destination.

Not the least novel to us of these night scenes is the grace and ease with which the young men on bicycles thread their noiseless way amid the surging throng; their custom of carrying upon their wheels a red or green light of warning is sensible; but it occurs to us that a bell or something audible would be of more utility.

Of the Parisian Sabbath little can be said of its sanctity. Even if you attend church you hear in the choir the same voices that a few hours before have been carolling forth the gayest *arias* of the Italian opera. So far as we could see, the out-door life of Paris on Sunday is the same as that of week-days. All vocations appeared to be pursued the same. At noon, however, the shutters are put up and the Parisian goes out for his holiday; thus the *bourgeois* has fifty-two Fourth of Julys in a year. On the first Sunday of every month, the fête day at Versailles, two hundred thousand Parisians go out to see the fountains play, tasking the cars and omnibuses to an extent we seldom know.

Have I alluded to the illumination of the streets radiating from the Place de l'Etoile? Imagine yourself standing at the Worth monument, Madison Square, where you have four perspectives, up and down Broadway, up and down Fifth Avenue, the most Parisian sight in America; but from the Arc de l'Etoile you behold twelve grand avenues from one point of view; and to look along those

perspectives of countless lamps is a sight to kindle the enthusiasm of the coldest.

What a world is this Paris! A world of music, flowers, and light, where life is one prolonged fête; a world that levies upon all arts to make it the focus of joy and delight; where Wit flashes its scintillating shaft; where Intellect sits enthroned; where Wisdom promulgates her decrees, and, alas! where Folly so often usurps all other rule.

So we retire without having attended church, even vesper service, in the beautiful St. Sulpice, or Church of the Trinity. Paris is Catholic. It is not a century since the Protestants had a church here; but the Bell of St. Bartholemew will never toll again. Glad we were that Catherine de Medicis, the modern Jezabel, and her work did not come into mind while on the spot she dwelt when her hands gave the signal to slaughter the Huguenots.

It was quite midnight when I closed my curtains. Yet the great city was all astir with life. This, then, is Paris, the world of so many of my youthful dreams! The murmur I hear on the Sabbath midnight air is the hum of her millions of tongues. What reveries of the melodious enchantment of early life steal over me. The Louvre that seemed as beautiful as the palaces of fairyland, and as remote, a few hours since was before my literal eyes? But yesterday I reviewed the glories of wonderful Versailles. My feet have pressed the very same earth where danced Marie Antoinette when she played milkmaid at Little Trianon, her only diadem a wreath of lilies and roses. Tomorrow I will see the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. Thus hour by hour steal away and leave me musing.

The midnight chime. It mingles with the song of the passing reveller, and the tread of countless feet. Is this the same world that contains those peaceful rural towns at home, where the inhabitants retire as the clock on the white steeple tolls out the hour of nine? They seem so

far away. There is nothing but the sky and the stars to tell us that we are not in another world.

No; I am not dreaming. In the corridor I hear the well-known step of C——, who halts at the door long enough to whisper "Good-night! He knows there will be a reprimand for him in the morning, to which he will respond, "Mother, now you know very well that twelve o'clock at night in Paris is only ten P. M. at home."

So he escapes, as your boys and a thousand others have.

Monday, our last day in Paris and on the Continent, is a busy, bustling, sight-seeing and shopping-day, which we commence with a visit to the Hôtel des Invalides, where the French nation cares for its disabled military children; and memorable from the fact that it contains the ashes of the modern Alexander. A magnificent esplanade rises from the Seine to the main front of the structure, which is upwards of six hundred feet in length. The kitchen interested us most, where the cooking facilities are upon a gigantic scale, commensurate with the baking and roasting three thousand pounds of meat daily, and boiling their concomitants of sixty-five bushels of vegetables. One of the curiosities is a spit capable of roasting four hundred pounds of meat at one time. The structure is admirably lighted and ventilated; perfect order and neatness prevail to the most obscure corner. A library of thirty thousand volumes affords the veterans ample intellectual fare. The esplanade is adorned with brass cannon which tell of the day when France ruled Europe; it is a fine promenade in fair weather, while the spacious halls and corridors of the Hôtel make good marching ground when the elements are not propitious outside.

In the garden are pretty little summer houses trained with honeysuckle whose scent carries us back to elm-shaded grounds — the scenes of early life.

Beneath the grand dome of the church, which towers one hundred feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, we find the tomb of Napoleon I. It is in the crypt under the high altar, to which you descend by winding staircases. It is a most impressive spot; the mosaic wreath in the pavement, the colossal figures upon the pedestals, the "dim religious light" falling upon the sarcophagus which encloses the form of the mighty sleeper, evoke emotions which no tomb but that of George Washington could equal in intensity. We forget the narrations of Madame Rémusat, which tend to lower the character of this man, and bow in reverence to the ashes of the idol of the French people. What revolutions does the whirligig of time bring about. The nation that sent the first Bonaparte to perish upon a barren rock, now erects a memorial to the last, Napoleon IV., who died defending the colors of the bitterest enemy of his great predecessor. Should this dynasty ever be restored, what more likely than that an American may be the fifth of the Bonapartes? Colonel Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore is certainly the most eligible, both by birth and attainments. Wise and astute Emperor, you were not infallible! You put away the only woman who ever truly loved you, that you might give an heir to the throne of France; but Napoleon III. was the descendant of Josephine, not of you. You made your brother cast aside his lawful wife because she was but the daughter of a Baltimore merchant; and now that discarded woman's descendant is the most worthy of your house, the possible heir to all the glories associated with your name.

We took rapid drives to all the most famous lions, even to the Morgue, which some would not enter, although at the moment it did not happen to contain any ghastly unfortunate.

The boulevards, parks and gardens of Paris we could never sufficiently admire. The care of the parks is as near

perfection as has ever been attained since our first ancestor owned the only garden in the world. At Montreuil there is a peach tree so trained that its limbs and foliage represent the name "Napoleon" as perfectly as could the brush of the painter or the printer's type. But the most wonderful illustration of the skill of French gardeners is a pear tree in the Bois de Vincennes which forms a perfect vase; the process is quite intricate, and mainly by grafting. In the Bois de Boulogne there are two hundred and fifty acres of grass, of which every square foot receives two gallons of water every third day. Hose of immense length upon little wheels are drawn over the grass, and the water spurts from numberless jets which have much the effect of fountains. About fifty gallons a second are drawn from the Seine for the Bois de Boulogne. What must be the amount used in the Bois de Vincennes, the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, the Champ Elysées and boulevards! The Jardin des Plantes probably does not derive its moisture from this source; it must be that a pipe is laid from the cologne manufactories on the Rhine, or the rose-water distilleries of Persia, so heavenly are the odors that rise from this modern paradise, the microcosm of the floral creation.

Do not imagine that the galleries and libraries make us insensible to the shopping facilities of Paris. Were there a tunnel under the Atlantic, it would be choked with a hegira of American women to this city of shops. Why, in the *Magasins du Louvre* the economical housewife can get an outfit for herself and two small girls, from heads to heels, for ninety francs, about eighteen dollars—but mind, I don't say the style or quality would excite the enthusiasm of Mr. Worth.

A tour of half a hundred shops, where another impending bankruptcy threatened us, a saunter along the Boulevard des Italiens, sends us back to our hotel in a beauty-intoxicated state from which we did not fully recover

until we were far on the road to Dieppe by the sea.

“Normandy?” Yes; that is, all a worn-out pilgrim could see of it between Paris and Dieppe: quaint old villages that all the rattle of our train could not awake, Sleepy-Hollow valleys, lazy ponderous mill-wheels revolving under protest at the tiny brooks that forced them, sedate-looking factories with bluish-gray roofs and red chimneys, fields of carrots and cabbages, neatly-thatched cottages, with here and there groups of old women in caps fitting so close as to give their already plump cheeks additional bulk, but whose attire is of a much soberer hue than the artists have thought necessary to give us. Dark blue, almost black, is the prevailing color of the peasant woman’s dresses, occasionally relieved by a gayer handkerchief over the head in lieu of the white cotton cap.

Dieppe looks very old, very romantic, and preëminently suggestive of all seaside delights; but we cannot linger long enough to enjoy its picturesque life, where the cottages are adorned with garlands of fishes, and young girls go wading out on the sands at low tide to search for the peculiar white pebble, the possession of which assures all sorts of happiness, not omitting a good husband.

Shade of poor Maria Stuart, you who called this land “the pleasant country of France,” forgive me for proving so recreant to your long-cherished history as to turn my back on Dieppe without entering the Church of St. Jacques! Not that it is an architectural lion, but because that in 1870 there were discovered in one of its old chapels the bodies of the five ambassadors sent to Paris to represent Scotland at the marriage of the Queen of Scots and the Dauphin. To be sure, three-hundred-year-old coffins are not very inspiring or cheerful objects for contemplation, but the spectacle might have served to give a realism to the only happy period in the life of this beautiful and most unfortunate of her sex.

Dieppe, by this time, is east of us, and we are battling

with the horrid chop sea of the Channel. All other mundane matters are now driven from minds nearly as blank as the inevitable results of seasickness have left our bodies. It is sixty miles across on this route, double the distance from Dover to Calais, but the sea here is thought to be less choppy.

Oh, you heartless ones, secure in your exemption from the ills for which the skill of man for six thousand years has found no panacea, who intimate there are nine or ten days of similar misery in store for us on the *Circassia*, before we can behold the Highlands of New Jersey! Should we measure the distance across the Channel from Dieppe to Newhaven by the discomfort of the passage, it would be many more leagues than the geographers assign it. Even over the smoothest water, a boat filled with twice the number of passengers it has proper provision for, the surplus having no better accommodation for sleeping than that afforded by the cabin floor, the transit could not be other than extremely uncomfortable; but when to this is added the wretched results of sickness, it is no wonder that so many resolve never again to voluntarily commit themselves to the rough mercies of the British Channel.

THE MOTHERLAND.

IT was with feelings of great elation we again approached English soil. Next to the sight of American shores, no other could have been so welcome as the coast of Sussex. If we were tempted to ramble along the French coast at Dieppe, what may we say of the desire to make Newhaven the base of an exploring expedition to the Wye, and the historic grounds of that sea-bordered county. Kind and gentle reader, if you are kind and gentle—you certainly are polite, else you would not have accompanied us thus far—you need not look ahead to see if a dozen pages are to succeed in which the history of Sussex is recapitulated. I will profit by the costly experience of Mr. Ede, of Dorking, who printed Brayley's "History of Sussex" by which he lost ten thousand pounds. Fortunately, in addition to being a good printer, Mr. Ede was a skilled chemist, and the choice perfumes of his concoction so pleased the olfactories of the public that he made up the loss sustained in catering to more intellectual organs. Our American publishers are more lucky in similar ventures, histories of counties and towns falling from the press like the leaves of apple-blossoms in spring. We will only keep you by the wayside through Sussex long enough to renew our admiration for English rural scenery, that green which is truly "fadeless." You well know the parched look of our hills and pastures after exposure to a dry August sun, but these woodlands, parks and meadows of Sussex and Kent we are now passing by at the

summer's close, are as verdant, as fresh, as in early June.

The three thousand miles intervening between us and home are forgotten, and we enter London as contentedly as we would New York or Philadelphia. Indeed, of the latter city there is much to remind of London, for the quaint old inns of the Quaker City, the "Bulls' Heads" and "Black Bears," with their shut-in courts, seem to be bodily transported from the older parts of London. The Inns of Court, where we were quartered on our first visit, although the farthest removed from the brightness of our metropolitan hotels, was very English, very homelike, and eminently suggestive in associations that will occur to all lovers of English literature.

To save time, we dined at a hotel near the station, of which we never knew the name, but whose *menu* left nothing to be desired to lovers of substantial fare. It is not convenient at this moment to look back upon pages now in the hands of the stereotyper, four hundred miles away, to find if I have indulged in any reflections upon the cuisine of Europe; but in candor I will confess that I now was seized with an impulse to devote more thought, both anticipatory and reflective, to what was to be or what had been provided for our material wants. Singularly enough, the only deficiency at this dinner of English solids, led by the traditional roast beef—quite sure it was an importation from the Mohawk valley—was in the tea. Possibly the attendants thought the tour of the Continent had left our nerves in a condition unfit to bear the tonic properties of the cheering cup; at any rate, we found it impossible to raise the strength of the usual bracing beverage to a satisfactory point. The *Times* of a few days before, contained a report of a sale of fifteen thousand pounds of tea by one house, but it is quite certain the invoice was none the lighter from any indulgence of ours at that dinner.

It would serve no purpose to wait here for the German

greeting, "May your food be blessed to you," so we may as well be off to fill up the last pages in our almost overflowing note-book.

There is something solid in England beside dinners; indeed, of everything of the Kingdom is there solidity. And here is where we may learn how many crises in the century of our national existence have we undergone — crises in which we feared the Ship of State would go down irretrievably. The Englishman preserves his equanimity from the cradle to the grave; whatever may happen elsewhere, England will stand, her millions will eat and sleep and be clothed the same as of yore. When Pitt said, "I have no fear of England, she will stand till the day of judgment," he spoke for the nation.

Those of our party who were with us in London, and who may see these pages, will perceive that I have here blended the experiences of both visits, for our last was all too brief for what we wished to accomplish.

No, Mrs. G —, those are *not* the same pigeons we saw on the piazza of St. Mark's at Venice, these that are whirling and circling over Story's statue of Mr. Peabody near the Royal Exchange, although they are as numerous, as cooing, as hungry, and, says Miss —, as untidy. Where they come from, to whom they belong, and what is their history, none could tell us. Perhaps they are tenants of the roofs of our American philanthropist's model houses at Islington, for the London poor, and are here to attest their gratitude. Apropos, there is much complaint that the class Mr. Peabody intended to benefit have to stand back in favor of clerks and salaried men. Herein we see the wisdom of Peter Cooper in carrying out his philanthropic intent during his own life, and who thus stands indisputably the greatest practical philanthropist of the age. The reader is spared a recital of our visits to the Abbey, and all the brave sights of London, but could I write something worthy of the Thames Em-

bankment I would not be so lenient. Think of such a walk along North River, the Schuylkill, or the Charles! In the Tunnel we walk as far beneath the shipping over our heads as on the Brooklyn Bridge we may over it under our feet. And now they are building one twenty miles long under the Channel, at the rate of three miles a year; if they should work at the same rate from the French coast another modern wonder will astonish the world in less than four years.

London Bridge! my head is scarcely yet restored to its normal poise. It seems as if half the men and horses of the nation were here fighting to see which could get into London quickest. In Elizabeth's day old London Bridge was covered with houses; were they here now the occupants would be well-balanced if able to keep their senses in that Bedlam. The jam at the junction of Park Row and Broadway in comparison is as the Falls of Tivoli to Niagara. And there, in that human glacier, in that wedged mass of man, brute, and vehicle, was a market-wagon of vegetables, surmounted by a woman eating a lunch as unconcerned as though in the corner of a country field. For a bit of poetry in so matter-of-fact a scene one could have wished the contents of that wagon had been the hops of Kent, or tulips and roses for Covent Garden; but inexorable prosaic reality forces it to be writ down that the freight was cabbages and turnips, with not even a dozen carrots to give color and grouping.

Dear A——, at this moment of our visit to the Zoölogical Garden playing with his dog at Norwich, on the banks of a lesser Thames, how gladly would I have taken you here to see the wonderful birds and hear the roar of the lions. And if you liked better to watch the frolics and gambols of the monkeys, you are no more childish than men and women whose hair is bearing record of four times as many winters as you have seen.

“Where do they get them?”

"Well, originally they are captured in Asia, Africa, and other far-away countries; but most of them before they reach the Zoo have served an apprenticeship at Jamrack's."

"Jamrack's?"

"Yes."

"No such place on *my* atlas!"

"Bless you, child, I should have said *Mr.* Jamrack's. He is the man who buys up all the elephants, tigers, lions, and all manner of beasts and birds. Then they are brought to his shops in Ratcliffe Highway, East London, where you can order a tiger, a wolf, or a East India snake, as readily as a velocipede at the toy-store. The brightest of the animals are put into training, and by the time they leave Jamrack's are very well educated; but no amount of drilling will ever prevent the lions from roaring just before their lunch hour. For all they open their mouths so wide and roll their eyes so fearfully, they are noble-looking brutes, and Mr. Jamrack sometimes gets as high as three hundred pounds for one healthy and young."

East London will not keep you after you leave Jamrack's; it is not *nice*. I use the word in its English sense. Dirty, slatternly, and beery, like New York east of the Bowery. More regal are our surroundings now, as we stand before the picturesque red brick gateway of St. James Palace; or, as we halt a moment in front of Marlborough House, near by, where the obstinate Sarah told her physician "I won't be blistered, and I won't die;" and she didn't until she had seen her eighty-fifth year. Her heirs held the house until 1817, when it was purchased for the Princess Charlotte, the lovely daughter of a despicable father. Subsequently it was the residence of Adelaide, widow of William IV., and is now the home of the Prince of Wales.

Should I write here of what we saw at the Crystal Palace, my readers would be assured that I had left my heart, as well as my wits, in those fairy halls at

Sydenham. A ride of twenty miles from Victoria Station, Pimlico, brought us to Sydenham Hill, crowned with the glittering net-work of iron and glass. Of the natural features of the spot it is enough to say that here Campbell wrote his beautiful pastoral poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming;" but the parks, the woods, the gardens and fountains are all minor to the ultimatum of man's power to concentrate in one view the beauty and glory of earth's nations. Good old England, it is with not one throb less of patriotism that we are proud of descent from a people capable of such grand achievements. Emerson said that to see England needs a hundred years, and we feel that a tenth part of that time could be spent in these halls, where we go from China to Japan, from Sweden to Africa, as at home we pass from kitchen to parlor. There may be more profitable objects for study than those Japanese vases whose golden bowls are covered with flowers and birds of indescribable plumage; but for all that they hold us captivated until we are enticed away by the ecstasies of friends who are examining laces ethereal as those of India known as the "Woven Wind," which, laid upon the grass to bleach, become invisible as their delicate fibres are saturated with dew.

Sydenham, formerly Cypenham, "village of wells," was once a sort of English Wiesbaden. Two hundred years ago a Dr. Peters discovered mineral wells here which attained great celebrity. When it was proposed to transport the Crystal Palace from Hyde Park, the owners of real estate nearly lost their heads in the prospect of all the world wanting to make their homes in the vicinity. Although there are here many elegant villas, the residences of artisans appear to be in the majority. We only saw one church, St. Bartholomew, which has one of those beautiful church-yards so gently described in Dr. Raleigh's sermon "Quiet Resting Places." It contains some elegant memorials, not any more tasteful than that erected in

honor of Mr. Samuel Phillips, a gifted contributor to the London "Times," and the "Illustrated News." Upon a pile of sculptured books rests an empty oil vase of classic shape; near it is a broken lamp, on a fragment of which is inscribed: *Sic transit vitæ flamma*. The propensity to visit graveyards is so general that I think no apologies are needed for including notices of several. There was one English woman whose memory I would gladly have honored, by visiting her burial-place at Litchfield, had circumstances permitted; for the philanthropy of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in introducing from Turkey the remedy for the small-pox, and her heroism in testing its efficacy by first inoculating her own children, appeals to the best impulses of human nature.

Only six hours for return to London, and an omnibus-ride over Tottenham Court Road to the only suburb we can visit. Let us here forget we have ever heard of Richmond, Kew, Greenwich, Primrose Hill and Hampton Court, as we land at the base of Highgate Hill, four miles north of St. Paul's, a spot so long identified with the aristocracy of genius, birth and wealth. In Elizabeth's reign it was so much a forest as to have been a favorite hunting ground. It was long a *cul de sac*, no road extending beyond; but the growing millions must have shelter, and within another century Highgate parish will have lost all that rurality which has so attracted the cultured of the preceding time. The Hill is four hundred feet above the level of the Thames, yet covered with verdure from which rises a steeple of almost New England outline. Hans Andersen was overpowered as he viewed London from here. By night the scene is one never to be forgotten, so impressive and novel; as if all the constellations of the sky had fallen into an ebony ocean. On the west side is an antique inn, the "Fox and Crown," the property of the man who once saved the life of Victoria. She was riding in company with her mother, the Duchess of Kent,

a few days after her coronation, when the horses took fright and ran furiously down the slope. The landlord of the inn succeeded in arresting the animals, and saved the life of the Queen. How often since that hour of peril has she needed to summon the wonderful composure she possesses, and which must have been cruelly tested in the fanatical attack of March 2, 1882.

On the southeastern slope is the most beautiful cemetery around London, Highgate Cemetery, where Coleridge and Shelley loved to come and wander among the homes of the dead. All that is mortal of hundreds of sons and daughters of genius here awaits the universal mandate that dooms humanity to mingle with Mother Earth. How calmly they rest in their narrow beds overlooking the great life-battle, which day nor night never ceases, where for every man that falls two step in to fill his place. How great a factor were these sleepers so late in the literary and art circles of London. Yet they leave no vacuum, and the remorseless city goes on the same, like flames more angry when opposed.

Although the day, for London, was very clear, "Queen's weather," the smoke of the city could be seen from Highgate as far as the eye could reach. It is sometimes visible in the atmosphere in regions forty miles distant from its source, when driven by strong winds.

I forgot how many tons of coal dust are estimated to be perpetually held in the London atmosphere. We understand why our American skies appear so bright to the English. The fogs we fortunately escaped, but by an odd coincidence I was approaching New London, Conn., on the very day we had at home an imitation of a London fog, the "Yellow Day" of September, 1881. As the original, however, is claimed to be so dense it could be cut into slices, like cheese, our imitation on the American Thames could not be considered a great success.

The traditional spot at Highgate, where Dick Whitting-

ton halted to give ear to the chime of Bow Bells calling him to return to London and become Lord Mayor, is marked by a stone. Cromwell House — what an ubiquitous man, to have occupied all the Cromwell Houses in England — Holly Lodge, the property of Mrs. Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett, the homes of William and Mary Howitt, Florence Nightingale, and many other honorable roofs, are seen rising above the verdure of Highgate lanes and gardens. It makes one almost pensive to know that sooner or later all this loveliness must give place to prosaic brick and mortar; for nobly as Highgate resists the approaches of the town, it must succumb at last. A wayfarer, it is said, cannot lie down by the roadside of a London suburb without finding a new block of buildings that have arisen about him on awakening from his noonday nap. Like Tennyson's Brook, London goes on forever.

Once again amid the roar of London, our last evening on a foreign shore; but we must utilize the few remaining hours.

As I overlooked this great capital from Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's, my heart sank within me at the thought of what can a hundred, a thousand, women do in aiding the reformation of the fallen and degraded dwelling in the maze of lanes, alleys and courts. Yet if woman's work in London mission fields was suspended even for a single day, the records of vice and suffering would tell how great is her labor. Especially in temperance reform have London women brought about noble and encouraging results, particularly among seamen, a class naturally prone to the use of strong drink. I was much interested in the Temperance League of Naval Work, of which Miss Agnes L. Weston, formerly of Bath, is the efficient superintendent, and whose zeal, systematic and sustained efforts are worthy of emulation in all Christian work.

Those who here cater to the debased appetites of humanity have an effrontery I believe rarely to be paral-

leled in our own land. Gin palaces, glittering with brilliant light and gaudy decoration, intrude upon ground hallowed by time-honored churches; almost under the very eaves of mission homes where the street wanderer may find shelter from temptation, vile bar-rooms and beer saloons open wide their doors to entrap the passer-by. Here let me take opportunity to say, that the prevailing opinion in the United States that if wine and beer were as cheap, and as commonly used as in Europe, intemperance would be lessened, is a fallacy. In many of the Swiss cantons producing wine, the beverage is mostly consumed at home, and Swiss reformers look upon the opening of a new vineyard with the same regret we view the addition of another bar-room to a rural town. Those in France who have at heart the welfare of its artisans have shown the baneful effects of the introduction of German beer into such districts as Lyons and other manufacturing centres. Alexander the Great died drunk, and history has not qualified the degradation of his end because he was drunk on wine; and it would not, had beer been the cause of his inebriation.

Half-way down Cheapside we find Bow Church, with its beautiful old tower built, I believe, by Wren. Our visit was not timed to be favored with hearing the chime of its bells, which echo of Whittington and his Cat. In those days it was the duty of the clerk to ring Bow Bell at eight, the signal for the London prentice boys to cease their labors for the day. No wonder they were impatient, when our prentice boys think six o'clock very long in arriving. Well, the clerk of Bow Church was not always prompt, and rung the bell after time, at which the prentices protested:

Clerke of the Bow Bell
With the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing
Thou shalt have knockes.

Rhyme is a great pacificator, and the clerk instead of giving a saucy reply, as he would very likely have done had the prentices shook their fists in his face, and threatened him in prose, hastened to make amends by proclaiming this response:

Children of Chepe,
Hold you all stille,
For you shall have Bow Bell
Rung at your wille.

Some very learned men have written many pages to prove that the story of Whittington's Cat is all a myth; but there are thousands who will cherish it with all the other traditions that made bright their childhood.

I have elsewhere alluded to our visit at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, which has about twice the seating capacity of Plymouth Church, and, judging from the crowds on the day of our visit, large congregations go away every Sabbath unable to get in. We have many ministers superior in oratory and pulpit graces, but none of more piety, or who exceed him in knowledge of Scripture. Above all, his faith, his unshaken belief in the vitality of the Christian religion, are as refreshing as evening dews falling upon a parched garden. Who can help but view with alarm the dangerous sentiments which, under the disguise of "liberalism" and "conservatism" are drawing thousands into the quicksands of doubt and uncertainty?

If we left St. James Park without calling your attention to Bird Cage Walk, it was not because we had no eyes for it. The whole park is lovely, and no doubt the boys think it was laid out as a place in which to have "a good time," for its outline is very much like a kite. It has always been a retreat for the feathered creation; as long ago as the time of James I. there was an aviary here and Charles II. lined one

avenue with beautiful bird-cages. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., thought the spot quite too charming for any but the Royal family, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to thus appropriate it. "Only two crowns," answered the thoughtful courtier. The bird-cages are now gone, but in their stead are ropes festooned between the trunks of grand old trees, upon which are large rings for parrots and paroquets.

We certainly do feel more *at home* in England than elsewhere in the Old World; and in London the word American, applied to a thousand commodities, from beef to baby-jumpers, is so common as to cause wonder that the bulk of the English people are yet so ignorant of our geographical boundaries and social status. What American school-boy but would draw from memory a map of Great Britain, and analyze the characteristics of the Scotch, the Irish and Welsh? The most amusing blunders, from which even the London press is not exempt, are of constant occurrence in relation to our country. An apposite incident is narrated by Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, in the lately published "Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley." She was dining in London with the Baroness Lionel Rothschild, where she first met her distinguished relative, Lord Lyndhurst. The company was a very brilliant one; but what would we think of a guest at the table of an American hostess inquiring of an English woman if the Indians were more numerous in London since Victoria became Empress of India. It would be no more absurd than the following, as related by Mrs. Amory: "I was seated at his (Lord Lyndhurst) side, and among the unknown guests a lady opposite said to me, 'Do you know Mary? I ask because I am told you are an American.' I quietly hinted that there were so many Marys between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, that I needed a farther clue to the lady in question, to give a satisfactory answer.

“‘Oh, I mean my niece, Mary Napier; her husband, you know, is our Minister at Washington.’ Fortunately I could plead an intermediary acquaintance through my mother. The second query was whether Mrs. Stowe was *black*. This, however, was often asked in Europe at the time ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ appeared.”

The hour of our departure, six P. M., has arrived. The scene at our headquarters in London for many hours had been one full of bustle and confusion; all our steamer apparel had been stored during our tour of the Continent; this had to be overhauled, our souvenirs and other purchases packed, and the final preparations made for the home voyage.

The last strap buckled and the last trunk locked, we leave London, and reach Glasgow at an early hour the next morning. To my infinite vexation, my thick steamer cloak I had laid down in the station was stolen, and in consequence I had to order a substitute, an ulster, at Glasgow; but so brief was the interval before our departure, when it reached me it was unfinished, and the completion was the work of my own hands, on the steamer. Now, C——, what would you or any of your young gentlemen mates have done in a similar emergency?

Several familiar faces are missed, belonging to those who have decided to prolong their tour. We soon had cause to regret we also had not lingered with them, and thus escaped an experience which for the time converted us to the belief of a famous American divine—“Those whom God hateth he sendeth to sea.”

Glasgow, to an American, is a city of no little interest, a sort of fusion of Lowell, Rochester, and Baltimore. It has a population about equal to that of Boston, and few cities abroad appear more thrifty and well governed. On our first visit we explored the city quite extensively, riding over a great deal of territory in a brief time. The Green is a very pretty ground extending along the Clyde,

covering an area of one hundred and forty acres, and formerly the favorite residence of the aristocracy, who have now abandoned it to a humbler class of citizens. The harbor is kept lively by the arrival and departure of small steamers up and down the Clyde, running to riverside towns, and which no doubt are built with that thoroughness which has given Clyde vessels of greater dimensions an enviable celebrity throughout the world.

A ride of twenty miles by rail from Glasgow lands us at the quay at Greenock, from which we are transferred to the little steamboat that carries us out to the *Circassia*, a magnificent steamer, quite equal, old travellers say, to the Cunarders in finish and luxury.

Securing a seat on deck which commanded a view of the indented coast of Scotland, where lake-like harbors mirror the rising hills, I resigned to others the task of making our state-room as comfortable as an apartment the size of an average pantry would admit. Well I knew that the weather would demand that the substitute for the stolen cloak be soon ready for use; but my eyes were so prone to wander to the fast receding shores that my fingers proved sad truants to their duty. Every moment the green heights lessened and came nearer the sea. Now they are putting on a robe of blue, which later deepens into a purple mist. For the first hour in two months I was in perfect repose; not a moment of that time had there been opportunity for aught but wonder, admiration or solicitude for rest; we had, as it were, for that period been revolving the mechanism of a huge kaleidoscope which brought to view an endless succession of varying scenes, keeping mind and body stretched to the highest tension. It was not until then I realized the magnitude of our tour in its entirety. What privileges had been ours since that first evening in a foreign land when I sat in my room at Glasgow, unlit, save by the pure afterglow, waiting for night, which in that high latitude comes with such lag-

ging approach that when our friends in the parlor are bidden good-night, it is yet light enough out-doors to read fine print.

Until about noon of our second day at sea, the weather continued delightful, and no seasickness on board the *Circassia*. At midnight, or shortly after, of the second day, the advance signs of a gale arrived, quickly followed by the gale itself, which each moment increased in violence. The trunks piled each side of the passage-way where the second-class passengers took their meals, inaugurated a game of pitch and toss, and the thunder they occasioned in their attempts to break through the ship's sides, mingling with the crash of crockery, the creaking of the timbers, the groans of the sick ones, and the cries of the frightened, made the night one of such horror that a life-time can never serve to obliterate. It was only by the greatest effort that I was able to keep in my berth as the ship rolled in spasmodic jerks from side to side, dashing me against the wall of the berth at one moment, the next leaving me hovering over the outside edge, in momentary expectation of being hurled to the floor. Feeling that the last hour had certainly come, I rushed out toward the stairway, where some of the male passengers already were, and who expressed the belief that it would be but a few moments before we should all be at the bottom of the sea. At this moment a heavy sea came sweeping down the stairs, and I retreated to my room, giving up all for lost. To add to the horrors, there were horses on board which were distressingly sick; the sides of their stalls had to be padded, as the animals were valuable, and as the roughness increased they were suspended to prevent their injury.

Sailors have a superstition that if passengers write it produces a calm when they need wind; quite paradoxical by the way, for some of the most terrible of tempests have been raised by the pen. If there is any foundation

for the belief, there were ink-notes enough on board to have exempted us from this upheaval in Neptune's kingdom. Would that the engineers could defeat this exacting despot as easily here as they are likely to do beneath the British Channel. For the solace of those who have in view a trip over the sea, let us add that this storm was exceptional, and that probably many voyages might be made without encountering one of equal violence.

At about the fourth day, the storm commenced to abate; finally, the sea subsided, the sun rolled out from a bank of clouds, and we had an ocean sunset of great magnificence. The remainder of the voyage was all that could be desired. In due time the Highlands of New Jersey gladdened eyes famishing for the sight of home; shortly after we were face to face with the New York Custom house representatives; and so thankful to stand once again on our native shores that we would not even be angry with the not altogether satisfactory requirements of those officials, whose heads are always in such danger from the political guillotine that tourists are heavily taxed to compensate them for their continual anxieties.

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